

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MILTON^k N^g

WITH

PREFATORY CHARACTERS of the several
Pieces; The LIFE of MILTON;
A GLOSSARY, and an INDEX.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by A. DONALDSON, and sold at his
Shops in London and Edinburgh.

MDCC LXVII.

MILTON
POETICAL WORKS

VOLUME I
MILTON

PARADISE

Printed by C. Smith, of the General
Press; T. W. Milton;
A. G. & Co. Index.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by A. Wood, and sold at his
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MDCCLXXVII.

MILTON's
POETICAL WORKS.

VOLUME I.

CONTAINING

P A R A D I S E L O S T.

A Poem, in Twelve Books.

WITH

PREFATORY CHARACTERS of the several
Pieces ; and the LIFE of MILTON.

EDINBURGH:

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Shops in London and Edinburgh.

M DCC LXVII.

MILTON'S

POETICAL WORKS.

VOLUME I.

CONTAINING

PARADISE LOST.

A Poem in Twelve Books.



THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION OF THE
CHURCH, AND THE LIFE OF MILTON.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by A. DUNCANSON, and sold at his
Shop in London and Edinburgh.
MDCCLXXII.



THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

MILTON is represented to have been a great genius, endued with an uncommon strength of fancy and extent of imagination; an incomparable poet, master of most languages, and thoroughly versed in the several branches of learning. He is styled *the Prince of English poets*. His poetical writings are admired by the ingenious of all persuasions; and men of the greatest eminence in the republic of letters have been employed in illustrating his beauties. His *PARADISE LOST* is said to be the flower of epic poetry, one of the greatest efforts of genius, and to be equal at least, if not superior to the noblest productions of antiquity. These are the declared sentiments of men of the first rank in criticism: So that for us to say any thing of his poetical character, is unnecessary, nay would be improper. Our province is to give a correct edition of his poems; and such, we flatter ourselves, the reader will find in these two volumes.

Of the several editions of MILTON's poetical works, that published by Dr. *Thomas Newton* is generally allowed to be the best and most correct. As we have made that edition our standard, it may not be improper to give an account of the method he used in conducting it.

As to the *PARADISE LOST*, Dr. *Newton* observes, that the editors of MILTON have a considerable advantage over the editors of *Shakespeare*. "For" (says he) "the first editions of *Shakespeare's* works being
"printed from the incorrect copies of the players,
"there is more room left for conjectures and emendations; and as, according to the old proverb, *Bene qui conjiciet, vatem hunc perhibebo optimum*, the
"best guesser was the best diviner; so he may be said
"in some measure too to be the best editor of *Shakespeare*; as Mr. Warburton hath proved himself by
"variety of conjectures, and many of them very happy ones, upon the most difficult passages. But we
"who undertake to publish MILTON'S *PARADISE*

" LOST, are not reduced to that uncertainty: We
 " are not left floating in the wide ocean of conjecture,
 " but have a chart and compass to steer by; we have
 " an authentic copy to follow in the two editions
 " printed in his own lifetime, and have only to cor-
 " rect what may be supposed to be the errors of the
 " press, or mistakes occasioned by the author's blind-
 " ness. These two editions then, the first in ten
 " books printed in a small 4to [in 1667], and the se-
 " cond in twelve books printed in a small octavo [in
 " 1674], are proposed as our standard. — Some
 " alterations indeed are necessary to be made in con-
 " sequence of the late improvements in printing, with
 " regard to the use of capital letters, Italic charac-
 " ters, and the spelling of some words. — Milton's
 " own pointing we generally observe, because it is
 " generally right. — In a word, we approve of
 " the two first editions in the main, though we can-
 " not think that they ought to be followed (as some
 " have advised) letter for letter, and point for point.
 " We desire to transcribe all their excellencies, but
 " have no notion of perpetuating their faults and er-
 " rors."

As to the poems in the second volume, Newton
 says, " Of the *Paradise Regain'd* and *Samson Agonistes*,
 " there was only one edition in Milton's lifetime, in
 " the year 1671; and this we have made our stan-
 " dard, correcting only what the author himself
 " would have corrected. Dr. Bentley pronounces it
 " to be without faults: But there is a large table of
 " errata at the end, which, instead of being emended,
 " have rather been augmented in the following edi-
 " tions, and were never corrected in any edition that
 " I have seen before the present. Of the other poems
 " there were two editions in Milton's lifetime; the
 " first in 1645, before he was blind; and the other,
 " with some additions, in 1673. Of the *Masque* there
 " was likewise an edition published by Mr. Henry
 " Lawes, in 1637: And of the *Masque* and several
 " other poems there are extant copies in Milton's own
 " hand-writing, preserved in the library of Trinity-
 " college

“ college in Cambridge ; and all these copies and editions have been carefully collated and compared together. — The manuscript hath been of singular service in rectifying several passages, and especially in the sonnets, some of which were not printed till many years after Milton’s death, and were then printed imperfect and deficient both in sense and metre ; but are now, by the help of the manuscript, restored to their just harmony and original perfection.”

There are several peculiarities in MILTON’S poetry ; such as elision of vowels at the end of words, contraction or abbreviation of syllables, and pronouncing the same word with a different accent in different places. Dr. Newton has taken care to distinguish these peculiarities ; and in regard we have adopted them, it is necessary to inform the reader how these distinctions are made.

As to the elisions and abbreviations, Newton says, in a note on *lin. 39. book 1. of Paradise Lost,*

To set himself in glory’ above his peers,

“ Besides the other methods which MILTON has employed to diversify and improve his numbers, he takes the same liberties as Shakespeare and others of our old poets, and, in imitation of the Greeks and Latins, often cuts off the vowel at the end of a word, when the next word begins with a vowel ; though he does not, like the Greeks, wholly drop the vowel, but still retains it in writing, like the Latins. Another liberty that he takes likewise for the greater improvement and variety of his versification, is pronouncing the same word sometimes as two syllables, and sometimes as only one syllable or two short ones. We have frequent instances in *spirit, ruin, riot, reason, highest,* and several other words. But then these excellencies in MILTON’S verse are attended with this inconvenience, that his numbers seem imbarressed to such readers as know not, or know not readily, where such elision or abbreviation of vowels is to take place ; and therefore,

“ fore, for their sakes, we have taken care through-
 “ out this edition to mark such vowels as are to be
 “ cut off, and such as are to be contracted and ab-
 “ breviated, thus.”

And as to the different way of pronouncing the same word, he says, in a note on *lin. 209. book I. of Paradise Lost*,

So stretch'd out huge in length the arch-fiend lay,

“ The tone is upon the first syllable in this line, *the*
 “ *arch-fiend lay*; whereas it was upon the last syllable
 “ of the word in verse 156, *th' arch-fiend reply'd*; a
 “ liberty that Milton sometimes takes to pronounce
 “ the same word with a different accent in different
 “ places. We have marked such words as are to be
 “ pronounced with an accent different from the com-
 “ mon use.”

Such being the general plan of Newton's edition of our author's poems, we have literally followed his corrected text, though we have taken care to compare it with that of other editions. We have likewise paid the greatest regard to his pointing, which is generally that of MILTON himself, though we saw no good reason to follow it implicitly in every particular.

— As to the orthography, Newton retained several peculiarities of his author, which had been discarded in former editions, and likewise introduced some of his own. But we have rejected all such peculiarities, preferring the orthography now almost universally established: And we are countenanced in our method of spelling, in most words, by the authority of Mr. Johnson's excellent dictionary of the English language.

This ingenious gentleman observes, that, in the time of Charles I. there was a very prevalent inclination to change the orthography; as appears, among other books, in such editions of the works of Milton as were published by himself. He afterwards adds,
 “ We have since had no general reformers: But some
 “ ingenious men have endeavoured to deserve well of
 “ their country, by writing *honor* and *labor* for *honour*
 “ and

" and labour, ~~read~~ for read in the preter-tense, *sais* for
" *says*, ~~repete~~ for repeat, *explane* for explain, or *de-*
" *clame* for declaim. Of these it may be said, that
" as they have done no good, they have done little
" harm; both because they have innovated little,
" and because few have followed them."

In Milton's poems there are to be found many antiquated and obsolete words, and several words invented by himself. As these words may occasion some inconvenience to unlearned readers, and to such as are not well versed in the writings of the ancient English poets, of whom Milton is said to have been a great imitator; for their sakes therefore we have annexed to the second volume a copious glossary, explaining such words; which glossary has been chiefly taken from Dr. Newton's notes, and Mr. Johnson's dictionary.

A few notes are put at the bottom of several poems and sonnets in the second volume, which are chiefly taken or abridged from Newton.

Mr. Addison's Spectators upon the Paradise Lost, are said to have contributed greatly to the reputation of the poem; and they are generally much esteemed. Dr. Newton tells us, that it was recommended to him to print them entire, as they had been formerly added to some editions. Accordingly this gentleman has prefixed those papers which treat of the poem in general, in the form of a preliminary discourse; and those which are written upon each book separately, he has inserted under each book, and interwoven in their proper places. But, as we suppose most of our readers are possessed of the Spectator, and consequently of those much esteemed papers of Mr. Addison's, we refer them to his quotations, when necessary to elucidate the criticisms; and do not, like former editors, prefix them to the Paradise Lost, preferable to the Life of our admired author.

Yet it may be no disagreeable entertainment to the reader, to be presented with a few of the many criticisms and encomiums passed upon Milton's poems by men of distinguished character among the critics.

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

“ Three poets in three distant ages born,
 “ Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 “ The first in loftiness of thought surpass;
 “ The next, in Majesty; in both, the last.
 “ The force of Nature could no farther go:
 “ To make a third she join'd the former two.”

Dryden.

“ Every greatly amiable muse
 “ Of elder ages in thy Milton met.
 “ His was the treasure of two thousand years,
 “ Seldom indulg'd to man; a god-like mind,
 “ Unlimited, and various, as his theme;
 “ Astonishing as Chaos; as the bloom
 “ Of blowing Eden fair; soft as the talk
 “ Of our grand parents, and as heaven sublime.”

Thomson.

“ Though the *Paradise Lost* be the flower of epic
 “ poesy, yet the other poems are no less excellent in
 “ their kind; and if they have not that sublimity and
 “ majesty, are at least equally beautiful, and pleasing
 “ to the imagination.” *Newton.*

“ It is commonly reported, that Milton himself
 “ preferred *Paradise Regain'd* to the *Paradise Lost*.
 “ But all that we can assert upon good authority, is,
 “ that he could not endure to hear the former cried
 “ down so much as it was, in comparison with the
 “ latter. For certainly it is very worthy of the au-
 “ thor; and, contrary to what Mr. Toland relates,
 “ Milton may be seen in *Paradise Regain'd* as well as
 “ in *Paradise Lost*. If it is inferior in poetry, I know
 “ not whether it is not superior in sentiment; if it is
 “ less descriptive, it is more argumentative; if it
 “ doth not sometimes rise so high, neither doth it e-
 “ ver sink so low; and it has not met with the ap-
 “ probation it deserves, only because it has not been
 “ more read and considered. His subject indeed is
 “ confined, and he has a narrow foundation to build
 “ upon; but he has raised as noble a superstructure,
 “ as such little room and such scanty materials would
 “ allow.

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

xi

“ allow. The great beauty of it is the contrast between the two characters of the Tempter and our Saviour, the artful sophistry and specious insinuations of the one refuted by the strong sense and manly eloquence of the other. And indeed this poem, to be more admired, needs only to be better known.” *Newton.*

“ Milton’s *Paradise Regain’d* has not met with the approbation that it deserves. It has not the harmony of numbers, the sublimity of thought, and the beauties of diction, which are in *Paradise Lost*. It is composed in a lower and less striking style, a style suited to the subject. Artful sophistry, false reasoning, set off in the most specious manner, and refuted by the Son of God with strong unaffected eloquence, is the peculiar excellence of this poem.”

Jortin.

“ The greatest, and indeed justest objection to *Paradise Regain’d*, is the narrowness of its plan, which being confined to that single scene of our Saviour’s life on earth, his temptation in the desert, has too much sameness in it, too much of the reasoning and too little of the descriptive part; a defect most certainly in an epic poem, which ought to consist of a proper and happy mixture of the instructive and the delightful. Milton was himself, no doubt, sensible of this imperfection, and has therefore very judiciously contrived and introduced all the little digressions that could with any sort of propriety connect with his subject, in order to relieve and refresh the reader’s attention. The conversation betwixt Andrew and Simon, upon the missing our Saviour so long, with the virgin’s reflections on the same occasion, and the council of the devils how best to attack their enemy, are instances of this sort, and both very happily executed in their respective ways. The language of the former is not glaring and impassioned, but cool and unaffected, corresponding most exactly to the humble pious character of the speakers. That of the latter is full of energy and majesty, and not a whit inferior to their most spi-

" rited speeches in the *Paradise Lost*. This may be
 " given as one proof out of many others, that if the
 " *Paradise Regain'd* is inferior, as indeed I think it
 " must be allowed to be, to the *Paradise Lost*, it can-
 " not justly be imputed, as some would have it, to
 " any decay of Milton's genius, but to his being
 " cramped down by a more barren and contracted
 " subject."—"The description of Athens and its
 " learning is extremely grand and beautiful. Mil-
 " ton's muse, as was before observed, is too much
 " cramped down by the argumentative cast of his
 " subject, but emerges upon every favourable occa-
 " sion, and, like the sun from under a cloud, bursts
 " out into the same bright vein of poetry, which
 " shines out more frequently, though not more
 " strongly, in the *Paradise Lost*." *Thyer.*

" It may seem a little odd at first, that Milton
 " should impute the recovery of paradise to this short
 " scene of our Saviour's life upon earth, and not ra-
 " ther extend it to his agony, crucifixion, &c.; but
 " the reason no doubt was, that *Paradise Regain'd* by
 " our Saviour's resisting the temptations of Satan,
 " might be a better contrast to *Paradise Lost* by our
 " first parents too easily yielding to the same seducing
 " spirit. Besides, he might very probably, and in-
 " deed very reasonably, be apprehensive, that a sub-
 " ject so extensive as well as sublime, might be too
 " great a burden for his declining constitution, and
 " a task too long for the short term of years he could
 " then hope for. Even in his *Paradise Lost* he ex-
 " presses his fears, least he had begun too late, and
 " lest *an age too late, or cold climate, or years, should*
 " *have damped his intended wing.* And surely he had
 " much greater cause to dread the same now, and
 " be very cautious of launching out too far." *Thyer.*

" It is hard to say, whether Milton's wrong no-
 " tions in divinity led him to this defective plan, or
 " his fondness for the plan influenced those notions:
 " That is, Whether he indeed supposed the redemp-
 " tion of mankind (as he here represents it) was pro-
 " cured by Christ's triumph over the devil in the
 " wilderness;

" wilderness; or whether he thought, that the scene
 " of the desert opposed to that of paradise, and the
 " action of a temptation withstood to a temptation
 " fallen under, made *Paradise Regain'd* a more regu-
 " lar sequel to *Paradise Lost*: Or, if neither this nor
 " that, whether it was his being tired out with the
 " labour of composing *Paradise Lost*, made him a-
 " verse to another work of length, (and then he
 " would never be at a loss for fanciful reasons to de-
 " termine him in the choice of his plan), is very un-
 " certain. All that we can be sure of is, that the
 " plan is a very unhappy one, and defective even in
 " that narrow view of a sequel; for it affords the
 " poet no opportunity of driving the devil back a-
 " gain to hell from his new conquests in the air. In
 " the mean time nothing was easier than to have in-
 " vented a good one, which should end with the re-
 " surrection, and comprise these four books; some-
 " what contracted, in an episode, for which only the
 " subject of them is fit." *Warburton.*

" All the poems that ever were written, must yield,
 " even *Paradise Lost* must yield to *Regain'd* in the
 " grandeur of its close. Christ stands triumphant on
 " the pointed eminence. The demon falls with a-
 " mazement and terroure, on this full proof of his be-
 " ing that very Son of God whose thunder forced
 " him out of heaven. The blessed angels receive
 " new knowledge. They behold a sublime truth es-
 " tablished, which was a secret to them at the be-
 " ginning of the temptation; and the great disco-
 " very gives a proper opening to their hymn on the
 " victory of Christ, and the defeat of the Tempter."

Ca'ton.

" *Samson Agonistes* is written in the very spirit of
 " the ancients, and equals, if not exceeds, any of
 " the most perfect tragedies which were ever exhibit-
 " ed on the Athenian stage, when Greece was in its
 " glory." *Newton.*

Bishop Atterbury had an intention of getting Mr.
 Pope to divide the *Samson Agonistes* into acts and
 scenes, and of having it acted by the King's scholars

at

at Westminster. The Bishop expresses himself thus in a letter to Mr. Pope. "I hope you will not utterly forget what passed in the coach about *Samson Agonistes*. I shall not press you as to time; but some time or other, I wish you would review, and polish that piece. If, upon a new perusal of it, (which I desire you to make), you think as I do, that it is written in the very spirit of the ancients; it deserves your care, and is capable of being improved, with little trouble, into a perfect model and standard of tragic poetry; — always allowing for its being a story taken out of the Bible, which is an objection, that, at this time of day, I know is not to be got over." *Newton.*

"*L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are exquisitely beautiful in themselves; but appear much more beautiful, when they are considered, as they were written, in contrast to each other. There is a great variety of pleasing images in each of them; and it is remarkable, that the poet represents several of the same objects as exciting both mirth and melancholy, and affecting us differently, according to the different dispositions and affections of the soul. This is nature and experience." *Newton.*

"*L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are certainly the best of Milton's productions in rhyme; for the rhymes in *Lycidas* are irregular. But yet we may observe, that several things are said which would not have been said but only for the sake of the rhyme, Mr. Pope, I have been informed, had remarked several defects of the same kind in these two poems; and there may be some truth and justness in the observation which Dryden has made in the dedication of his *Juvenal*, that rhyme was not Milton's talent; he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it. But then it must be said, that he had talents for greater things; and there is more harmony in his blank verse, than in all the rhyming poetry in the world." *Newton.*

"In the *Masque* Milton seems to have imitated Shakespear's manner more than in any other of his works;

" works ; and it was very natural for a young author preparing a piece for the stage, to propose to himself for a pattern the most celebrated master of English dramatic poetry." *Thyer.*

" Milton has in the *Masque* more professedly imitated the manner of Shakespear in his fairy scenes, than in any other of his works : And his poem is much the better for it, not only for the beauty, variety, and novelty of his images, but for a brighter vein of poetry, and an ease and delicacy of expression very superior to his natural manner." *Warburton.*

" In *Lycidas* there are more antiquated and obsolete words, than in any other of Milton's poems : Which I conceive to be owing partly to his judgment ; for he might think them more rustic, and better adapted to the nature of pastoral poetry ; and partly to his imitating of Spenser." *Newton.*

" The particular beauties of this charming pastoral, *Lycidas*, are too striking to need much descanting upon : But what gives the greatest grace to the whole, is that natural and agreeable wildness and irregularity which runs quite through it ; than which nothing could be better suited to express the warm affection which Milton had for his friend, and the extreme grief he was in for the loss of him. Grief, which is eloquent, but not formal." *Thyer.*

As a detail of all the encomiums on the several pieces of our author would make a large volume, we shall conclude with presenting to the reader Dr. Newton's last note on the *Paradise Lost*, which well deserves a place here.

" The reader" (says he) " probably may have observed, that the two last books of *Paradise Lost* fall short of the sublimity and majesty of the rest : And so likewise do the two last books of the *Iliad* ; and for the same reason, because the subject is of a different kind from that of the foregoing ones. The subject of the two last books of the *Paradise Lost* is history rather than poetry. However, we may still discover the same great genius ; and there
" are

"are intermixed as many ornaments and graces of
 "poetry, as the nature of the subject, and the au-
 "thor's fidelity and strict attachment to the truth of
 "scripture-history, and the reduction of so many and
 "such various events into so narrow a compass,
 "would admit. It is the same ocean, but not at its
 "highest tide; it is now ebbing and retreating. It
 "is the same sun, but not in its full blaze of meri-
 "dian glory; it now shines with a gentler ray, as it
 "is setting. Throughout the whole the author ap-
 "pears to have been a most critical reader, and a most
 "passionate admirer of holy scripture. He is in-
 "debted to scripture infinitely more than to Homer
 "and Virgil, and all other books whatever. Not
 "only his principal fable, but all his episodes are
 "founded upon scripture. The scripture hath not
 "only furnished him with the noblest hints, raised
 "his thoughts, and fired his imagination; but hath
 "also very much enriched his language, given a cer-
 "tain solemnity and majesty to his diction, and sup-
 "plied him with many of his choicest, happiest ex-
 "pressions. Let men therefore learn from this in-
 "stance to reverence those sacred writings. If any
 "man can pretend to deride or despise them, it must
 "be said of him at least, that he has a taste and ge-
 "nius the most different from Milton's that can be
 "imagined. Whoever has any true taste and genius,
 "we are confident, will esteem this poem the best of
 "modern productions, and the scriptures the best of
 "all ancient ones."

"The Life of the Author" (says Dr. Newton) "it
 "is almost become a custom to prefix to a new edi-
 "tion of his works; for when we admire the writer,
 "we are curious also to know something of the man:
 "And the life of Milton is not barely a history of his
 "works, but is so much the more interesting, as he
 "was more engaged in public affairs than poets u-
 "sually are." And after telling us that accounts
 "of his life have been wrote by six different persons, he
 "adds, "I have not only read and compared these
 "accounts together, and made the best extracts out

" of

“ of them which I possibly could ; but have also collected some other particulars from Milton's own works, as well as from other authors, and from credible tradition as well as from written testimonies ; and all these, like so many different threads, I have woven into one piece, and formed into a continued narration : So that I have included the substance of all former lives, and with improvements and additions.” Of this Life follows a large abstract, in which no material circumstance is omitted.





The LIFE of MILTON.

THE family of Milton came originally from Milton near Halton and Thame, Oxfordshire; where it flourished several years, till at last the estate was sequestered, one of the family having taken the unfortunate side in the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster. John Milton, the Poet's grandfather, was an under-ranger or keeper of the forest of Shotover near Halton, Oxfordshire: He was of the religion of Rome, and such a bigot, that he disinherited his son only for being a Protestant. Upon this the son, our Poet's father, named likewise John Milton, settled in London, and became a scrivener. He had a taste for the politer arts, and was particularly skilled in music, in which he was a fine performer; and is also celebrated for several pieces of his composition. By his diligence and oeconomy he acquired a competent estate, which enabled him afterwards to retire, and live in the country. He was a very worthy man; and married Sarah Caston, of a family originally derived from Wales. She was a woman of incomparable virtue and goodness, and by her husband had two sons and a daughter.

The elder of the sons was our famous poet, who was born in Breadstreet, London, Dec. 9. 1608. He was named John, as his father and grandfather had been before him. From the beginning discovering the marks of an uncommon genius, he was designed for a scholar, and had his education partly under private tutors, and partly at a public school. When he had made good progress in his studies at home, he was sent to St. Paul's School, to be fitted for the university. In this early time of life, such was his love of learning, and so great his ambition to surpass his equals, that from his twelfth year he commonly continued his studies till midnight, which (as he says himself) was the first ruin of his eyes, to whose natural debility were added too frequent headachs: But all

all could not extinguish or abate his laudable passion for letters. It is very seldom seen, that such application and such a genius meet in the same person. The force of either is great, but both together must perform wonders.

He was now in the 17th year of his age, and was a very good classical scholar, and master of several languages, when he was sent to the university of Cambridge, and admitted at Christ's College Feb. 12. 1624-5. He continued above seven years at the university, and took two degrees, that of Bachelor of Arts in 1628-9, and that of Master in 1632. He had given early proofs of his poetic genius before he went to the university; and there he excelled more and more, and distinguished himself by several copies of verses upon occasional subjects, as well as by all his academical exercises, many of which are printed among his other works, and show him to have had a capacity above his years: And by his obliging behaviour, added to his great learning and ingenuity, he deservedly gained the affection of many, and admiration of all. He did not however obtain any preferment in the university. This, together with some Latin verses of his to a friend, reflecting upon the university seemingly on this account, might probably have given occasion to the reproach afterwards cast upon him by his adversaries, that he was expelled from the university for irregularities, and forced to fly to Italy. But he sufficiently refutes this calumny in more places than one of his works. And indeed it is no wonder, that a person so engaged in religious and political controversies as he was, should be calumniated by the contrary party.

He was designed by his parents for holy orders: But it appears, that he had conceived early prejudices against the doctrine and discipline of the church; and subscribing to the articles, was, in his opinion, subscribing slave. This no doubt was a disappointment to his friends, who, though in comfortable, were yet by no means in great circumstances. Neither doth he seem to have had any inclination to any other profession:

session: He had too free a spirit to be limited and confined; and was for comprehending all sciences, but professing none. Therefore, after he had left the university in 1632, he went to his father's house in the country; for his father had by this time retired to live at an estate which he had purchased at Horton, near Colebrooke, Buckinghamshire. Here he resided with his parents for five years, and read over all the Greek and Latin authors, particularly the historians. But now and then he made an excursion to London; sometimes to buy books, or to meet his friends from Cambridge; and at other times to learn something new in the mathematics or music, with which he was extremely delighted.

His retirement therefore was a learned retirement; and it was not long before the world reaped the fruits of it. His *Masque* was presented at Ludlow-castle in 1634. There was formerly a President of Wales, and a sort of court kept at Ludlow, which has since been abolished. The President at that time was the Earl of Bridgewater; before whom Milton's *Masque* was presented on Michaelmas night; and the principal parts, those of the two Brothers were performed by his Lordship's sons the Lord Brackly and Mr. Thomas Egerton, and that of the Lady by his Lordship's daughter Lady Alice. The occasion of this poem seemeth to have been merely an accident of the two Brothers and the Lady having lost one another in their way to the castle. It is written very much in imitation of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, and the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Beaumont and Fletcher; and though one of the first, is yet one of the most beautiful of Milton's compositions. It was for some time handed about only in manuscript; but afterwards, to satisfy the importunity of friends, and to save the trouble of transcribing, it was printed at London, though without the author's name, in 1637, with a dedication to the Lord Brackly, by Mr. H. Lawes, who composed the music, and played the part of the Attendant Spirit. It was printed likewise at Oxford, at the end of Mr. R.'s poems; but who that Mr. R. was, whether Randolph

dolph the poet, or who else, is uncertain. It has lately, though with additions and alterations, been exhibited on the stage several times; and we hope the fine poetry and morality have recommended it to the audience, and not barely the authority of Milton's name; and we wish, for the honour of the nation, that the like good taste prevailed in every thing.

In 1637 he wrote another excellent piece, his *Lycidas*; wherein he laments the untimely fate of a friend who was drowned on the Irish seas, in his passage from Chester. This friend was Mr. Edward King, son of Sir John King, Secretary of Ireland, and a fellow of Christ's College. He was so well beloved and esteemed at Cambridge, that some of the greatest names in the university have united in celebrating his obsequies, and published a collection of poems, Greek, Latin, and English, sacred to his memory; the Greek by H. More, &c.; the Latin by T. Farnaby, J. Pearson, &c.; the English by H. King, J. Beaumont, J. Cleaveland, with several others; and judiciously the last of all, as the best of all, is Milton's *Lycidas*. "On such sacrifices the gods themselves "strow incense;" and one would almost wish so to have died, for the sake of having been so lamented. But this poem is not all made up of sorrow and tenderness; there is a mixture of satire and indignation: For in part of it the poet taketh occasion to inveigh against the corruptions of the clergy, and seemeth to have first discovered his acrimony against Abp. Laud, and to have threatened him with the loss of his head, which afterwards happened to him through the fury of his enemies. At least, I can think of no sense so proper to be given to the following verses in *Lycidas*.

*Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.*

About this time he had some thoughts of taking chambers at one of the inns of court, for he was not
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very well pleased with living so obscurely in the country: But his mother dying, he prevailed with his father to let him indulge a desire which he had long entertained, of seeing foreign countries, and particularly Italy. Having communicated his design to Sir Henry Wotton, who had formerly been ambassador at Venice, and was then Provost of Eton College, and having also sent him his Masque, of which he had not yet publicly acknowledged himself the author, he received from him the following friendly letter, dated, *From the college, the 13th of April 1638.*

“ SIR,

IT was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly: and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H. I would have been bold, in our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught, (for you left me with an extreme thirst), and to have begged your conversation again, jointly with your said learned friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together some good authors of the ancient time; among which I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you, dated the sixth of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment that came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your songs and odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language, *ipsa mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before, with singular delight, having received it from our common friend

friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late Mr. R.'s poems, printed at Oxford, whereunto it is added, (as I now suppose), that the accessary might help out the principal, according to the art of *stationers*, and leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*.

Now, Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse with you; I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way. Therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his governour; and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice some time for the King, after mine own recess from Venice.

I should think, that your best line will be through the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge. I hasten, as you do, to Florence, or Sienna, the rather to tell you a short story, from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Sienna I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times, having been steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man, that escaped by foresight of the tempest. With him I had often much chat of those affairs; into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour; and at my departure toward Rome, (which had been the centre of his experience), I had won confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conscience. *Signor Arrigo mio*, (says he), *I penseri stretti, et il viso sciolto*, that is, your thoughts close, and your countenance loose, will go safely over the whole world. Of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore, Sir, I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear love; remaining

maining your friend, as much at command as any of longer date,

H. WOTTON."

P. S. " Sir, I have expressly sent this by my footboy, to prevent your departure without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging letter, having myself through some business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad, and diligent to entertain you with home-novelties; even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the cradle."

Soon after this he set out upon his travels, being of an age to make the proper improvements, and not barely to see sights and to learn the languages, like most of our modern travellers, who go out boys, and return such as we see, but such as I do not chuse to name. He went first to France, where he had recommendations to the Lord Scudamore, the English ambassador. As soon as he came to Paris, he waited upon his Lordship, and was received with wonderful civility. Having an earnest desire to visit the learned Hugo Grotius, he was by his Lordship's means introduced to that great man, who then resided at the French court as ambassador from the famous Christina Queen of Sweden. The visit was to their mutual satisfaction; they were each of them pleased to see a person, of whom they had heard such commendations. But he staid not long at Paris; his thoughts and his wishes hastened into Italy. He therefore after a few days took leave of Lord Scudamore, who very kindly gave him letters to the English merchants in the several places through which he was to travel, requesting them to do him all the good offices which lay in their power.

From Paris he went directly to Nice, where he took shipping for Genoa; from whence he went to Leghorn, and thence to Pisa; and so to Florence, in which city he found sufficient inducements to make a stay

stay of two months. For besides the curiosities and other beauties of the place, he took great delight in the company and conversation there, and frequented their academies as they are called, the meetings of the most polite and ingenious persons, which they have in this, as well as in the other principal cities of Italy, for the exercise and improvement of wit and learning among them. In these conversations he bore so good a part, and produced so many excellent compositions, that he was soon taken notice of, and was very much courted and caressed by several of the nobility and prime wits of Florence. For the manner is, as Milton tells us, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there. His productions were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps. Giacomo Gaddi, Antonio Francini, Carlo Dati, Benedetto Bonmatthai, Cuktellino, Frescobaldi, Clementilli, are reckoned among his particular friends. At Gaddi's house the academies were held, which he constantly frequented. Antonio Francini composed an Italian ode in his commendation. Carlo Dati wrote a Latin eulogium of him, and corresponded with him after his return to England. Bonmatthai was at that time about publishing an Italian grammar; and Milton addressed an epistle to him upon that occasion, commending his design, and advising him to add some observations concerning the true pronunciation of that language for the use of foreigners.

So much good acquaintance would probably have detained him longer at Florence, if he had not been going to Rome, which to a curious traveller is certainly the place the most worth seeing of any in the world. From Florence he went to Sienna, and from thence to Rome; where he staid much about the same time that he had continued at Florence, feasting both his eyes and his mind, and delighted with the fine paintings, and sculptures, and other rarities and antiquities of the city, as well as with the conversation of several learned and ingenious men, particularly of Lucas Holstenius, keeper of the Vatican library, who

received him with the greatest humanity, and showed him all the Greek authors, whether in print or in manuscript, which had passed through his correction; and also presented him to Cardinal Barberini, who at an entertainment of music, performed at his own expence, waited for him at the door, and taking him by the hand brought him into the assembly. The next morning he waited upon the Cardinal to return him thanks for his civilities, and by the means of Holstenius was again introduced to his Eminence, and spent some time in conversation with him. It seems that Holstenius had studied three years at Oxford, and this might dispose him to be more friendly to the English; but he took a particular liking and affection to Milton; and Milton, to thank him for all his favours, wrote to him afterwards from Florence. At Rome too Selvaggi made a Latin distich in honour of Milton, and Salsilli a Latin tetraстich, celebrating him for his Greek, and Latin, and Italian poetry; and he in return presented to Salsilli in his sickness those fine Scazons, or Iambic verses having a spondee in the last foot, which are inserted among his juvenile poems.

From Rome he went to Naples, in company with a certain hermit; and by his means was introduced to the acquaintance of Giovanni Baptista Manso, Marquis of Villa, a Neapolitan nobleman, of singular merit and virtue; to whom Tasso addresses his dialogue of friendship, and whom he mentions likewise in his *Gierusalemme Liberata* with great honour. This nobleman was particularly civil to Milton, frequently visited him at his lodgings, went with him to show him the Viceroy's palace, and whatever was curious or worth notice in the city; and honoured him so far as to make a Latin distich in his praise, which is printed before our author's Latin poems, as is likewise the other of Selvaggi, and the Latin tetraстich of Salsilli, together with the Italian ode and the Latin eulogium before mentioned. We may suppose that Milton was not a little pleased with the honours conferred upon him by so many persons of distinction, and especially
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by one of such quality and eminence, as the Marquis of Villa; and, as a testimony of his gratitude, he presented to the Marquis, at his departure from Naples, his eclogue, intitled *Mansus*, which is well worth reading among his Latin poems. So that it may be reckoned a peculiar felicity of the Marquis of Villa's life, to have been celebrated both by Tasso and Milton, the one the greatest modern poet of his own, and the other the greatest of foreign nations.

Having seen the finest parts of Italy, Milton was now thinking of passing over into Sicily and Greece, when he was diverted from his purpose by the news from England, that things were tending to a civil war between the King and parliament; for he thought it unworthy of himself to be taking his pleasure abroad, while his countrymen were contending for liberty at home. He resolved therefore to return by the way of Rome, though he was advised to the contrary by the merchants, who had received intelligence from their correspondents, that the English Jesuits there were forming plots against him, in case he should return thither, by reason of the great freedom which he had used in all his discourses of religion. For he had by no means observed the rule recommended to him by Sir Henry Wotton, of keeping his thoughts close and his countenance open. He had visited Galileo, a prisoner to the inquisition, for asserting the motion of the earth, and thinking otherwise in astronomy than the Dominicans and Franciscans thought: And though the Marquis of Villa had shown him such distinguishing marks of favour at Naples, yet he told him at his departure, that he would have shown him much greater, if he had been more reserved in matters of religion. But he had a soul above dissimulation and disguise; he was neither afraid nor ashamed to vindicate the truth; and if any man had, he had in him the spirit of an old martyr. He was so prudent indeed, that he would not of his own accord begin any discourse of religion; but at the same time he was so honest, that if he was questioned at all about his faith, he would not dissemble his sentiments, whatever

was the consequence. With this resolution he went to Rome the second time, and staid there two months more, neither concealing his name, nor declining openly to defend the truth, if any thought proper to attack him. And yet, God's good providence protecting him, he came safe to his kind friends at Florence; where he was received with as much joy and affection, as if he had returned into his own country.

Here likewise he staid two months, as he had done before, excepting only an excursion of a few days to Lucca. From thence, crossing the Apennine, and passing through Bologna and Ferrara, he went to Venice, in which city he spent a month; and having shipped off the books which he had collected in his travels, and particularly a chest or two of choice music-books of the best masters flourishing at that time in Italy, he took his course through Verona, Milan, and along the lake Lemán, to Geneva. In this city he tarried some time, meeting here with people of his own principles; and contracted an intimate friendship with Giovanni Diodati, the most learned professor of divinity, whose annotations upon the Bible are published in English. From thence returning through France, the same way that he had gone before, he arrived safe in England, after a peregrination of one year and about three months; having seen more, and learned more, and conversed with more famous men, and made more real improvements, than most others in double the time.

His first business after his return was to pay his duty to his father, and to visit his other friends. But this pleasure was much diminished by the loss of his dear friend and school-fellow Charles Diodati in his absence. While he was abroad, he heard it reported that he was dead; and upon his coming home he found it but too true, and lamented his death in an excellent Latin eclogue, intitled, *Epitaphium Damonis*. This Diodati had a father originally of Lucca; but his mother was English. He was born and bred in England, studied physic, was an admirable scholar, and no less remarkable for his sobriety and
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other virtues, than for his great learning and ingenuity. One or two of Milton's familiar epistles are addressed to him; and Mr. Toland says, that he had in his hands two Greek letters of Diodati to Milton, very handsomely written. It may be right for scholars now and then to exercise themselves in Greek and Latin; but we have much more frequent occasion to write letters in our own native language, and in that therefore we should principally endeavour to excel.

Milton, after his return, had taken a private lodging in St. Bride's church-yard; but soon after removed to a handsome garden-house in Aldersgate-street, situated at the end of an entry, which was the more agreeable to a studious man for its privacy, and freedom from noise and disturbance. In this house he continued several years. His sister's two sons were put to board with him, first the younger, and afterwards the elder. Some other of his intimate friends requested of him the same favour for their sons, especially since there was little more trouble in instructing half a dozen than two or three: And he, who could not easily deny any thing to his friends, and who knew that the greatest men in all ages had delighted in teaching others the principles of knowledge and virtue, undertook the office; not out of any sordid and mercenary views, but merely from a benevolent disposition, and a desire to do good. His method of education was as much above the pedantry and jargon of the common schools, as his genius was superior to that of a common schoolmaster. One of his nephews has given us an account of the many authors, both Latin and Greek, which, (besides those usually read in the schools), through his excellent judgment and way of teaching, were run over within no greater compass of time, than from ten to fifteen or sixteen years of age. Of the Latin, the four authors concerning husbandry, Cato, Varro, Columella, and Palladius; also Cornelius Celsus the physician, a great part of Pliny's natural history, the Architecture of Vitruvius, the Stratagems of Frontinus, and the philosophical poets Lucretius and Manilius. Of the
Greek,

Greek, Hesiod, Aratus's *Phenomena* and *Diosemeia*, Dionysius Afer *de situ orbis*, Oppian's *Cynegetics* and *Halieutics*, Quintus Calaber's poem of the Trojan war continued from Homer, Apollonius Rhodius's *Argonautics*; and in prose Plutarch's *Placita philosophorum*, and of the education of children, Xenophon's *Cyropædia* and *Anabasis*, Ælian's *Tactics*, and the *Stratagems of Polyænus*. Nor did this application to the Greek and Latin tongues hinder the attaining to the chief oriental languages, the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac, so far as to go through the *Pentateuch*, or five books of Moses, in Hebrew; to make a good entrance into the *Targum* or Chaldee paraphrase, and to understand several chapters of St. Matthew in the Syriac Testament; besides the modern languages, Italian and French, and a competent knowledge of the mathematics and astronomy. The Sunday's exercise for his pupils was for the most part to read a chapter of the Greek Testament, and to hear his learned exposition of it. The next work after this was, to write from his dictation some part of a system of divinity, which he had collected from the ablest divines, who had written upon that subject. Such were his academic institutions: And thus, by teaching others, he in some measure enlarged his own knowledge; and having the reading of so many authors as it were by proxy, he might possibly have preserved his sight, if he had not moreover been perpetually busied in reading or writing something himself. It was certainly a very recluse and studious life that both he and his pupils led: But the young men of that age were of a different turn from those of the present; and he himself gave an example to those under him of hard study and spare diet; only now and then, once in three weeks or a month, he made a gaudy day with some young gentlemen of his acquaintance; the chief of whom, says Mr. Philips, were Mr. Alphry and Mr. Miller, both of Gray's-inn, and two of the greatest beaux of those times.

But he was not so fond of this academical life, as to be an indifferent spectator of what was acted upon
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the public stage of the world. The nation was now in a great ferment in 1641, and the clamour run high against the Bishops; when he joined loudly in the cry, to help the Puritan ministers, (as he says himself), they being inferior to the Bishops in learning and eloquence; and published his two books, *Of reformation in England, written to a friend*. About the same time certain ministers having published a treatise against Episcopacy, in answer to the humble remonstrance of Dr. Joseph Hall Bishop of Norwich, under the title of *Smectymnuus*, a word consisting of the initial letters of their names, Stephen Marthall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow; and Abp. Usher having published at Oxford a refutation of *Smectymnuus*, in a tract concerning the original of bishops and metropolitans; Milton wrote his little piece, *Of Prelatical Episcopacy*, in opposition chiefly to Usher; for he was for contending with the most powerful adversary; there would be either less disgrace in the defeat, or more glory in the victory. He handled the subject more at large in his next performance; which was, *The reason of church-government urged against Prelaty, in two books*. And Bp. Hall having published a defence of the humble remonstrance, he wrote *animadversions* upon it. All these treatises he published within the course of one year, 1641; which show how very diligent he was in the cause that he had undertaken. And the next year he set forth his *Apology for Smectymnuus*, in answer to the confutation of his animadversions, written, as he thought himself, by Bp. Hall or his son. And here very luckily ended a controversy, which detained him from greater and better writings which he was meditating, more useful to the public, as well as more suitable to his own genius and inclination: But he thought all this while that he was vindicating ecclesiastical liberty.

In the year 1643, and the 35th of his age, he married Mary the eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Powel, of Foresthill, near Shotover, Oxfordshire, a justice of the peace, and a gentleman of good repute and figure
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in that country ; for his family, now growing numerous, required a mistress at the head of it, and his father was coming to live with him ; which he did, and continued with him in tranquillity and devotion to his dying day. Mrs. Milton had not cohabited with her husband above a month, before she was earnestly solicited by her relations to come and spend the remaining part of the summer with them in the country. If it was not at her instigation that her friends made this request, yet at least it was agreeable to her inclination ; and she obtained her husband's consent, upon a promise of returning at Michaelmas. In the mean while his studies went on very vigorously ; and his chief diversion, after the business of the day, was now and then in an evening to visit the Lady Margaret Lee, daughter of the Earl of Marlborough, Lord High Treasurer of England, and President of the Privy Council to King James I. This Lady, being a woman of excellent wit and understanding, had a particular honour for our author, and took great delight in his conversation ; as likewise did her husband Capt. Hobson, a very accomplished gentleman. And what a regard Milton again had for her, he has left upon record in a sonnet to her praise, extant among his other poems.

Michaelmas was now come, but he heard nothing of his wife's return. He wrote to her, but received no answer. He wrote again letter after letter, but received no answer to any of them. He then dispatched a messenger with a letter desiring her to return ; but she positively refused, and dismissed the messenger with contempt. Whether it was, that she had conceived any dislike to her husband's person or humour ; or whether she could not conform to his retired and philosophical manner of life, having been accustomed to a house of much gaiety and company ; or whether being of a family strongly attached to the royal cause, she could not bear her husband's republican principles ; or whether she was overpersuaded by her relations, who possibly might repent of having matched the eldest daughter of the family to a man so distinguished

guished for taking the contrary party, the King's head-quarters being in their neighbourhood at Oxford, and his Majesty having now some fairer prospect of success; whether any or all of these were the reasons of this extraordinary behaviour; however it was, it so highly incensed her husband, that he thought it would be dishonourable ever to receive her again after such a repulse, and he determined to repudiate her, as she had in effect repudiated him, and to consider her no longer as his wife. To fortify this his resolution, and at the same time to justify it to the world, he wrote *The doctrine and discipline of divorce*; wherein he endeavours to prove, that indisposition, unfitness, or contrariety of mind, proceeding from any unchangeable cause in nature, hindering and ever likely to hinder the main benefits of conjugal society, which are solace and peace, are greater reasons of divorce than adultery or natural frigidity, especially if there be no children, and there be mutual consent for separation. He published it at first without his name; but the style easily betrayed the author; and afterwards a second edition, much augmented, with his name. This book he dedicated to the parliament of England, with the assembly of divines, that as they were then consulting about the general reformation of the kingdom, they might also take this particular case of domestic liberty into their consideration. And then, as it was objected that his doctrine was a novel notion, and a paradox that no body had ever asserted before, he endeavoured to confirm his own opinion by the authority of others, and published, in 1644, *The judgment of Martin Bucer, &c.* And as it was still objected, that his doctrine could not be reconciled to Scripture, he published in 1645 his *Tetrachordon*; or, *Expositions upon the four chief places in Scripture, which treat of marriage, or nullities in marriage.* At the first appearing of *the doctrine and discipline of divorce*, the clergy raised a heavy outcry against it, and daily solicited the parliament to pass some censure upon it. At last one of them, in a sermon preached before the Lords and Commons, on a day of humiliation, in August.

gust 1644, roundly told them, that there was a book abroad which deserved to be burnt; and that among their other sins they ought to repent, that they had not yet branded it with some mark of their displeasure. Mr. Wood informs us, that upon Milton's publishing his three books of divorce, the assembly of divines, then sitting at Westminster, took special notice of them; and notwithstanding his former services in writing against the Bishops, caused him to be summoned before the house of Lords: But that house, whether approving his doctrine, or not favouring his accusers, soon dismissed him. He was attacked also from the press, in a pamphlet, intitled, *Divorce at pleasure*; and in another, intitled, *An answer to the doctrine and discipline of divorce*, which was licensed and recommended by Mr. Joseph Caryl, a famous Presbyterian divine, and author of a voluminous commentary on the book of Job. Milton, in his *Colasterion*, or *Reply*, published in 1645, expostulates smartly with the licenser, as well as handles very roughly the nameless author. These provocations, I suppose, contributed not a little to make him such an enemy to the Presbyterians, to whom he had before distinguished himself a friend. He composed likewise two sonnets on the reception his book of divorce met with, but the latter is much the better of the two. Mr. Wood says, that after the King's restoration, when the subject of divorce was under consideration with the Lords, upon account of John Lord Ros or Roos's separation from his wife Anne Pierpoint, eldest daughter to Henry Marquis of Dorchester, he was consulted by an eminent member of that house, and about the same time by a chief officer of state, as being the prime person who was knowing in that affair.

But while he was so closely engaged in this controversy of divorce, he nevertheless attended to other things. About this time he published his letter of education to Mr. Samuel Hartlib, who wrote some things about husbandry, and was a man of considerable learning. This letter, which has been usually printed at the end of his poems, is, as I may say, the
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theory of his own practice ; and by the rules which he has laid down for education, we see in some measure the method that he pursued in educating his own pupils. In 1644 he published his *Areopagitica* ; or, *Speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing to the parliament of England*. It was written at the desire of several learned men, and is perhaps the best vindication that has been published at any time or in any language, of that liberty which is the basis and support of all other liberties, the liberty of the press. But it had not the desired effect : For the Presbyterians were as fond of exercising the licensing power, when they got it into their own hands, as they had been clamorous before in inveighing against it, while it was in the hands of the Prelates. And Mr. Toland is mistaken in saying, “ that such was the effect of this piece, that the following year Mabol a licenser offered reasons against licensing ; and, at his own request, was discharged that office.” For neither was the licenser’s name Mabol, but Gilbert Mabbot ; neither was he discharged from his office till May 1649, about five years afterwards ; though probably he might be swayed by Milton’s arguments, as every ingenious person must, who peruses and considers them. In 1645 was published a collection of his poems, Latin and English ; and if he had left no other monuments of his poetical genius behind him, these would have been sufficient to have rendered his name immortal.

But without doubt his doctrine of divorce, and the maintenance of it, principally engaged his thoughts at this period ; and whether others were convinced or not by his arguments, he was certainly convinced himself that he was in the right ; and as a proof of it he determined to marry again, and made his addresses to a young lady of great wit and beauty, one of the daughters of Dr. Davis. But intelligence of this coming to his wife, and the then declining state of the King’s cause, and consequently of the circumstances of Justice Powell’s family, caused them to set all engines at work to restore the wife again to her husband. His friends too, for different reasons, seem to have

been as desirous of bringing about a reconciliation as her's; and this method of effecting it was concerted between them. He had a relation, one Blackborough, living in the lane of St. Martin's Le Grand, whom he often visited; and one day when he was visiting there, it was contrived that the wife should be ready in another room. Accordingly, as he was thinking of nothing less, he was surprised to see her, whom he had expected never to have seen any more, falling down upon her knees at his feet, and imploring his forgiveness with tears *. At first he showed some signs of aversion, but he continued not long inexorable; his wife's intreaties, and the intercession of friends on both sides, soon wrought upon his generous nature, and procured a happy reconciliation, with an act of oblivion of all that was past. But he did not take his wife home, till he had got a house he had hired in Barbican fitted up for his family, his house in Aldersgate-street not being large enough. The part that Milton acted in this whole affair, showed plainly, that he had a spirit capable of the strongest resentment, but yet more inclinable to pity and forgiveness. And neither in this was any injury done to the other lady whom he was courting; for she is said to have been always averse from the motion, not daring, I suppose, to venture in marriage with a man

* It is not to be doubted (says Mr. Fenton in his account of our author's life) but an interview of that nature, so little expected, must wonderfully affect him: And perhaps the impressions it made on his imagination, contributed much to the painting of that pathetic scene in *Paradise Lost*, in which Eve addressed herself to Adam for pardon and peace. At the intercession of his friends who were present, after a short reluctance he generously sacrificed all his resentment to her tears.

————— *Soon his heart relented*
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress. P. L. x. 940.

Mr Thyer thinks there is little room to doubt but that the particular beauties of this charming scene are owing to an interview of the same nature which he had with his own wife, and that he is only here describing those generous and tender sentiments, which he then felt and experienced.

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who was known to have a wife still living. He might not think himself too at liberty as before, while his wife continued obstinate; for his most plausible argument for divorce proceeds upon a supposition, that the thing be done with mutual consent.

After his wife's return, his family was increased not only with children, but also with his wife's relations; her father and mother, her brothers and sisters, coming to live with him in the general distress and ruin of the royal party; and he was so far from resenting their former ill treatment of him, that he generously protected them, and entertained them very hospitably, till their affairs were accommodated through his interest with the prevailing faction. Upon their removal, and the death of his own father, his house looked again like the house of the Muses. But his studies had like to have been interrupted by a call to public business: For about this time there was a design of constituting him Adjutant-General in the army under Sir William Waller; but the new-modelling of the army soon following, that design was laid aside. Not long after, his great house in Barbican being now too large for his family, he quitted it for a smaller in High Holburn, which opened backward into Lincoln's-inn Fields where he prosecuted his studies till the King's trial and death; when the Presbyterians declaiming tragically against the King's execution, and asserting that his person was sacred and inviolable, provoked him to write *The tenure of kings and magistrates, proving that it is lawful to call a tyrant to account, and to depose or put him to death; and that they who of late so much blame deposing, are the men who did it themselves.* This book he published in the beginning of 1649, to satisfy and compose the minds of the people. Not long after he wrote his *Observations on the articles of peace between the Earl of Ormond and the Irish rebels.* In these and all his writings, whatever others of different parties may think, he thought himself an advocate for true liberty; for ecclesiastical liberty in his treatises against the bishops, for domestic liberty in his books of divorce, and for civil liberty in his writings

tings against the King, in defence of the parliament and people of England.

After this he retired again to his private studies; and thinking that he had leisure enough for such a work, he applied himself to the writing of a history of England, which he intended to deduce from the earliest accounts down to his own times. He had finished four books of that history, when, neither courting nor expecting any such preferment, he was invited by the council of state to be their Latin secretary for foreign affairs. And he served in the same capacity under Oliver, and Richard, and the Rump, till the restoration; and without doubt a better Latin pen could not have been found in the kingdom. For the republic and Cromwell scorned to pay that tribute to any foreign prince, which is usually paid to the French King, of managing their affairs in his language: They thought it an indignity and meanness, to which this or any free nation ought not to submit; and took a noble resolution, neither to write any letters to any foreign states, nor to receive any answers from them, but in the Latin tongue, which was common to them all. And it would have been well, if succeeding princes had followed their example; for, in the opinion of very wise men, the universality of the French language will make way for the universality of the French monarchy.

But it was not only in foreign dispatches that the government made use of his pen. He had discharged the business of his office a very little time, before he was called to a work of another kind. For soon after the King's death was published a book under his name, intitled, *Εἰκὼν βασιλική*, or, *The royal image*. This book, like Cæsar's last will, making a deeper impression, and exciting greater commiseration in the minds of the people, than the King himself did while alive, Milton was ordered to prepare an answer to it; which was published by authority, and intitled, *Εἰκονόκλας*, or, *The Image-breaker*; the famous surname of many Greek Emperors, who in their zeal against idolatry broke all superstitious images to pieces. This piece

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was translated into French; and two replies to it were published, one in 1651, and the other in 1692, upon the reprinting of Milton's book at Amsterdam.

But his most celebrated work in prose is his *Defence of the people of England against Salmasius*; *Defensio pro populo Anglicano contra Claudii anonymi, alias Salmasii, defensionem regiam*. Salmasius, by birth a Frenchman, succeeded the famous Scaliger as honorary Professor of the university of Leyden; had gained great reputation by his Plinian exertations on Solinus, and by his critical remarks on several Latin and Greek authors; was generally esteemed one of the greatest and most consummate scholars of that age; and is commended by Milton himself, in his *Reason of church-government*, and called the learned Salmasius. Besides his great learning, he had extraordinary talents in railing. "This prince of scholars," as some body said of him, "seemed to have erected his throne up-
"on a heap of stones, that he might have them at
"hand to throw at every one's head who passed by." He was therefore courted by Charles II. as the most able man to write a defence of the late King his father, and to traduce his adversaries; and a hundred jacobuses were given him for that purpose. His book was published in 1649, under the title of *Defensio regia pro Carolo I. ad Carolum II.* No sooner did this piece appear in England, but the council of state unanimously appointed Milton, then present, to answer it. He performed the task with amazing spirit and vigour, though his health at that time was such, that he could hardly endure the fatigue of writing; and being weak in body, he was forced to write by piece-meal, and to break off almost every hour. This necessarily occasioned some delay; so that his *Defence of the people of England* was not made public till the beginning of 1651. They who cannot read the original, may yet have the pleasure to read the English translation by Mr. Washington of the Temple, which was printed in 1692, and is inserted among Milton's works in the two last editions. It was somewhat extraordinary, that Salmasius, a pensioner to a republic, should pretend

tend to write a defence of monarchy: But the states showed their disapprobation by publicly condemning his book, and ordered it to be suppressed. On the other hand, Milton's book was burnt at Paris, and at Thoulouse, by the hands of the common hangman: But this served only to procure it the more readers. It was read and talked of every where; even they who were of different principles, could not but acknowledge that he was a good defender of a bad cause. Salmasius's book underwent only one impression, while Milton's passed through several editions. On the first appearance of it, he was visited or invited by all the foreign ministers at London, not excepting even those of crowned heads; and was particularly honoured and esteemed by Adrian Paaw, ambassador from the States of Holland. He was likewise highly complimented by letters from the most learned and ingenious persons in France and Germany; and Leonard Philaras, an Athenian born, and ambassador from the Duke of Parma to the French king, wrote a fine encomium of his defence, and sent him his picture. And what gave him the greatest satisfaction, the work was highly applauded by those who had desired him to undertake it; and they made him a present of 1000 l. which in those days of frugality was reckoned no inconsiderable reward for his performance. But the case was far otherwise with Salmasius. He was then in high favour at the court of Christina Queen of Sweden, who had invited thither several of the most learned men of all countries: But when Milton's Defence was brought to Sweden, and was read to the Queen at her own desire, he sunk immediately in her esteem, and the opinion of every body; and though he talked big at first, and vowed the destruction of Milton and the parliament, yet finding that he was looked upon with coldness, he thought proper to take leave of the court; and he who came in honour, was dismissed with contempt. He died sometime afterwards at Spa in Germany, and it is said more of a broken heart than of any distemper; leaving a posthumous reply to Milton, which was not published

published till after the restoration, and was dedicated to Charles II. by his son Claudius: But it has done no great honour to his memory, abounding with abuse much more than argument.

Isaac Vossius, who was at Stockholm, when Milton's book was brought thither, in some of his letters to Nicholas Heinsius, says, that he had the only copy of Milton's book, that the Queen borrowed it of him, was very much pleased with it, and commended Milton's wit and manner of writing; and that Salmasius was very angry, and very busy in preparing his answer, wherein he abused Milton as if he had been one of the vilest catamites in Italy, and also criticised his Latin poems. Heinsius writes again to Vossius from Holland, that he wondered that only one copy of Milton's book was brought to Stockholm, when three were sent thither, one to the Queen, another to Vossius, and the third to Salmasius; that the book was in every body's hands, and there had been four editions in a few months, besides the English one; that a Dutch translation was handed about, and a French one was expected. Afterwards he writes from Venice, that Holstenius had lent him Milton's Latin poems; that they were nothing, compared with the elegance of his Apology; that he had offended frequently against prosody, and here was a great opening for Salmasius's criticism: But as to Milton's having been a catamite in Italy, he says, that it was a mere calumny; on the contrary, he was disliked by the Italians, for the severity of his manners, and for the freedom of his discourses against Popery. In others of his letters Heinsius mentions how angry Salmasius was with him for commending Milton's book; and says, that Grafwinkelius had written something against Milton, which was to have been printed by Elzevir, but it was suppressed by public authority.

The first reply was published in 1651, intitled, *An apology for the King and people, &c. Apologia pro rege et populo Anglicano, contra Johannis Polypragmatici (alias Miltoni Angli) defensionem destructivam regis et populi*

Anglicani. It is not known who was the author of this piece. Some attributed it to one Janus a lawyer of Gray's inn, and others to Dr. John Bramhall, then Bishop of Derry, and after the restoration Primate of Ireland. But it is utterly improbable, that so mean a performance, written in such barbarous Latin, and so full of solecisms, should come from the hands of a prelate of such distinguished abilities and learning. But whoever was the author of it, Milton did not think it worth his while to animadvert upon it himself, but employed the younger of his nephews to answer it; only as he supervised and corrected the answer before it went to the press, it may in a manner be called his own. It came forth in 1652 under this title, *Johannis Philippi Angli responsio ad apologiam anonymi cujusdam tenebrionis pro rege et populo Anglicano infantissimam.* It is printed with Milton's works. Throughout the whole Mr. Philips treats Bp. Bramhall with great severity, as the author of the Apology, thinking probably that so considerable an adversary would make the answer more considerable.

Sir Robert Filmer likewise published some animadversions upon Milton's Defense of the People, in a piece printed in 1652, intitled, *Observations concerning the original of government, upon Mr. Hobbes's Leviathan, Mr. Milton against Salmasius, and Hugo Grotius de jure belli.* But I do not find, that Milton or any of his friends took notice of it. But Milton's quarrel was afterwards sufficiently avenged by Mr. Locke, who wrote against Sir Robert Filmer's principles of government, more I suppose in condescension to the prejudices of the age, than out of any regard to the weight or importance of Filmer's arguments.

Milton, soon after he was made Latin Secretary, removed from his house in High Holburn, to an apartment appointed for him in Scotland-yard. There his third child, a son, was born, and named John; but, through the ill usage or bad constitution of the nurse, he died an infant. His own health too was greatly impaired. This made him remove from Scotland-yard to a house in Petty France, Westminster, for
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the benefit of the air ; and there he remained eight years, from 1652 till within a few weeks of the King's restoration. In this house he had not been settled long, before his first wife died in childbed. But after a proper interval of time, he married a second wife, Katharine daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney. She too died in childbed within a year after their marriage ; and her child, a daughter, died a month after. Her husband has done honour to her memory in one of his sonnets.

Two or three years before his second marriage he had totally lost his sight. And his enemies triumphed in his blindness, and imputed it as a judgment upon him for writing against the King. But his sight had been decaying several years before, through his close application to study, and the frequent headaches to which he had been subject from his childhood, and his continual tampering with physic, which perhaps was more pernicious than all the rest. Milton himself informs us in his Second Defence, that when he was appointed by authority to write his defence of the people against Salmasius, he had almost lost the sight of one eye, and the physicians declared to him, that if he undertook that work, he would also lose the sight of the other. But he was nothing discouraged, and chose rather to lose both his eyes, than desert what he thought his duty. His blindness however did not disable him entirely from performing the business of his office. An assistant was allowed him, and his salary as Secretary still continued.

And there was farther occasion for his service besides dictating of letters. For the controversy with Salmasius did not die with him. There was published at the Hague in 1652, a book, intitled, *The cry of the King's blood, &c. Regii sanguinis clamor ad cælum, adversus parricidas Anglicanos.* The true author of this book was Peter du Moulin the younger, afterwards Prebendary of Canterbury. He transmitted his papers to Salmasius ; Salmasius intrusted them to the care of Alexander Morus, a French minister ; and Morus published them with a dedication to King

Charles II. in the name of Adrian Ulac the printer, from whence he came to be reputed the author of the whole. Morus was the son of a learned Scotsman, President of the college which the Protestants had formerly at Castres in Languedoc. He is said to have been a man of a most haughty disposition, immoderately addicted to women, hasty, ambitious, full of himself and his own performances, and satirical upon all others. He was however esteemed one of the most eminent preachers of that age among the Protestants: But, as M. Bayle observes, his chief talent must have consisted in the gracefulness of his delivery, or in those fallies of imagination, and quaint turns and allusions, whereof his sermons are full; for they retain not those charms in reading, which they were said to have formerly in the pulpit. Against this man therefore, as the reputed author of *Regii sanguinis clamor*, &c. Milton published by authority his *Second defence of the people of England*, &c. *Defensio secunda pro populo Anglicano*, in 1654. He treats Morus with such severity as nothing could have excused, if he had not been provoked to it by so much abuse poured upon himself. He had wrote a piece of wit, which had been published before in the news-papers at London, a distich upon Morus for getting Pontia the maid-servant of his friend Salmasius with child.

*Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori
Quis bene moratam morigeramque neget?*

Upon this Morus published his *Fides Publica*, in answer to Milton; in which he inserted several testimonies of his orthodoxy and morals, signed by the consistories, academies, synods, and magistrates of the places where he had lived; and disowned his being the author of the book imputed to him, and appealed to two gentlemen of great credit with the parliament-party, who knew the real author. This brought Du Moulin, then in England, into great danger: But the government suffered him to escape with impunity, rather than publicly contradict the great patron of their cause. For Milton still persisted in his accusation,

tion, and endeavoured to make it good in his *Defence of himself, &c. Autoris pro se defensio*, published in 1655; wherein he opposed to the testimonies in favour of Morus other testimonies against him; and Morus replied no more.

This controversy being ended, he was at leisure again to pursue his own private studies, *viz.* the history of England before mentioned, and a new thesaurus of the Latin tongue, intended as an improvement upon that by Robert Stephens; a work, which he had been long collecting from the best and purest Latin authors, and continued at times almost to his dying day: But his papers were left so confused and imperfect, that they could not be fitted for the press, though great use was made of them by the compilers of the Cambridge dictionary, printed in 1693. These papers are said to have consisted of three large volumes in folio; and it is a great pity that they are lost, and no account is given what is become of the manuscript. It is commonly said too, that at this time he began his famous poem of *Paradise Lost*; and it is certain, that he was glad to be released from those controversies, which detained him so long from following things more agreeable to his natural genius and inclination, though he was far from ever repenting of his writings in defence of liberty, but gloried in them to the last.

The only interruption now of his private studies was the business of his office. In 1655 there was published in Latin a writing in name of the Lord Protector, setting forth the reasons of the war with Spain. This piece is rightly adjudged to our author, both on account of the peculiar elegance of the style, and because it was his province to write such things, as Latin Secretary; and it is printed among his other prose works in the last edition. For the same reasons I am inclined to think, that the famous Latin verses to Christina Queen of Sweden in the name of Cromwell, were made by Milton, rather than Andrew Marvel. In those days they had admirable intelligence in the Secretary's office; and Mr. Philips relates a memorable

morable instance or two upon his own knowledge. The Dutch were sending a plenipotentiary to England to treat of peace; but the emissaries of the government had the art to procure a copy of his instructions in Holland; which being delivered by Milton to his kinsman, then with him, to be translated for the use of the council, before the plenipotentiary had taken shipping for England, an answer to all that he had in charge was prepared, and lay ready for him before he made his public entry into London. Another time a person came to London with a very sumptuous train, pretending himself an agent from the Prince of Conde, then in arms against Card. Mazarine: But the government suspecting him, set their instruments to work so successfully, that in a few days they received intelligence from Paris, that he was a spy employed by Charles II. Whereupon the very next morning Milton's kinsman was sent to him with an order of council, commanding him to depart the kingdom within three days, or expect the punishment of a spy. This kinsman was probably Mr. Philips or his brother; and one or both of them were assistant to him in his office. His blindness no doubt was a great hindrance and inconvenience to him in his business, though sometimes a political use might be made of it; as men's natural infirmities are often pleaded in excuse for not doing what they have no great inclination to do. Thus when Cromwell for some reasons delayed artfully to sign the treaty with Sweden, and the Swedish ambassador made frequent complaints of it, the excuse was, that Mr. Milton, on account of his blindness, proceeded slower in business, and had not yet put the articles of the treaty into Latin. The ambassador was greatly surpris'd, that things of such consequence should be intrusted to a blind man, for he must necessarily employ an amanuensis, and that amanuensis might divulge the articles; and said it was very wonderful, that there should be only one man in England who could write Latin, and he a blind one. But his blindness had not diminished, but rather increased the vigour of his mind. His state-letters

ters will remain as authentic memorials of those times, to be admired equally by critics and politicians ; those particularly about the sufferings of the poor Protestants in Piedmont, who can read without sensible emotion ? He had this subject very much at heart, for he was an utter enemy to all sorts of persecution ; and he wrote a most excellent sonnet on that occasion.

But Oliver Cromwell being dead, and the government weak and unsettled in the hands of Richard and the parliament, he thought it a seasonable time to offer his advice again to the public. He therefore in 1659 published *A treatise of civil power in ecclesiastical causes* ; and another tract, intitled, *Considerations touching the likeliest means to remove hirelings out of the church* ; both addressed to the parliament of the commonwealth of England. After the parliament was dissolved, he wrote a letter to some statesman, with whom he had a serious discourse the night before, concerning the ruptures of the commonwealth ; and another, as it is supposed, to Gen. Monk, being a *brief delineation of a free commonwealth, easy to be put in practice, and without delay*. These two pieces were first printed in the edition of our author's prose works in 1698. But Milton, still finding that affairs were every day tending more and more to the subversion of the commonwealth, and the restoration of the royal family, published his *Ready and easy way to establish a free commonwealth, and the excellence thereof, compared with the inconveniencies and dangers of readmitting kingship in this nation*. We are informed by Mr. Wood, that he published this piece in February 1659-60 ; and after this he published *Brief notes upon a late sermon, intitled, The fear of God and the King, preached by Dr. Matthew Griffith, at Mercers chapel, March 25. 1660*. So bold and resolute was he in declaring his sentiments to the last, thinking that his voice was the voice of expiring liberty.

A little before the King's landing he was discharged from his office of Latin Secretary, and was forced to leave his house in Petty France. Here he had lived eight years with great reputation, and had been
visited

visited by all foreigners of note, who could not go out of the country without seeing a man who did so much honour to it by his writings, and whose name was as famous abroad as in his own nation; and by several persons of quality of both sexes, and many learned and ingenious friends and acquaintance. But now it was not safe for him to appear any longer in public; and therefore, by the advice of his wellwishers, he fled for shelter to a friend's house near West Smithfield, where he lay concealed till the worst of the storm was blown over. On Saturday June 16. 1660 it was ordered by the house of Commons, that the king should be moved to issue a proclamation for the calling in of Milton's two books, the *Defence of the people* and *Iconoclastes*, and also Goodwyn's book, intitled, *The obstructors of justice*, written in justification of the murder of the late king, and to order them to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman; and that the Attorney-General should proceed by way of indictment or information against Milton and Goodwyn, in respect of their books, and that they themselves should be sent for in custody of the Serjeant at Arms attending the house. On Wednesday June 27, an order of council was made accordingly for a proclamation against Milton's and Goodwyn's books; and the proclamation was issued Aug. 13. wherein it was said that the authors had fled, or did abscond; and on Monday Aug. 27. the books were burnt at the Old Bailey, by the hands of the common hangman. On Wednesday Aug. 29. the act of indemnity was passed; which proved more favourable to Milton than could well have been expected; for though John Goodwyn was excepted among the twenty persons, who were to have penalties inflicted upon them, not extending to life, yet Milton was not excepted at all, and consequently was included in the general pardon. We find indeed that afterwards he was in custody of the Serjeant at Arms; but the time when he was taken into custody is not certain. He was not in custody on the 12th of September; for his name is not in a list of the prisoners in custody of the Serjeant at Arms read that day in

in the House; and next day the House adjourned to Nov. 6. It is probable therefore, that after the passing of the act of indemnity, and adjournment of the House, Milton came out of his concealment, and was afterwards taken into custody by virtue of the former order of the House. But we do not find that he was prosecuted by the Attorney-general, or continued long in custody: For on Saturday Dec. 15. 1660, the House ordered, that Mr. Milton, then in custody of the Serjeant at Arms, should be forthwith released, paying his fees; and on Monday the 17th, a complaint being made, that the Serjeant had demanded excessive fees, it was referred to the committee of privileges and elections to examine that business, to call Mr. Milton and the Serjeant before them, and to determine what was fit to be given to the Serjeant for his fees. So courageous was Milton at all times in defence of liberty against all the incroachments of power, and though a prisoner, would yet be treated like a free-born Englishman. The clemency of the government was surely very great towards him, considering the nature of his offences; for though he was not one of the King's judges and murderers, yet he contributed more to murder his character and reputation than any of them all. To what therefore could it be owing, that he was treated with such lenity, and was so easily pardoned? It is certain, there was not wanting powerful intercession for him both in council and in parliament. It is said, that Secretary Morrice and Sir Thomas Clargis greatly favoured him, and exerted their interest in his behalf, and his old friend Andrew Marvel, member for Hull, formed a considerable party for him in the House of Commons; and neither was Charles II. (as Toland says) such an enemy to the Muses, as to require his destruction. But the principal instrument in obtaining Milton's pardon was Sir William Davenant, out of gratitude for Milton's having procured his release when taken prisoner in 1650. It was life for life. Davenant had been saved by Milton's interest, and in return Milton was saved at Davenant's intercession.

Milton having thus obtained his pardon, took a house in Holburn, near Red-Lion Fields, but soon after removed into Jewen-street, near Aldersgate-street. While he lived there, being in his 53d or 54th year, blind and infirm, and wanting some body better than servants to tend and look after him, he, at the recommendation of his friend Dr. Paget, to whom the lady was related, married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshul, of a gentleman's family in Cheshire. It is said, that an offer was made to Milton, as well as to Thurloe, of holding the same place of Secretary under the King, which he had discharged with so much integrity and ability under Cromwell; but he persisted in refusing it, though his wife pressed his compliance: "Thou art in the right," says he; "you, as other women, would ride in your coach; for me, my aim is to live and die an honest man." In 1661 he published his *Accedence commenced Grammar*, and a tract of Sir Walter Raleigh, intitled, *Aphorisms of state*; as in 1658 he had published another piece of the same author, intitled, *The cabinet-council discabinated*: An evident sign, that he thought it no mean employment, nor unworthy of a man of genius, to be an editor of the works of great authors. While he lived in Jewen-street, Elwood the Quaker was first introduced to read to him: For having wholly lost his sight, he kept always some body or other to perform that office; and usually the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom he took in kindness, that he might at the same time improve him in his learning. Elwood was recommended to him by Dr. Paget, and went to his house every afternoon except Sunday, and read to him such books in the Latin tongue as Milton thought proper. Milton told him, that if he would have the benefit of the Latin tongue, not only to read and understand Latin authors, but to converse with foreigners, he must learn the foreign pronunciation; and he instructed him how to read accordingly. "Milton having a curious ear, understood by my tone," says Elwood, "when I understood what I read, and when I did not; and he would stop me and examine me, and open

open the most difficult passages to me." Not long after his third marriage he left Jewen-street, and removed to a house in the Artillery-walk, leading to Bunhill-fields, in which he resided to his dying day: Only when the plague began to rage in London in 1665, he removed to a small house at St. Giles Chalfont in Buckinghamshire, where he remained during that dreadful calamity; but after the sickness was over, and the city was cleansed and made safely habitable again, he returned to his house in London.

His great work of *Paradise Lost* had principally engaged his thoughts for some years past, and was now completed. It is probable, that his first design of writing an epic poem was owing to his conversations at Naples with the Marquis of Villa about Tasso and his famous poem of the Delivery of Jerusalem; and in a copy of Verses presented to that nobleman before he left Naples, he intimated his intention of fixing upon King Arthur for his hero. In his eclogue upon the death of his friend Diodati, he proposed the same design and the same subject, and declared his ambition of writing something in his native language, which might render his name illustrious in these islands, though he should be obscure and inglorious to the rest of the world. And in other parts of his works, after he had engaged in the controversies of the times, he still promised to produce some noble poem or other at a fitter season: But it doth not appear that he had then determined upon the subject; and King Arthur had another fate, being reserved for the pen of Sir Richard Blackmore. The first hint of *Paradise Lost* is said to have been taken from an Italian tragedy; and it is certain, that he first designed it a tragedy himself, and there are several plans of it in the form of a tragedy still to be seen in the author's own manuscript, preserved in the library of Trinity-college Cambridge. And it is probable, that he did not barely sketch out the plans, but also wrote some parts of the drama itself. Mr. Philips informs us, that some of the verses at the beginning of Satan's speech addressed to the Sun, book iv. ver. 32, &c.

were shown to him and some others as designed for the beginning of the tragedy, several years before the Poem was begun: And many other passages might be produced, which plainly appear to have been originally intended for the scene, and are not so properly of the epic, as of the tragic strain. After he was disengaged from the Salmasian controversy, in 1655, he began to mold the *Paradise Lost* in its present form, and after the Restoration he prosecuted the work with closer application. Mr. Philips relates a very remarkable circumstance in the composition of this Poem, which was told him by Milton himself, that his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal, and that what he attempted at other times was not to his satisfaction, though he courted his fancy never so much. Mr. Toland imagines that Philips might be mistaken as to the time, because Milton, in his Latin Elegy, written in his 20th year, upon the approach of the Spring, seemeth to say just the contrary, as if he could not make any verses to his satisfaction till the Spring begun: And he says further, that a judicious friend of Milton's informed him, that he could never compose well but in Spring and Autumn. But Mr. Richardson cannot comprehend, that either of these accounts is exactly true, or that a man with such a work in his head can suspend it for six months together, or only for one; it may go on more slowly, but it must go on: And this laying it aside is contrary to that eagerness to finish what was begun, which he says was his temper in an epistle to Diodati. After all, Mr. Philips, who had the perusal of the Poem from the beginning, by twenty or thirty verses at a time, as it was composed, and having not been shown any for a considerable while as the Summer came on, inquired of the author the reason of it, could hardly be mistaken with regard to the time: And it is easy to conceive, that the Poem might go on much more slowly in Summer than in other parts of the year; for, notwithstanding all that the poets may say of the pleasures of that season, I imagine most persons find by experience, that they can compose better
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at any other time, with more facility and with more spirit, than during the heat and languor of Summer. Whenever the poem was wrote, it was finished in 1665: and considering the difficulties which the author lay under, his uneasiness on account of the public affairs and his own, his age and infirmities, his gout and blindness, his not being in circumstances to maintain an amanuensis, but obliged to make use of any hand that came next to write his verses as he made them, it is really wonderful, that he should have the spirit to undertake such a work, and much more, that he should ever bring it to perfection. After the poem was finished, still new difficulties retarded the publication of it. It was in danger of being suppressed through the malice or ignorance of the licenser, who took exception at some passages, and particularly at that noble simile, in the first book, of the sun in an eclipse, in which he fancied that he had discovered treason. It was with difficulty too that the author could sell the copy; and he sold it at last only for five pounds; but was to receive five pounds more after the sale of 1300 of the first impression, five pounds more after the sale of as many of the second impression, and five more after the sale of as many of the third; and the number of each impression was not to exceed 1500. What a poor consideration was this for such an inestimable performance! and how much more do others get by the works of great authors than the authors themselves! This original contract with Samuel Simmons the printer is dated April 27, 1667, and is in the hands of Mr. Tonson the bookseller. The first edition in ten books was printed in a small quarto; and before it could be disposed of, had three or more different title-pages of the years 1667, 1668, and 1669; and two years almost elapsed before 1300 copies could be sold, or before the author was intitled to his second five pounds, for which his receipt, still in being, is dated April 26, 1669. This was probably all that he received; for he lived not to enjoy the benefits of the second edition, which was not published till 1674, in which year he died. The second edition was

was printed in a small octavo; was corrected by the author himself, and the number of books was augmented from ten to twelve, with the addition of some few verses: and this alteration was made with great judgment, not for the sake of such a fanciful beauty as resembling the number of books in the *Æneid*, but for the more regular disposition of the poem, because the seventh and tenth books were before too long, and are more fitly divided each into two. The third edition was published in 1678; and it appears that Milton had left his remaining right in the copy to his widow; and she agreed with Simmons the printer to accept eight pounds in full of all demands. Her receipt for the money is dated Dec. 21, 1680. A little before this Simmons had covenanted to assign the whole right of copy to Brabazon Aylmer the bookseller for twenty-five pounds; and Aylmer afterwards sold it to old Jacob Tonson, at two different times; one half Aug. 17, 1683, and the other half March 24, 1690. By the last assignment it appears, that the book was growing into repute and rising in valuation. And to what perverseness could it be owing, that it was not better received at first? We conceive there were principally two reasons: The prejudices against the author on account of his principles and party; and many no doubt were offended with the novelty of a poem that was not in rhyme. Rhymers, who were a redoubted critic in those days, would not so much as allow it to be a poem on this account; and declared war against Milton as well as against Shakespeare; and threatened that he would write reflections upon the *Paradise Lost*, which some (says he*) are pleased to call a poem, and would assert rhyme against the slender sophistry wherewith the author attacks it. Such a man as Bp. Burnet maketh it a sort of objection to Milton, that he affected to write in blank verse without rhyme. The same reason induced Dryden to turn the principal parts of *Paradise Lost* into rhyme in his opera, called, *The State of Innocence and fall of Man*; to tag his lines,

* See Rhymers's Tragedies of the last age considered, p. 143.

as Milton himself expressed it, alluding to the fashion then of wearing tags of metal at the end of their ribbands. We are told indeed by Mr. Richardson, that Sir George Hungerford, an ancient member of parliament, told him, that Sir John Denham came into the House one morning with a sheet of *Paradise Lost* wet from the press in his hand; and being asked what he had there, said that he had part of the noblest poem that ever was written in any language or in any age. However, it is certain that the book was unknown till about two years after, when the Earl of Dorset looking about for books in Little Britain, accidentally met with *Paradise Lost*; and being surprised at some passages in dipping here and there, bought it. The bookseller begged his Lordship to speak in its favour if he liked it, for the impression lay on his hands as waste paper. The Earl having read it, sent it to Dryden; who in a short time returned it with this answer, "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too." Dryden's epigram upon Milton is well known; and so are the Latin verses by Dr. Barrow, and the English ones by Andrew Marvel, Esq; which are usually prefixed to the *Paradise Lost*, and were published with the second Edition. But still the poem was not generally known and esteemed, nor met with the deserved applause, till after the folio edition in 1688. The Duke of Buckingham in his Essay on Poetry prefers Tasso and Spenser to Milton; and it is related in the life of the witty Earl of Rochester, that he had no notion of a better poet than Cowley. And it may surprise any reader, that Sir William Temple, in his Essay on Poetry published in 1686, or thereabout, takes no notice at all of Milton: nay he saith expressly, that after Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, he knoweth none of the moderns who have made any achievements in heroic poetry worth recording. And what can we think, that he had not read or heard of the *Paradise Lost*, or that the author's politics had prejudiced him against his poetry? It was happy that all great men were not of his mind. The bookseller was advised and encouraged to undertake the folio edition by Mr. Sommers, afterwards

afterwards Lord Sommers, who not only subscribed himself, but was zealous in promoting the subscription: And in the list of subscribers are some of the most eminent names of that time; and amongst the rest Sir Roger L'Estrange, though he had formerly written a piece, intitled, *No blind guides*, &c. against Milton's Notes on Dr. Griffith's sermon. There were two editions more in folio; one in 1692, the other in 1695, which was the sixth: For the poem was now so well received, that, notwithstanding the price of it was four times greater than before, the sale increased double the number every year, as we find from the dedication of the smaller editions to Lord Sommers. Since that time not only various editions have been printed, but also various notes and translations. Patrick Hume, a Scotsman, was the first who wrote annotations upon *Paradise Lost*; and his notes were printed at the end of the folio edition in 1695. Mr. Addison's *Spectators* upon the subject contributed not a little to establishing the character and illustrating the beauties of the poem. In 1732 appeared Dr. Bentley's new edition with notes; and the year following Dr. Pearce, the present Bishop of Bangor, published his review of the text, in which the chief of Dr. Bentley's emendations are considered, and several other emendations and observations are offered to the public. And the year after that Messrs. Richardson, father and son, published their explanatory notes and remarks. The poem has also been translated into several languages, Latin, Italian, French, and Dutch; and proposals have been made for translating it into Greek. The Dutch translation is in blank verse, and printed at Harlem. The French have a translation by M. Dupré de S. Maur: but nothing sheweth the weakness and imperfection of their language more, than that they have few or no good poetical versions of the greatest poets; they are forced to translate Homer, Virgil, and Milton into prose, and blank verse their language has not harmony and dignity enough to support; their tragedies, and many of their comedies, are in rhyme. Rolli, the famous Italian master in England, made an Italian translation;

translation; and Mr. Richardson the son saw another at Florence in manuscript, by the learned Abbé Salvini, who translated Addison's Cato into Italian. One William Hog or Hogæus translated Paradise Lost, Paradise Regain'd, and Samson Agonistes, into Latin verse, in 1690; but his version is very unworthy of the originals. There is a better translation of the Paradise Lost by Mr. Thomas Power, Fellow of Trinity-college, Cambridge, the first book of which was printed in 1691, and the rest in manuscript is in the library of that college. The learned Dr. Trapp has also published a translation into Latin verse; and the world is in expectation of another, that will surpass all the rest, by Mr. William Dobson of New-college, Oxford. So that, by one means or other, Milton is now considered as an English classic; and the Paradise Lost is generally esteemed the noblest and most sublime of modern poems, and equal at least to the best of the ancient; the honour of this country, and the envy and admiration of all others!

In 1670 Milton published his *History of Britain, that part especially now called England*. He began it above twenty years before, but was frequently interrupted by other avocations; and he designed to have brought it down to his own times, but stopt at the Norman conquest; for indeed he was not well able to pursue it any further by reason of his blindness, and he was engaged in other more delightful studies, having a genius turned for poetry rather than history. Bp. Kennet begins his complete history of England with this work of Milton, as being the best draught, the clearest and most authentic account of those early times; and his style is freer and easier than in most of his other works, more plain and simple, less figurative and metaphorical, and better suited to the nature of history, has enough of the Latin turn and idiom to give it an air of antiquity, and sometimes rises to a surprising dignity and majesty.

In 1670 his *Paradise Regain'd* and *Samson Agonistes* were licensed together, but were not published till the year following. The first thought of *Paradise Regain'd*

was owing to Elwood the Quaker. When Milton had lent him the manuscript of *Paradise Lost* at St. Giles Chalfont, and he returned it, Milton asked him how he liked it, and what he thought of it? "Which I" "modestly, but freely told him," says Elwood; "and" "after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly" "said to him, Thou hast said much of *Paradise Lost*," "but what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*? He" "made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse;" "then broke off that discourse, and fell upon another" "subject." When Elwood afterwards waited upon him in London, Milton showed him his *Paradise Regain'd*, and in a pleasant tone said to him, "This is" "owing to you, for you put it into my head by the" "question you put me at Chalfont, which before I" "had not thought of." This poem has also been translated into French, together with some other pieces of Milton, *Lycidas*, *L'Alegro*, *Il Penferoso*, and the Ode on Christ's nativity. In 1732 was printed a critical dissertation with notes upon *Paradise Regain'd*, pointing out the beauties of it, written by Mr. Meadowcourt, Canon of Worcester: And the very learned and ingenious Mr. Jortin has added some observations upon this work at the end of his excellent remarks upon Spenser, published in 1734: And indeed this poem of Milton, to be more admired, needs only to be better known. His *Samson Agonistes* is the only tragedy that he has finished, though he has sketched out the plans of several, and proposed the subjects of more, in his manuscript preserved in Trinity college library. We may suppose that he was determined to the choice of this particular subject by the similitude of his own circumstances to those of Samson, blind and among the Philistines; and it seems to be the last of his poetical pieces. It has been brought upon the stage in the form of an oratorio; and Mr. Handel's music is never employed to greater advantage, than when it is adapted to Milton's words. That great artist has done equal justice to our Author's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penferoso*, as if the same spirit possessed both masters, and as if the god of music and of verse was still one and the same.

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There are also some other pieces of Milton, for he continued publishing to the last. In 1672 he published *Artis logicæ plenior institutio ad Petri Rami methodum concinnata*, An institution of logic after the method of Petrus Ramus; and the year following, *A treatise of true religion, and the best means to prevent the growth of Popery*, which had greatly increased through the connivance of the King, and the more open encouragement of the Duke of York; and the same year his poems, which had been printed in 1645, were reprinted with the addition of several others. His familiar epistles and some academical exercises, *Epistolarum familiarum, lib. I. et prolusiones quædam oratoriæ in collegio Christi habitæ*, were printed in 1674; as was also his translation out of Latin into English of the Poles declaration concerning the election of their King John III. setting forth the virtues and merits of that prince. He wrote also a brief history of Muscovy, collected from the relations of several travellers; but it was not printed till after his death in 1682. He had likewise his state-letters transcribed at the request of the Danish resident; but neither were they printed till after his death in 1676, and were translated into English in 1694. To that translation a Life of Milton was prefixed by his nephew Mr. Edward Philips; and at the end of that life his excellent sonnets to Fairfax, Cromwell, Sir Henry Vane, and Cyriac Skinner on his blindness, were first printed. Besides these works which were published, he wrote a system of divinity, which Mr. Toland says was in the hands of his friend Cyriac Skinner; but where at present, is uncertain. And Mr. Philips says, that he had prepared for the press an answer to some little scribbling quack in London, who had written a scurrilous libel against him; But whether by the dissuasion of friends, as thinking him a fellow not worth his notice, or for what other cause Mr. Philips knoweth not, this answer was never published. And indeed the best vindicator of him and his writings hath been Time. Posterity hath universally paid that honour to his merits, which was denied him by great part of his contemporaries.

After a life thus spent in study and labours for the public, he died of the gout at his house in Bunhill-Row, on or about the 10th of November 1674, when he had within a month completed the sixty-sixth year of his age. It is not known when he was first attacked by the gout; but he was grievously afflicted with it several of the last years of his life, and was weakened to such a degree, that he died without a groan, and those in the room perceived not when he expired. His body was decently interred near that of his father, who had died very aged about the year 1647, in the chancel of the church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; and all his great and learned friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the common people, paid their last respects in attending it to the grave. It does not appear, that any monument was erected to his memory, till 1737, in which one was erected in Westminster-abbey by Auditor Benson. But the best monument of him is his writings.

In his youth he was esteemed extremely handsome; so that while he was a student at Cambridge, he was called the Lady of Christ's College. He had a very fine skin and fresh complexion; his hair was of a light brown, and parted on the foretop hung down in curls waving upon his shoulders; his features were exact and regular; his voice agreeable and musical; his habit clean and neat; his deportment erect and manly. He was middle-sized and well proportioned, neither tall nor short, neither too lean nor too corpulent, strong and active in his younger years; and though afflicted with frequent headaches, blindness, and gout, was yet a comely and well looking man to the last. His eyes were of a light blue colour, and from the first are said to have been none of the brightest; but after he lost the sight of them, (which happened about the 43d year of his age), they still appeared without spot or blemish, and at first view, and at a little distance, it was not easy to know that he was blind. But there is the less need to be particular in the description of his person, as the idea of his face and countenance is pretty well known from the numerous prints, pictures, busts,

buſts, medals, and other representations which have been made of him.

In his way of living he was an example of ſobriety and temperance. He was very ſparing in the uſe of wine or ſtrong liquors of any kind. Let meaner poets make uſe of ſuch expedients to raiſe their fancy, and kindle their imagination. He wanted not any artificial ſpirits; he had a natural fire, and poetic warmth enough of his own. He was likewiſe very abſtemious in his diet, not faſtidiously nice or delicate in the choice of his diſhes, but content with any thing that was moſt in ſeaſon, or eaſieſt to be procured, eating and drinking (according to the diſtinction of the philoſopher) that he might live, and not living that he might eat and drink. So that probably his gout deſcended by inheritance from one or other of his parents; or if it was of his own acquiring, it muſt have been owing to his ſtudious and ſedentary life. And yet he delighted ſometimes in walking and uſing exerciſe, but we hear nothing of his riding or hunting. Having learned to fence, he was ſuch a maſter of his ſword, that he was not afraid of reſenting an affront from any man. Before he loſt his ſight, his principal recreation was the exerciſe of his arms; but after he was confined by age and blindneſs, he had a machine to ſwing in for the preſervation of his health. In his youth he was accuſtomed to ſit up late at his ſtudies, and ſeldom went to bed before midnight; but afterwards, finding it to be the ruin of his eyes, and looking on this cuſtom as very pernicious to health at any time, he uſed to go to reſt early, ſeldom later than nine; and would be ſtirring in the ſummer at four, and in the winter at five in the morning; but if he was not diſpoſed to riſe at his uſual hours, he ſtill did not lie ſleeping, but had ſome body or other by his bedſide to read to him. At his firſt riſing he had uſually a chapter read to him out of the Hebrew Bible; and he commonly ſtudied all the morning till twelve, then uſed ſome exerciſe for an hour, afterwards dined, and after dinner played on the organ, and either ſung himſelf or made his wife ſing, who (he ſaid) had a good voice but no ear: then
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he went up to study again till six, when his friends came to visit him, and sat with him perhaps till eight ; then he went down to supper, which was usually olives, or some light thing ; and after supper he smoked his pipe, drank a glass of water, and went to bed. He loved the country, and commends it, as poets usually do ; but after his return from his travels, he was very little there, except during the time of the plague in London. The civil war might at first detain him in town ; and the pleasures of the country were in a great measure lost to him, as they depend mostly upon sight ; whereas a blind man wanteth company and conversation, which is to be had better in populous cities. But he was led out sometimes for the benefit of the fresh air, and in warm sunny weather he used to sit at the door of his house near Bunhill-Fields, and there, as well as in the house, received the visits of persons of quality and distinction ; for he was no less visited to the last, both by his own countrymen and foreigners, than he had been in his flourishing condition before the Restoration.

Some objections indeed have been made to his temper ; and there was a tradition in the university of Cambridge, that he and Mr. King (whose death he laments in his *Lycidas*) were competitors for a fellowship, and when they were both equal in point of learning, Mr. King was preferred by the college for his character of good nature, which was wanting in the other ; and this was by Milton grievously resented. But the difference of their ages, Milton being at least four years elder, renders this story not very probable ; and, besides, Mr. King was not elected by the college, but was made fellow by a royal mandate : So that there can be no truth in the tradition ; but if there was any, it was no sign of Milton's resentment, but a proof of his generosity, that he could live in such friendship with a successful rival, and afterwards so passionately lament his decease. His method of writing controversy is urged as another argument of his want of temper. But some allowance must be made for the customs and manners of the time. Controversy, as well
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as war, was rougher and more barbarous in those days, than it is in these. It is to be considered too, that his adversaries first began the attack; they loaded him with much more personal abuse, only they had not the advantage of so much wit to season it. If he had engaged with more candid and ingenuous disputants, he would have preferred civility and fair argument to wit and satire. "To do so was my choice, and to have done thus was my chance," as he says himself. All who have written any accounts of his life agree, that he was affable and instructive in conversation, of an equal and cheerful temper; and yet I can easily believe, that he had a sufficient sense of his own merits, and contempt enough for his adversaries.

His merits indeed were singular: For he was a man not only of wonderful genius, but of immense learning and erudition; not only an incomparable poet, but a great mathematician, logician, historian, and divine. He was a master not only of the Greek and Latin, but likewise of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac, as well as of the modern languages, Italian, French, and Spanish. He was particularly skilled in the Italian, which he always preferred to the French language, as all the men of letters did at that time in England; and he not only wrote elegantly in it, but is highly commended for his writings by the most learned of the Italians themselves. He had read almost all authors, and improved by all, even by romances, of which he had been fond in his younger years: And as the bee can extract honey out of weeds, so (to use his own words) "those books, which to many others have been the fewel of wantonness and loose living, proved to him so many incitements to the love and observation of virtue." His favourite author after the holy Scriptures was Homer. Homer he could repeat almost without book; and he was advised to undertake a translation of his works, which no doubt he would have executed to admiration. But (as he says of himself) "he never could delight in long citations, much less in whole translations." Accordingly there are few things, and those of no great length, which he has ever translated,

lated. He was possessed too much of an original genius to be a mere copier. "Whether it be natural disposition," says he, "or education in me, or that my mother bore me a speaker of what God made my own, and not a translator." It is somewhat remarkable, that there is scarce any author, who has written so much, and upon such various subjects, and yet quotes so little from his contemporary authors, or so seldom mentions any of them. He praises Selden indeed in more places than one; but for the rest, he appears disposed to censure rather than commend. He was a master of music, as was his father, and he could perform both vocally and instrumentally; and 'tis said that he composed very well, though nothing of this kind is handed down to us. It is also said that he had some skill in painting, and that somewhere or other there is a head of Milton drawn by himself. But he was blessed with so many real excellencies, that there is no want of fictitious ones to raise and adorn his character. He had a quick apprehension, a sublime imagination, a strong memory, a piercing judgment, a wit always ready, and facetious or grave as the occasion required. I know not whether the loss of his sight did not add vigour to the faculties of his mind. He at least thought so, and often comforted himself with that reflection.

But his great parts and learning have scarcely gained him more admirers, than his political principles have raised him enemies. And yet the darling passion of his soul was the love of liberty; this was his constant aim and end, however he might be mistaken in the means. He was indeed very zealous in what was called the good old cause; and with his spirit and his resolution it is somewhat wonderful, that he never ventured his person in the civil war: But though he was not in arms, he was not inactive, and thought, I suppose, that he could be of more service to the cause by his pen than by his sword. He was a thorough republican; and in this he thought like a Greek or Roman, as he was very conversant with their writings. One day Sir Robert Howard, who was a friend to
Milton,

Milton, as well as to the liberties of his country, and was one of his constant visitors to the last, inquired of him how he came to side with the republicans? Milton answered among other reasons, because theirs was the most frugal government, for the trappings of a monarchy might set up an ordinary commonwealth. But then his attachment to Cromwell must be condemned, as being neither consistent with his republican principles, nor with his love of liberty. I know no other way of accounting for his conduct, but by presuming (as I think we may reasonably presume) that he was far from entirely approving of Cromwell's proceedings, but considered him as the only person who could rescue the nation from the tyranny of the Presbyterians, who he saw were erecting a worse dominion of their own upon the ruins of Prelatical Episcopacy; and of all things he dreaded spiritual slavery, and therefore closed with Cromwell and the Independents, as he expected under them greater liberty of conscience. And though he served Cromwell, yet it must be said for him, that he served a great master, and served him ably, and was not wanting from time to time in giving him excellent good advice, especially in his Second Defence. And so little being said of him in all Secretary Thurloe's state-papers, it appears that he had no great share in the secrets and intrigues of government; what he dispatched, was little more than matters of necessary form, letters and answers to foreign states. And he may be justified for acting in such a station, upon the same principle as Sir Matthew Hale for holding a judge's commission under the Usurper. In the latter part of his life he frequently expressed to his friends his entire satisfaction of mind, that he had constantly employed his strength and faculties in the defence of liberty, and in opposition to slavery.

In matters of religion too he has given as great offence, or even greater than by his political principles. But still let not the infidel glory: No such man was ever of that party. He had the advantage of a pious education, and ever expressed the profoundest reverence of the Deity in his words and actions, was both a

Christian and a Protestant, and studied and admired the holy Scriptures above all other books whatsoever. In all his writings he plainly sheweth a religious turn of mind, as well in verse as in prose, as well in his works of an earlier date, as in those of later composition. When he wrote the doctrine and discipline of divorce, he appears to have been a Calvinist; but afterwards he entertained a more favourable opinion of Arminius. Some have inclined to believe, that he was an Arian; but there are more express passages in his works to overthrow this opinion, than any there are to confirm it. For in the conclusion of his treatise of reformation he thus solemnly invokes the Trinity: "Thou therefore that sittest in light and glory unapproachable, Parent of angels and men! next thee I implore, Omnipotent King, Redeemer of that lost remnant whose nature thou didst assume, ineffable and everlasting Love! and thou the third substance of divine infinitude, illumining Spirit, the joy and solace of created things! one Tri-personal Godhead! look upon this thy poor, and almost spent and expiring church, &c." And, in his tract of Prelatical Episcopacy, he endeavours to prove the spuriousness of some epistles attributed to Ignatius, because they contained in them heresies, one of which heresies is, that "he condemns them for ministers of Satan, who say that Christ is God above all." And a little after, in the same tract, he objects to the authority of Tertullian, because he went about to "prove an imparity between God the Father and God the Son." And in *Paradise Lost* we shall find nothing upon this head, that is not perfectly agreeable to Scripture. Dr. Trapp, who was as likely to cry out upon heresy as any man, asserts that the poem is orthodox in every part of it; or otherwise he would not have been at the pains of translating it. Milton was indeed a dissenter from the Church of England, in which he had been educated, and was by his parents designed for holy orders: But he was led away by early prejudices against the doctrine and discipline of the church. In his younger years he was a favourer of the Presbyterians;

terians; in his middle age he was best pleased with the Independents and Anabaptists, as allowing greater liberty of conscience than others, and coming nearest in his opinion to the primitive practice; and in the latter part of his life he was not a professed member of any particular sect of Christians, frequented no public worship, nor used any religious rite in his family. Whether so many different forms of worship as he had seen, had made him indifferent to all forms; or whether he thought that all Christians had in some things corrupted the purity and simplicity of the gospel; or whether he disliked their endless and uncharitable disputes, and that love of dominion and inclination to persecution, which he said was a piece of Popery inseparable from all churches; or whether he believed, that a man might be a good Christian without joining in any communion; or whether he did not look upon himself as inspired, as wrapt up in God, and above all forms and ceremonies, it is not easy to determine. *To his own Master he standeth or falleth.* But if he was of any denomination, he was a sort of a Quietist, and was full of the interior of religion, though he so little regarded the exterior; and it is certain was to the last an enthusiast rather than an infidel. As enthusiasm made Norris a poet, so poetry might make Milton an enthusiast.

His circumstances were never very mean, nor very great; for he lived above want, and was not intent upon accumulating wealth. His ambition was more to enrich and adorn his mind. His father supported him in his travels, and for some time after. Then his pupils must have been of some advantage to him, and brought him either a certain stipend, or considerable presents at least; and he had scarcely any other method of improving his fortune, as he was of no profession. When his father died, he inherited an elder son's share of his estate, the principal part of which I believe was his house in Breadstreet. Not long after he was appointed Latin Secretary, with a salary of 200 l. a-year: So that he was now in opulent circumstances for a man, who had always led a frugal and

temperate life, and was at little unnecessary expence besides buying of books. Though he was of the victorious party, yet he was far from sharing in the spoils of his country. On the contrary, he sustained great losses during the civil war, and was not at all favoured in the imposition of taxes, but sometimes paid beyond his due proportion. Upon a turn of affairs he was not only deprived of his place, but also lost 2000 l. which he had for security and improvement put into the excise-office. He lost likewise another considerable sum for want of proper care and management, as persons of Milton's genius are seldom expert in money-matters. In the fire of London his house in Bread-street was burnt, before which accident foreigners have gone out of devotion (says Wood) to see the house and chamber where he was born. His gains were inconsiderable in proportion to his losses: For excepting the thousand pounds which were given him by the government for writing his defence of the people against Salmasius, we may conclude that he got very little by the copies of his works, when it doth not appear that he received any more than 10 l. for *Paradise Lost*. Some time before he died, he sold the greatest part of his library, as his heirs were not qualified to make a proper use of it, and as he thought that he could dispose of it to greater advantage than they could after his decease. Finally, by one means or other, he died worth 1500 l. besides his household-goods; which was no incompetent subsistence for him, who was as great a philosopher as a poet *.

To this account of Milton it may be proper to add something concerning his family. We said before, that he had a young brother and a sister. His brother Christopher Milton was a man of totally opposite prin-

* Whoever considers (says Mr. Fenton) the posts to which Milton was advanced, and the times in which he enjoyed them, will, I believe, confess he might have accumulated a much more plentiful fortune: In a dispassionate mind it will not require any extraordinary measure of candour to conclude, that though he abode in the *heritage of oppressors*, and the spoils of his country lay at his feet, neither his conscience, nor his honour, could stoop to gather them.

ciples; was a strong royalist, and after the civil war made his composition through his brother's interest; had been entered young a student in the Inner Temple, of which house he lived to be an ancient bench-er; and being a professed Papist, was in the reign of K. James II. made a judge and knighted; but soon obtained his quietus by reason of his age and infirmities, and retired to Ipswich, where he lived all the latter part of his life. His sister Anne Milton had a considerable fortune given her by her father in marriage with Mr. Edward Philips, (son of Mr. Edward Philips of Shrewsbury), who coming young to London, was bred up in the crown-office in chancery, and at length became secondary of the office under Mr. Bembo. By him she had, besides other children who had died infants, two sons, Edward and John, whom we have had frequent occasion to mention before. She had likewise two daughters, Mary, who died very young; and Anne, who was living in 1694, by a second husband Mr. Thomas Agar, who succeeded Mr. Philips in his place in the crown-office, which he enjoyed many years, and left to Mr. Thomas Milton, son of Sir Christopher before mentioned. As for Milton himself, he appears to have been no enemy to the fair sex by having had three wives. What fortune he had with any of them, is no where said; but they were gentlemens daughters: and it is remarkable that he married them all maidens; for (as he says himself) he "thought with them, who both in prudence and elegance of spirit would chuse a virgin of mean fortunes, honestly bred, before the wealthiest widow." But yet he seemeth not to have been very happy in any of his marriages: For his first wife had justly offended him by her long absence and separation from him; the second, whose love, sweetness, and goodness he commends, lived not a twelvemonth with him; and his third wife is said to have been a woman of a most violent spirit, and a hard mother-in-law to his children. She died very old, above thirty years ago [*i. e.* about the year 1729], at Nantwich in Cheshire. From the accounts of those who had seen her, I have learned,

learned, that she confirmed several things which have been related before; particularly that her husband used to compose his poetry chiefly in winter, and on his waking in a morning would make her write down sometimes twenty or thirty verses. Being asked whether he did not often read Homer and Virgil? she understood it as an imputation upon him for stealing from those authors, and answered with eagerness, that he stole from no body but the Muse who inspired him; and being asked by a lady present, who the Muse was? replied it was God's Grace, and the Holy Spirit that visited him nightly. She was likewise asked whom he approved most of our English poets? and answered, Spenser, Shakespear, and Cowley. Being asked, what he thought of Dryden? she said Dryden used sometimes to visit him, but he thought him no poet, but a good rhymist: But this was before Dryden had composed his best poems, which made his name so famous afterwards. She was wont moreover to say, that her husband was applied to by message from the King, and invited to write for the Court; but his answer was, that such a behaviour would be very inconsistent with his former conduct, for he had never yet employed his pen against his conscience. By his first wife he had three daughters, who survived him. They were not sent to school, but were instructed by a mistress kept at home for that purpose: And he himself, excusing the eldest on account of an impediment in her speech, taught the two others to read and pronounce Greek and Latin, and several other languages, without understanding any but English; for he used to say that one tongue was enough for a woman. But this employment was very irksome to them; and this, together with the sharpness and severity of their mother-in-law, made them very uneasy at home: and therefore they were all sent abroad to learn things more proper for them, and particularly embroidery in gold and silver. As Milton at his death left his affairs very much in the power of his widow, though she acknowledged that he died worth 1500 l. yet she allowed but 100 l. to each of his three daughters. Anne the eldest

was

was decrepit and deformed, but had a very handsome face : She married a master-builder, and died in child-bed of her first child, who died with her. Mary the second lived and died single. Deborah the youngest, in her father's lifetime, went over to Ireland with a lady, and afterwards was married to Mr. Abraham Clarke, a weaver in Spittlefields, and died in August 1727, in the 76th year of her age. She is said to have been a woman of good understanding and genteel behaviour, though in low circumstances. As she had been often called upon to read Homer and Ovid's Metamorphoses to her father, she could have repeated a considerable number of verses from the beginning of both those poets ; and she has been heard to repeat several verses likewise out of Euripides. Mr. Addison, and other gentlemen, who had opportunities of seeing her, knew her immediately to be Milton's daughter by the similitude of her countenance to her father's picture. Mr. Addison made her a handsome present of a purse of guineas, with a promise of procuring for her some annual provision for her life : but his death happening soon after, she lost the benefit of his generous design. She received presents likewise from several other gentleman, and Q. Caroline sent her 50 l. by the hands of Dr. Freind the physician. She had ten children, seven sons, and three daughters ; but none of them had any children, except her son Caleb, and her daughter Elizabeth. Caleb went to Fort St. George in the East-Indies ; where he married, and had two sons, Abraham and Isaac ; the elder of whom came to England with the late Gov. Harrison, but returned upon advice of his father's death ; and whether he or his brother be now living, is uncertain. Elizabeth, the youngest child of Mrs. Clarke, was married to Mr. Thomas Foster a weaver in Spittlefields, and had seven children, who are all dead ; and she herself is aged about sixty, and weak and infirm. She seemeth to be a good plain sensible woman, and has confirmed several particulars related above, and informed me of some others, which she had often heard from her mother : That her grandfather lost 2000 l.

by

by a money-scrivener, whom he had intrusted with that sum; and likewise an estate at Westminster of 60 l. a-year, which belonged to the Dean and Chapter, and was restored to them at the Restoration: That he was very temperate in his eating and drinking; but what he had, he always loved to have of the best: That he seldom went abroad in the latter part of his life, but was visited even then by persons of distinction, both foreigners and others: That he kept his daughters at a great distance, and would not allow them to learn to write, which he thought unnecessary for a woman: That her mother was his greatest favourite, and could read in seven or eight languages, though she understood none but English: That her mother inherited his headaches and disorders, and had such a weakness in her eyes, that she was forced to make use of spectacles from the age of eighteen: and she herself, she says, has not been able to read a chapter in the Bible these twenty years: That she was mistaken in informing Mr. Birch *, what he had printed upon her authority, that Milton's father was born in France; and a brother of hers who was then living, was very angry with her for it, and like a true-born Englishman resented it highly, that the family should be thought to bear any relation to France: That Milton's second wife did not die in childbed, as Mr. Philips and Toland relate, but above three months after of a consumption; and this too Mr. Birch relates upon her authority: But in this particular she must be mistaken as well as in the other; for our author's sonnet on his deceased wife plainly implies, that she did die in child-

* Accounts of Milton's life have been wrote by seven different persons, viz. by Antony Wood in his *Fasti Oxonienses*; by Mr. Edward Philips before the English translation of Milton's state-letters, printed in 1694; by Mr. Toland before the edition of Milton's prose works in three volumes folio, printed in 1698; by M. Bayle in his historical and critical dictionary; by Mr. Fenton before the edition of Milton's poetical works printed in 1725; by Mr. Richardson in the preface to his explanatory notes and remarks upon *Paradise Lost*; and by Mr. Thomas Birch in the general dictionary, and more largely before the edition of Milton's prose works in two volumes folio, printed in 1738.

bed. She knows nothing of her aunt Philips or Agar's descendents, but believes that they are all extinct; as is likewise Sir Christopher Milton's family, the last of which were two maiden sisters, Mrs. Mary and Mrs. Katharine Milton, who lived and died at Highgate: And she herself is the only survivor of Milton's own family; unless there be some in the East-Indies, which she very much questions, for she used to hear from them sometimes, but has heard nothing now for several years: so that in all probability Milton's whole family would be extinct with her, and he can live only in his writings*. And

* Mrs. Foster died at Islington, May 9, 1754, in the 66th year of her age; and by her death all Milton's family became extinct. She had lived many years in a low way, and was at last depressed with poverty and the infirmities of old age. It does not appear, that any of her grandfather's admirers took any notice of her till 1750; when, on the 5th of April that year, Comus, wrote by Milton, was represented at Drury-Lane theatre, with a new Prologue spoken by Mr. Garrick, for her benefit; which produced her above 130 l.

The prologue was printed both at London and Edinburgh, for her benefit; and is as follows:

Ye patriot crouds, who burn for *England's* fame,
Ye nymphs, whose bosoms beat at MILTON's name,
Whose gen'rous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,
Shames the mean pensions of *Augustan* times;
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise!
Let Wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage
With close Malèvolence, or public Rage;
Let Study, worn with Virtue's fruitless lore,
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, distinguish'd by your smile, shall tell,
That never BRITON can in vain excel;
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just,

At length our mighty Bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffled Spite, with hopeless Anguish dumb,
Yields to Renown the centuries to come.
With ardent haste, each candidate of fame
Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name:
He sees, and pitying sees, vain Wealth bestow
Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below:
While crouds aloft the laureat bust behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold,

Vol. I.

K

Unknown,

And such is the caprice of fortune, this granddaughter of a man, who will be an everlasting glory to the nation, has now for some years with her husband kept a little chandler's or grocer's shop, for their subsistence, lately at the lower Halloway in the road between Highgate and London, and at present in Cock-lane, not far from Shoreditch church. Another thing let me mention; that is equally to the honour of the present age. Though Milton received not above $\text{£}12$ at two different payments for the copy of *Paradise Lost*, yet Mr. Hoyle, author of the *Treatise on the Game of Whist*, after having disposed of all the first impression, sold the copy to the bookseller, as I have been informed, for two hundred guineas.

To this *Life* from Dr. Newton, we shall subjoin an account of the manner in which Milton lost his sight, which he so pathetically laments in the beginning of book iii. of *Paradise Lost*; taken from his own letter to Leonard Philaras, envoy from the Duke of Parma to the French King, dated, Westminster, Sept. 28, 1654.

——“ I think 'tis about ten years, more or less, “ since I began to perceive, that my eye-sight grew “ weak and dim; and at the same time my spleen and “ bowels to be oppressed and troubled with *flatus*; “ and in the morning, when I began to read, accord- “ ing to my custom, my eyes grew painful immedi- “ ately, and to refuse reading, but were refreshed af- “ ter a moderate exercise of the body. A certain *Iris*

Unknown, unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And Want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.
What though she shine with no MILTONIAN fire,
No sav'ing muse her morning-dreams in'pire?
Yet softer claims the melting heart engage;
Her youth laborious, and her blameless age:
Her's the mild merits of domestic life;
'The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble Virtue's native charms,
Her Grandfire leaves her in *Britannia's* arms,
Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye Fair, ye Wife, ye Brave!
'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave!

“ began

“ began to surround the light of the candle, if I look-
 “ ed at it; soon after which, on the left part of the
 “ left eye, (for that was some years sooner clouded),
 “ a mist arose, which hid every thing on that side;
 “ and looking forward, if I shut my right eye, objects
 “ appeared smaller. My other eye also, for these last
 “ three years, failing by degrees, some months before
 “ all sight was abolished, things which I looked upon
 “ seemed to swim to the right and left. Certain in-
 “ veterate vapours seem to possess my forehead and
 “ temples, which, after meat especially, quite to even-
 “ ing, generally urge and depress my eyes with a
 “ sleepy heaviness. Nor would I omit, that whilst
 “ there was as yet some remainder of sight, I no soon-
 “ er lay down in my bed, and turned on my side, but
 “ a copious light dazzled out of my shut eyes: and
 “ as my sight diminished, every day colours gradually
 “ more obscure flashed out with vehemence; but now
 “ that the lucid is in a manner wholly extinct, a direct
 “ blackness, or else spotted, and as it were woven
 “ with ash-colour, is used to pour itself in. Never-
 “ theless, the constant and settled darkness that is be-
 “ fore me, as well by night as by day, seems nearer
 “ to the whitish than the blackish; and the eye rolling
 “ itself a little, seems to admit I know not what little
 “ smallness of light, as through a chink.”

The following TRANSLATION and SONNET are taken from Toland's and Birch's accounts of Milton's Life.

The Verses to CHRISTINA Queen of SWEDEN,
vol. ii. p. ult. translated.

BRIGHT martial Maid, Queen of the Frozen Zone,
 The Northern Pole supports thy shining throne;
 Behold what furrows Age and Steel can plow,
 The helmet's weight oppresses'd this wrinkled brow.
 Through Fate's untrodden paths I move, my hands
 Still act my free-born people's bold commands:

Yet this stern shade to you submits his frowns,
Nor are these looks always severe to crowns.

TOLAND'S *Life of Milton*.

A SONNET, upon occasion of the Plague in London, said to be written by Milton, and to have been lately found on a glass-window at Chalfont, where he resided during the continuance of that dreadful calamity.

F AIR mirror of foul times! whose fragile sheen
Shall, as it blazeth, break; while Providence
(Ay watching o'er his saints with eye unseen)
Spreads the red rod of angry pestilence,
To sweep the wicked and their counsels hence:

Yea all to break the pride of lustful kings,
Who Heaven's lore reject for brutish sense;
As erst he scourg'd Jessides' sin of yore
For the fair Hittite, when on Seraph's wings
He sent him war, or plague, or famine fore*.

BIRCH'S *Life of Milton*.

* If this Sonnet was really wrote by Milton, he has blundered, in representing the pestilence as a judgment upon David for his adultery with Bathsheba, whereas it was on account of his numbering the people.



IN PARADISUM AMISSAM summi poetæ
JOANNIS MILTONI.

QUI legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, et cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, et fines continet iste liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,
Scribitur et toto quicquid in orbe latet:
Terræque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum,
Sulphureumque Erebi, flammivomumque specus:
Quæque colunt terras, pontumque, et tartara cæca,
Quæque colunt summi lucida regna poli:
Et quodcunque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam,
Et sine fine Chaos, et sine fine Deus:
Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,
In Christo erga homines conciliatus amor.
Hæc qui speraret quis crederet esse futura?
Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britannia legit.
O quantos in bella duces! quæ protulit arma!
Quæ canit, et quanta prælia dira tuba!
Cælestes acies! atque in certamine cælum!
Et quæ cælestes pugna deceret agros!
Quantus in æthereis tollit se Lucifer armis!
Atque ipso graditur vix Michaele minor!
Quantis, et quam funestis concurritur iris,
Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!
Dum vulsos montes ceu tela reciproca torquent,
Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt:
Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,
Et metuit pugnae non superesse suæ.
At simul in cælis Messæ insignia fulgent,
Et currus animæ, armaque digna Deo,
Horrendumque rotæ strident, et sæva rotarum
Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
Et flammæ vibrant, et vera tonitrua rauco
Admistis flammis insonuere polo:
Excidit attonitis mens omnis, et impetus omnis,
Et cassis dextris irrita tela cadunt;
Ad pœnas fugiunt, et ceu foret Orcus asylum,
Infernis certant condere se tenebris.
Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii,
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.
Hæc quicumque leget tantum cecinisse putabit
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

SAMUEL BARROW, M. D.

On PARADISE LOST.

When I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
 In slender book his vast design unfold;
 Messiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
 Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,
 Heav'n, hell, earth, chaos, all; the argument
 Held me a while misdoubting his intent,
 That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
 The sacred truths to fable and old song,
 (So Samson gropp'd the temple's posts in spite)
 The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight.
 Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
 I lik'd his project, the success did fear;
 Through that wide field how he his way should find,
 O'er which lame faith leads understanding blind;
 Left he perplex'd the things he would explain,
 And what was easy he should render vain.
 Or if a work so infinite he spann'd,
 Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
 (Such as disquiet always what is well,
 And by ill imitating would excel)
 Might hence presume the whole creation's day
 To change in scenes, and show it in a play.
 Pardon me, mighty Poet, nor despise
 My causeless, yet not impious surmise.
 But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
 Within thy labours to pretend a share.
 Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,
 And all that was improper dost omit:
 So that no room is here for writers left,
 But to detect their ignorance or theft.
 That majesty which through thy work doth reign,
 Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
 And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
 As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
 At once delight and horror on us seize,
 Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease;
 And above human flight dost soar aloft,
 With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.
 The bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing
 So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
 Where could'st thou words of such a compass find?
 Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind?
 Just Heav'n thee, like Tiresias, to requite,
 Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.
 Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure
 With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure;

While

While the Town-Bays writes all the while and spells;
 And, like a pack-horse, tires without his bells:
 Their fancies like our bushy-points appear,
 The poets tag them, we for fashion wear;
 I too transported by the mode offend,
 And while I meant to praise thee, must commend.
 Thy verse created like thy theme sublime,
 In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme.

ANDREW MARVEL.

The V E R S E.

THE measure is English Heroic Verse without rhyme, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rhyme being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom; but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint, to express many things otherwise, and, for the most part, worse than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause, therefore, some, both Italian and Spanish poets, of prime note, have rejected rhyme, both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial, and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rhyme so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming.

PARADISE

The first of these is the fact that the
 English language is a very young one,
 and that it has not yet reached the
 stage of maturity which is necessary
 for the production of a literature of
 the highest quality. The second is the
 fact that the English language is a
 very poor one, and that it is not
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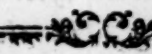
The first of these is the fact that the



PARADISE LOST,

A P O E M,

IN TWELVE BOOKS.



VOL. I.

L

 ARGUMENT of BOOK I.

This First Book proposes, first, in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan, with his angels, now fallen into hell, described here, not in the centre, (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos. Here Satan, with his angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him: They confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded: They rise; their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven; but tells them, lastly, of a new world, and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in heaven; for that angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandæmonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: The infernal peers there sit in council.



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

OF man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat, 5
Sing, heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heav'ns and earth
Rose out of Chaos: or if Sion hill 10
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues 15
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O Spi'rit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread 20
Dove-like satt'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument

I may assert eternal Providence, 25
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell; say first what cause
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favour'd of heav'n so highly, to fall off 30
From their Creator, and transgress his will,
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd 35
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from heav'n, with all his host
Of rebel angels; by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory' above his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High, 40
If he oppos'd; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Rais'd impious war in heav'n, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky, 45
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night 50
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: but his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain 55
Torments him. Round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
At once, as far as angels ken, he views

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 5

The dismal situation waste and wild ; 60

A dungeon horrible on all sides round

As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames

No light, but rather darkness visible

Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,

Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace 65

And rest can never dwell, hope never comes

That comes to all ; but torture without end

Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed

With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd :

Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd 70

For those rebellious, here their pris'n ordain'd

In utter darkness, and their portion set

As far remov'd from God and light of heav'n,

As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.

O how unlike the place from whence they fell ! 75

There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd

With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,

He soon discerns ; and welt'ring by his side

One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime,

Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd 80

Beëlzebub. To whom th' arch-enemy,

And thence in heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words

Breaking the horrid silence, thus began.

If thou bee'st he ; but O how fall'n ! how chang'd

From him, who in the happy realms of light 85

Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine

Myriads tho' bright ! if he whom mutual league,

United thoughts and counsels equal hope

And hazard in the glorious enterprize,

Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd 90

In equal ruin : into what pit thou seest

From what height fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd

He with his thunder : and till then who knew

The force of those dire arms ? Yet not for those,

Nor what the potent victor in his rage 95
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,
And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend;
And to the fierce contention brought along 100
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost pow'r with adverse pow'r oppos'd
In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will, 106
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might 110
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terrour of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy' and shame beneath 115
This downfall; since by fate the strength of gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,
We may with more successful hope resolve 120
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven.

So spake th' apostate angel, though in pain; 125
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many throned powers,
That led th' imbattl'd Seraphim to war

Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds 130
Fearless, endanger'd heav'n's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;
Too well I see, and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat 135
Hath lost us heav'n, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spi'rit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns, 140
Though all our glory' extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
But what if he our conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours)
Have left us this our spi'rit and strength entire 146
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be 150
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment? 155
Whereto with speedy words th' Archfiend reply'd.

Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,

And out of good still to find means of evil; 165
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.
But see the angry Victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170
Back to the gates of heav'n: the sulphurous hail
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surges, that from the precipice
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage, 175
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild, 180
The seat of Desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there; 185
And reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from Hope, 190
If not, what resolution from Despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large 195
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareus or Typhon, whom the den

By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast 200
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream:
Him haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell, 205
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:
So stretch'd out huge in length the Archfiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake: nor ever thence 210
Had ris'n, or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs;
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought 215
Evil to others; and enrag'd might see
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shown
On man by him seduc'd; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd. 220
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i'the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight 225
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force 230
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thund'ring Ætna, whose combustible
And fuel'd intrails thence conceiving fire,

Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds, 235
 And leave a sing'd bottom all involv'd
 With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
 Of unblest'd feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
 Both glorying to have 'scap'd the Stygian flood
 As gods, and by their own recover'd strength, 240
 Not by the sufferance of supernal power.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
 Said then the lost Archangel, this the seat
 That we must change for heav'n, this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light? Be' it so, since he 245
 Who now as Sov'reign can dispose and bid
 What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
 Whom reas' on hath equall'd, force hath made supreme
 Above his equals. Farewel happy fields,
 Where joy for ever dwells! Hail horrors! hail 250
 Infernal world! and thou profoundest hell
 Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
 A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
 The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n. 255
 What matter where if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less than he
 Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
 We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence: 260
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
 To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
 Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss, 265
 Lie thus astonish'd on the oblivious pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy mansion, or once more
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet

Regain'd in heav'n, or what more lost in hell? 270

So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus answer'd. Leader of those armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft 275
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it rag'd, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Gro'ling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 280
As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height.

He scarce had ceas'd when the superiour fiend
Was moving tow'ard the shore; his pond'rous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round, 285
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolè;
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, 290
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps 295
Over the burning marle, (not like those steps
On heaven's azure), and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd 300
His legions, angel-forms; who lay intranc'd
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High overarch'd imbow'r; or scatter'd sedge

Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd 305
 Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
 Buziris and his Memphian chivalry,

While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
 From the safe shore their floating carcases 310

And broken chariot-wheels: So thick bestrown
 Abject and lost lay these, cov'ring the flood,
 Under amazement of their hideous change.

He call'd so loud; that all the hollow deep
 Of hell resounded. Princes, potentates, 315

Warriours, the flow'r of heav'n, once yours, now lost,
 If such astonishment as this can seize

Eternal spi'rits; or have ye chos'n this place
 After the toil of battle to repose

Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find 320
 To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?

Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To' adore the conqueror? who now beholds
 Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood

With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon 325
 His swift pursuers from heav'n-gates discern

Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
 Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.

Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n. 330

They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
 Upon the wing; as when men went to watch
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.

Nor did they not perceive the evil plight 335
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;

Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd
 Innumerable. As when the potent rod
 Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,

Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud. 340
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell, 345
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain; 350
A multitude, like which the populous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands. 355
Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great commander; godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And pow'rs that erst in heaven sat on thrones; 360
Though of their names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve 364
Got them new names; till wand'ring o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the tri'al of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and th' invisible
Glory of him that made them to transform 370
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,

And various idols through the Heathen world. 375
 Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who
 Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch, [last,
 At their great empe'ror's call, as next in worth
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
 While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof. 380
 The chief were those who from the pit of hell
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
 Their seats long after next the seat of God;
 Their altars by his altar, gods ador'd
 Among the nations round, and durst abide 385
 Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
 Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
 Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
 Abominations; and with curst things
 His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd, 390
 And with their darkness durst affront his light.
 First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
 Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,
 Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
 Their childrens cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
 To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite 396
 Worshipp'd in Rabba and her watry plain,
 In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
 Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400
 Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
 His temple right against the temple' of God
 On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
 The pleasant Valley' of Hinnom, Tophet thence
 And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell. 405
 Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,
 From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
 Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
 And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond

The flow'ry dale of Sibma, clad with vines; 410
And Eleälé, to th' Asphaltic Pool.
Peor his other name, when he entic'd
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd 415
Ev'n to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide; lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell.
With these came they, who from the bord'ring flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts 420
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baälim and Ashtaroth; those male,
These feminine. For spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure; 425
Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they chuse
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes, 430
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low 435
Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Astarte, queen of heav'n, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon 440
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart, tho' large,

Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell 445
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels, to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day ;
While smooth Adonis from his native rock 450
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded : the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat ;
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led, 455
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one,
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge, 460
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers :
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish : yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded thro' the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath, and Ascalon, 465
And Accaron, and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also 'gainst the house of God was bold : 470
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,
Ahaz, his sottish conqu'ror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage, and displace,
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods 475
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
A crew, who, under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and forceries abus'd

Book I. PARADISE LOST.

17

Fanatic Egypt, and her priests, to seek 480
 Their wand'ring gods disguis'd in brutish forms,
 Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
 Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
 The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
 Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan, 485
 Likening his Maker, to the grazed ox,
 Jehovah; who, in one night, when he pass'd
 From Egypt marching, equall'd with one stroke
 Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
 Belial came last, than whom a spi'rit more lewd 490
 Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
 Vice for itself: to him no temple stood
 Or altar smok'd; yet who more oft than he
 In temples and at altars, when the priest
 Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd 495
 With lust and violence the house of God?
 In courts and palaces he also reigns,
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise
 Of ri'ot ascends above their loftiest towers,
 And injury and outrage: and when night 500
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
 Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
 Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
 In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
 Expos'd a matron to avoid worse rape. 505

These were the prime in order and in might;
 The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
 Th' Ionian gods, of Javan's issue held
 Gods, yet confess'd later than Heav'n and Earth,
 Their boasted parents: Titan, Heav'n's first-born, 510
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd
 By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,
 His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
 So Jove usurping reign'd: These first in Crete

And Ida known ; thence on the snowy top 515
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,
Their highest heav'n ; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land ; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian fields, 520
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking ; but with looks
Down-cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost 525
In loss itself ; which on his count'nance cast
Like doubtful hue : but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears. 530
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
His mighty standard : that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall ;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd 535
Th' imperial ensign, which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies ; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds : 540
At which the universal host up sent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air 545
With orient colours waving : with them rose
A forest huge of spears ; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depth unmeasurable : anon they move

In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood 550
Of flutes, and soft recorders ; such as rais'd
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle ; and instead of rage,
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat ; 555
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force, with fixed thought 560
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil : and now
Advanc'd in view, they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield, 565
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose. He through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods ; 570
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
Glories : for never since created man,
Met such embodied force, as nam'd with these
Could merit more than that small infantry 575
Warr'd on by cranes ; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar gods ; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son 580
Begirt with British and Armoric knights ;
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, Marocco, or Trebifond ;

Or whom Biferta sent from Afric shore, 585
When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Their dread commander: he, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent, 590
Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory' obscur'd: as when the sun new risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air 595
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' archangel: but his face 600
Deep scars of thunder had entrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and confederate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold 605
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of heav'n, and from eternal splendours flung 610
For his revolt; yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd: as when heaven's fire
Hath scath'd the forest-oaks, or mountain-pines,
With singed top their stately growth, tho' bare
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd 615
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he essay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth: At last 620

Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O myriads of immortal spi'rits, O powers
Matchless, but with th' Almighty; and that strife
Was not inglorious, tho' th' event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change, 625
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse? 630
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heav'n, shall fail to reascend,
Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat?
For me be witness all the host of heaven, 635
If counsels different, or danger shunn'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom, and his regal state 640
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own;
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd; our better part remains, 645
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not: that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rise 650
There went a fame in heaven, that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps 655
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:

For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spi'rits in bondage, nor th' abyfs
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd, 660
For who can think submission? War then, war
Open or understood, must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words, outflew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze 665
Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd
Against the High'est, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance tow'ard the vault of heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top 670
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
A numerous brigade hasten'd: as when bands 675
Of pioneers with spade and pickax arm'd
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on;
Mammon, the least erected spi'rit that fell
From heav'n; for e'en in heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more 681
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than ought divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught, 685
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire 690
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those

Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame, 695
And strength and art are easily outdone
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd, 700
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluic'd from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art found out the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross:
A third as soon had form'd within the ground 705
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the found-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge 710
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want 715
Cornice or freeze, with bossy sculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat 720
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately height; and strait the doors
Opening their brazen folds discover wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth 725
And level pavement: from the arched roof,
Pendent by subtile magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed

With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude 730
 Admiring enter'd; and the work some praise,
 And some the architect: his hand was known
 In heaven by many a tow'ring structure high,
 Where scepter'd angels held their residence,
 And sat as princes; whom the Supreme King 735
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
 Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
 Nor was his name unheard, or unador'd,
 In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
 Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell 740
 From heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
 Sheer o'er the chrystal battlements; from morn
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
 A summer's day; and, with the setting sun,
 Dropt from the zenith like a falling star, 745
 On Lemnos th' Ægean isle: Thus they relate,
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now
 T'have built in Heaven high towers; nor did he 'scape
 By all his engines, but was headlong sent 750
 With his industrious crew to build in Hell.

Mean while the winged heralds by command
 Of sov'reign pow'r, with awful ceremony
 And trumpets sound, throughout the host proclaim
 A solemn council forthwith to be held 755
 At Pandemonium, the high capital
 Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd
 From every band and squared regiment
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
 With hundreds, and with thousands, trooping came
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates 761
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
 (Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
 Wont to ride arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair

Defy'd the best of Panim chivalry 765
To mortal combat, or career with lance)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In Spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive 770
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate, and confer
Their state-affairs. So thick the airy croud 775
Swarm'd, and were straiten'd; till the signal given,
Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that pygmean race 780
Beyond the Indian mount; or fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest-side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees; while over-head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth 785
Wheels her pale course; they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spi'rits to smallest forms
Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large, 790
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat, 795
A thousand demigods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

END of the FIRST BOOK.

ARGUMENT of Book II.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven: Some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferiour to themselves, about this time to be created: Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell-gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence ; and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high ; insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heav'n ; and, by success untaught,
His proud imaginations thus display'd.
Powers and dominions, deities of heaven :
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not heaven for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of heaven
Did first create your leader ; next, free choice ;
With what besides, in council or in fight,
Hath been achiev'd of merit ; yet this loss
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state

In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw 25
 Envy from each inferiour : but who here
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost to stand against the Thund'rer's aim,
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain ? Where there is then no good 30
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
 From faction : for none sure will claim in hell
 Precedence ; none, whose portion is so small
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
 Will covet more. With this advantage then 35
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
 More than can be in heav'n, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assur'd us ; and by what best way, 40
 Whether of open war or covert guile,
 We now debate : who can advise, may speak.

He ceas'd ; and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,
 Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
 That fought in heav'n, now fiercer by despair : 45
 His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
 Equal in strength ; and rather than be less,
 Car'd not to be at all ; with that care lost
 Went all his fear : of God, or hell, or worse,
 He reek'd not, and these words thereafter spake. 50

My sentence is for open war : of wiles,
 More unexpert, I boast not : them let those
 Contrive who need ; or when they need, not now.
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait 55
 The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
 Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
 Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns

By our delay? No, let us rather chuse, 60
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er heav'n's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear 65
Infernal thunder; and for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps 70
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend 75
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then;
Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction; if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd. What can be worse 85
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 90
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus,
We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense

His utmost ire? which to the height enrag'd,
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce 95
 To nothing this essential; happier far,
 Than miserable to have eternal being:
 Or if our substance be indeed divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
 Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
 Which if not victory, is yet revenge. 105

He ended frowning, and his look denounce'd
 Desp'rate revenge, and battle dangerous
 To less than gods. On th' other side uprose
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane:
 A fairer person lost not heav'n; he seem'd 110
 For dignity compos'd, and high exploit:
 But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
 Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason, to perplex and dash
 Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
 Timorous, and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,
 And with persuasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open war, O peers,
 As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd 120
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
 When he who most excels in fact of arms,
 In what he counsels, and in what excels, 125
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair,
 And utter dissolution, as the scope
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
 First, what revenge? The towers of heav'n are fill'd

Book II. PARADISE LOST.

31

With armed watch, that render all access
 Impregnable : oft on the bord'ring deep
 Incamp their legions ; or, with obscure wing,
 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
 Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way
 By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
 With blackest insurrection, to confound
 Heaven's purest light ; yet our great enemy,
 All incorruptible, would on his throne
 Sit unpolluted ; and th' ethereal mould,
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
 Is flat despair : we must exasperate
 Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
 And that must end us ; that must be our cure,
 To be no more. Sad cure ! for who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
 To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
 Devoid of sense and motion ? And who knows,
 Let this be good, whether our angry foe
 Can give it, or will ever ? How he can,
 Is doubtful ; that he never will, is sure.
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
 Belike through impotence, or unaware,
 To give his enemies their wish, and end
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
 To punish endless ? Wherefore cease we then ?
 Say they who counsel war ; we are decreed,
 Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe ;
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
 What can we suffer worse ? Is this then worst,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms ?

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What, when we fled amain, pursu'd, and struck 165
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires, 170
Awak'd, should blow them into sev'nfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted Vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament 175
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd 180
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd, 185
Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? he from heav'n's height
All these our motions vain sees, and derides; 191
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven
Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here 195
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,

Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust 200
That so ordains : this was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink, and fear, 205
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy', or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their Conqu'ror : this is now
Our doom ; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme foe in time may much remit 210
His anger ; and perhaps thus far remov'd,
Not mind us not offending, satisfy'd
With what is punish'd ; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome 215
Their noxious vapour ; or inur'd, not feel ;
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper, and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat ; and, void of pain,
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light ; 220
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting ; since our present lot appears
For happy, though but ill ; for ill, not worst ;
If we procure not to ourselves more woe. 225

Thus Belial with words cloth'd in reason's garb
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace : and after him thus Mammon spake.

Either to disenthroned the King of Heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain 230
Our own right lost : him to unthroned we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife :
The former vain to hope, argues as vain

The latter : for what place can be for us
Within heav'n's bound, unless heav'n's Lord supreme
We overpower ? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection ; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc'd hallelujah's ; while he lordly sits
Our envied sovereign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings ? This must be our task
In heaven, this our delight ; how wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate ! Let us not then pursue,
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd,
Unacceptable, though in heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage ; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prospe'rous of adverse
We can create ; and in what place foe'er
Thrive under ev'il, and work ease out of pain,
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread ? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heav'n's all-ruling Sire
Chuse to reside, his glory unobscur'd,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne ; from whence deep thunders roar
Must'ring their rage, and heaven resembles hell ?
As he our darkness, cannot we his light

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 35

Imitate when we please? This desert soil 270

Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold :

Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise

Magnificence ; and what can heav'n show more ?

Our torments also may in length of time

Become our elements ; these piercing fires 275

As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd

Into their temper ; which must needs remove

The sensible of pain. All things invite

To peaceful counsels, and the settled state

Of order, how in safety best we may 280

Compose our present evils, with regard

Of what we are, and where ; dismissing quite

All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd

Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain 285

The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long

Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull

Seafaring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance,

Or pinnacle, anchors in a craggy bay

After the tempest : such applause was heard 290

As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,

Advising peace : for such another field

They dreaded worse than hell : so much the fear

Of thunder and the sword of Michaël

Wrought still within them ; and no less desire 295

To found this nether empire, which might rise,

By policy, and long process of time,

In emulation opposite to heaven.

Which when Beëlzebub perceiv'd, than whom,

Satan except, none higher sat, with grave 300

Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd

A pillar of state ; deep on his front engraven

Deliberation sat, and public care ;

And princely counsel in his face yet shone,

Majestic though in ruin : sage he stood 305
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies ; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night,
Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake.

Thrones and imperial powers, offspring of heaven,
Ethereal virtues ; or these titles now 311
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be call'd
Princes of hell ? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue', and build up here
A growing empire ; doubtless, while we dream, 315
And know not that the King of heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon ; not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne ; but to remain 320
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,
Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd
His captive multitude : for he, be sure,
In height or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part 325
By our revolt ; but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in heaven.
What fit we then projecting peace and war ?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss 330
Irreparable ; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsaf'd or sought ; for what peace will be given
To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Infllicted ? and what peace can we return, 335
But, to our power, hostility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqu'ror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice

In doing, what we most in suffering feel ? 340
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dange'rous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprize ? There is a place, 345
(If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven
Err not), another world, the happy seat
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favour'd more 350
Of him who rules above ; so was his will
Pronounce'd among the gods, and by an oath,
That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould 355
Or substance, how endu'd, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though heav'n be shut,
And heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd, 360
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it : Here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achiev'd
By sudden onset, either with hell-fire
To waste his whole creation ; or possess 365
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants ; or, if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass 370
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance ; when his darling sons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse

Their frail original, and faded bliss, 375

Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth

Attempting, or to sit in darkness here

Hatching vain empires. Thus Beëlzebub

Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd

By Satan, and in part propos'd : for whence, 380

But from the author of all ill, could spring

So deep a malice, to confound the race

Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell

To mingle and involve, done all to spite

The great Creator ? But their spite still serves 385

His glory to augment. The bold design

Pleas'd highly those infernal states, and joy

Sparkled in all their eyes ; with full assent

They vote : whereat his speech he thus renews.

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate, 390

Synod of gods, and, like to what ye are,

Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep

Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,

Nearer our ancient feat ; perhaps in view [arms

Of those bright confines, whence, with neighb'ring

And opportune excursion, we may chance 396

Re-enter heav'n ; or else in some mild zone

Dwell not unvisited of heaven's fair light,

Secure, and at the bright'ning orient beam

Purge off this gloom ; the soft delicious air, 400

To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,

Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send

In search of this new world ? whom shall we find

Sufficient ? Who shall tempt with wand'ring feet

The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss, 405

And through the palpable obscure find out

His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight

Upborne with indefatigable wings

Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive

The happy isle? What strength, what art can then 410
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict senteries and stations thick
 Of angels watching round? Here he had need
 All circumspection, and we now no less
 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send, 415
 The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held
 His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
 To second, or oppose, or undertake
 The perilous attempt: but all sat mute, 420
 Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and each
 In others count'nance read his own dismay,
 Astonish'd. None among the choice and prime
 Of those heav'n-warring champions could be found
 So hardy, as to profer, or accept 425
 Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
 Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
 Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.

O progeny of heav'n, empyreal thrones, 430
 With reason hath deep silence and demur
 Seiz'd us, though undismay'd: long is the way
 And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;
 Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round 435
 Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant
 Barr'd over us, prohibit all egress.
 These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
 Of unessential night receives him next
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being 440
 Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
 If thence he scape into whatever world,
 Or unknown region, what remains him less
 Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?

But I should ill become this throne, O peers, 445
And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd
With splendour, arm'd with power, if ought propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do' I assume 450
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest 455
High honour'd fits? Go therefore, mighty powers,
Terrour of heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render hell
More tolerable; if there be cure, or charm, 460
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliv'rance for us all: this enterprise 465
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
The monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, left, from his resolution rais'd,
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd; 470
And so refus'd, might in opinion stand
His rival; winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure, than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose: 475
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Tow'ards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the High'est in heav'n:

Book II. PARADISE LOST.

41

Nor fail'd they to exprefs how much they prais'd,
That for the general fafety he despis'd 481

His own: for neither do the fpirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue; leaft bad men fhould boast
Their fpecious deeds on earth, which glory' excites,
Or clofe ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal. 485

Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchlefs chief:
As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north-wind fleeps, o'erfpread
Heav'n's cheerful face, the louring element 490

Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape fnow, or fhower;
If chance the radiant fun with farewell fweet
Extend this evening-beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Atteft their joy, that hill and valley rings. 495

O fhame to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only difagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife, 500

Among themfelves, and levy cruel wars,
Wafing the earth, each other to deftroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellifh foes enow befides,
That, day and night, for his deftruction wait. 505

The Stygian council thus diffolv'd; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers:
'Midft came their mighty paramount, and feem'd
Alone th' antagonift of heaven, nor lefs
Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp fupreme, 510
And God-like imitated ftate; him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd,
With bright imblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then of their feflion ended they bid cry

With trumpets regal found the great result : 515
Tow'ards the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy,
By heralds voice explain'd ; the hollow' abyfs
Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell
With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclaim. 520
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers [rais'd
Disband, and wand'ring, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find 525
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields ; 530
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Wage'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van 535
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close ; with feats of arms
From either end of heav'n the welkin burns.
Others, with vast Typhœan rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air 540
In whirlwind ; hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
With conquest, felt th' invenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Theſſalian pines ;
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw 545
Into th' Euboic ſea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a ſilent valley, ſing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapleſs fall

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 43

By doom of battle ; and complain that fate 550
 Free virtue should inthrall to force or chance.
 Their song was partial ; but the harmony
 (What could it less when spi'rits immortal sing ?)
 Suspended hell, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet, 555
 (For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense),
 Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate ;
 Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute ; 560
 And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
 Of good and evil much they argu'd then,
 Of happiness and final misery,
 Passion and apathy, and glory' and shame ;
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy : 565
 Yet, with a pleasing forcery, could charm
 Pain for a while, or anguish, and excite
 Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast
 With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.
 Another part, in squadrons and gross bands, 570
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge 575
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams ;
 Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate ;
 Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep ;
 Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
 Heard on the rueful stream ; fierce Phlegethon, 580
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
 Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
 Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
 Her watry labyrinth ; whereof who drinks,

Forthwith his former state and be'ing forgets, 585
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590
Of ancient pile ; all else deep snow and ice ;
A gulf profound, as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiatra and mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk : the parching air
Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of fire. 595
Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd,
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
Are brought ; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce ;
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time ; thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethæan found
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment, 605
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink :
But Fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt 610
Medusa with Gorgonian terrour guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands 615
With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest : through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death; which God by curse
Created ev'il, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, 625
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimæras dire.

Mean while the adversary' of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of high'est design, 630
Puts on swift wings, and tow'ards the gates of hell
Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave tow'ring high. 635
As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd,
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood 640
Thro' the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply, stemming nightly tow'ard the pole: so seem'd
Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof;
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock; 646
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waste, and fair; 650
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast; a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd

With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung 655
A hideous peal; yet, when they lift, would creep,
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and howl'd
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts 660
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant-blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon 665
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as night, 670
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving, onward came as fast 675
With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.
Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd;
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valu'd he, nor shunn'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began. 680
Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, tho' grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee: 685
Retire, or taste thy folly', and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spi'rits of heaven.
To whom the goblin, full of wrath, reply'd.
Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,

Who first broke peace in heav'n, and faith, till then
Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms 691
Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons,
Conjur'd against the High'est; for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain? 695

And reckon'st thou thyself with spi'rits of heaven,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king; and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings; 700
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grisly terrour, and in shape,
So-speaking and so threat'ning, grew tenfold 705
More dreadful and deform. On th' other side
Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrify'd; and like a comet burn'd,

That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair 710
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown

Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,
With heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on 715
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:

So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown; so match'd they stood;
For never but once more was either like 721

To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all hell had rung
Had not the snaky forcerefs that sat

Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key, 725
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
Possesses thee, to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom
For him who sits above, and laughs the while 731
At thee, ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest 735
Forbore; then these, to her, Satan return'd.

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee, 740
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son:
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee. 745

T' whom thus the portress of hell-gate reply'd.
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair
In heav'n, when at th' assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd 750
In bold conspiracy against heav'n's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swam
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth; till on the left side op'ning wide, 755
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
Then shining heav'nly fair, a goddess arm'd,
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd
All th' host of heav'n; back they recoil'd, afraid

At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign 760
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st 765
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Mean while war arose,
And fields were fought in heav'n; wherein remain'd
(For what could else?) to our almighty foe
Clear victory; to our part loss and rout, 770
Through all the empyréan: down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of heaven, down
Into this deep; and in the general fall
I also; at which time this pow'rful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep 775
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes. 780
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my intrails, that with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy 785
Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal dart
Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out, Death;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded, Death.
I fled; but he pursu'd, (tho' more, it seems, 790
Inflam'd with lust than rage), and, swifter far,
Me overtook his mother, all dismay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingend'ring with me, of that rape-begot

These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry 795
 Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me; for when they list, into the womb
 That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw
 My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth 800
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
 That rest or intermission none I find.
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim Death, my son and foe; who sets them on,
 And me his parent would full soon devour 805
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
 Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.
 But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun 810
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
 Though temper'd heav'nly; for that mortal dint,
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd; and the subtle fiend his lore 815
 Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.

Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy fire,
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
 Of dalliance had with thee in heav'n, and joys
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, thro' dire change
 Befall'n us, unforeseen, unthought of; know 820
 I come no enemy, but to set free
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain
 Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host
 Of spi'rits, that, in our just pretences arm'd, 825
 Fell with us from on high: from them I go
 This uncouth errand sole; and one for all
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
 Th' unfounded deep, and thro' the void immense

To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold 830
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created, vast and round; a place of bliss
In the pourlieus of heav'n, and therein plac'd
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room; tho' more remov'd, 835
Lest heav'n furcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught
Than this more secret, now design'd, I haste
To know; and this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen 841
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd,
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear 846
His famine should be fill'd; and bless'd his maw
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus bespake her fire.

The key of this infernal pit by due, 850
And by command of Heaven's all-pow'rful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might. 855
But what I owe to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of heav'n, and heav'nly born, 860
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrours and with clamours compass'd round,
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou

My being gav'st me ; whom should I obey 865
But thee ? whom follow ? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as befits
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end. 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took ;
And tow'ards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew ;
Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers 875
Could once have mov'd ; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy ir'on or solid rock with ease
Unfastens : on a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound, 880
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her pow'r : the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host, 885
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass thro'
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array ;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890
The secrets of the hoary deep ; a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
And time, and place are lost ; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold 895
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring

Their embryon atoms ; they around the flag 900
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise 905
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere
He rules a moment : Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray,
By which he reigns : next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyfs, 910
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain 915
His dark materials to create more worlds.
Into this wild abyfs the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd a while,
Pond'ring his voyage ; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd 920
With noises loud and ruinous, (to compare
Great things with small), than when Bellona storms,
With all her batt'ring engines bent to raze
Some capital city ; or less than if this frame
Of heav'n were falling, and these elements 925
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The stedfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the furling smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground ; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930
Audacious ; but that feat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity : all unawares
Flutt'ring his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathoms deep ; and to this hour

Down had been falling, had not by ill chance 935
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares, 940
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half fly'ing; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a gryphon, through the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimasbian, who by stealth 945
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold: so eagerly the fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way;
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
At length an universal hubbub wild 951
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confus'd,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear.
With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever power 955
Or spirit of the nethermost abyfs
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bord'ring on light; when strait behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread 960
Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthron'd
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon; Rumour next, and Chance, 965
And Tumult, and Confusion all embroil'd,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye powers
And spirits of this nethermost abyfs,

Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy 970
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm; but by constraint
Wand'ring this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek 975
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with heav'n; or if some other place,
From your dominion won, th' ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound; direct my course: 980
Directed, no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof; if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkness, and your sway;
(Which is my present journey), and once more 985
Erect the standard there of ancient Night;
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With falt'ring speech and visage incompos'd,
Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art, 990
That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head against heav'n's King, though overthrown.
I saw, and heard; for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence thro' the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout, 995
Confusion worse confounded; and heav'n-gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend, 1000
Encroach'd on still thro' your intestine broils
Weak'ning the sceptre of old Night: first hell,
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately heav'n and earth, another world,

Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain, 1005
To that side heav'n from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go and speed;
Havock, and spoil, and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd; and Satan stay'd not to reply, 1010
But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity, and force renew'd,
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanse; and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round 1015
Environ'd, wins his way; harder beset,
And more indanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
Thro' Bosphorus, betwixt the jutting rocks:
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd. 1020

So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on; with difficulty and labour he;
But he once pass'd soon after, when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, such was the will of Heaven,
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way 1026
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wondrous length,
From hell continu'd, reaching th' utmost orb
Of this frail world; by which the spi'rits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro, 1031
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good angels guard by special grace.

But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven 1035
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn: here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,
As from her outmost works a broken foe,

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 57

With tumult less, and with less hostile din ; 1040
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And like a weather-beaten vessel holds
Gladly the port, tho' shrouds and tackle torn ;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air, 1045
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off th' empyreal heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,
With opal tow'rs, and battlements adorn'd
Of living saphir, once his native seat ; 1050
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon.
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurs'd, and in a curst hour he hies. 1055

END of the SECOND BOOK.



ARGUMENT of Book III.

God sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shows him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created man free, and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards man: but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards man without the satisfaction of divine justice. Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead; and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all the angels to adore him: They obey; and hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place, since called the Limbo of Vanity: what persons and things fly up thither: thence comes to the gate of heaven, describ'd ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his passage thence to the orb of the Sun; he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and man, whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on mount Niphates.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

HAIL, holy Light! offspring of Heav'n first-born!
Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam!
May I express thee' unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproach'd light
Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee, 5
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didst invest 10
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight 15
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to th' Orphéan lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend, 20
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs, 25

Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath, 30
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides; 35
And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year 40
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark 45
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with an universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. 50
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight. 55
Now had th' Almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyréan where he sits
High thron'd above all height, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the sanctities of heaven 60
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd

Beatitude past utterance : on his right
The radiant Image of his glory sat,
His only Son. On earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two 65
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love,
In blissful solitude. He then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there 70
Coasting the wall of heav'n on this side Night,
In the dun air sublime ; and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd, without firmament ; 75
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future, be beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

Only begotten Son, see'st thou what rage 80
Transports our adversary ? whom no bounds
Prescrib'd, no bars of hell, nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss
Wide interrupt, can hold ; so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound 85
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way
Not far off heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly tow'ards the new-created world,
And man there plac'd, with purpose to essay 90
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false guile pervert : and shall pervert ;
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience : so will fall, 95
He, and his faithless progeny. Whose fault ?
Whose but his own ? Ingrate, he had of me

All he could have : I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' ethereal powers 100
And spi'rits, both them who stood, and them who fail'd;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,
Where only what they needs must do appear'd, 105
Not what they would? what praise could they receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also' is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had serv'd necessity, 110
Not me? They therefore, as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly' accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination over-rul'd
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree, 115
Or high foreknowledge. They themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without least impulse or shadow' of fate, 120
Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authors to themselves in all,
Both what they judge, and what they chuse; for so
I form'd them free: and free they must remain,
Till they inthrall themselves; I else must change 125
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom; they themselves ordain'd their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: man falls, deceiv'd 130
By th' other first: man therefore shall find grace,
The other none: in mercy' and justice both,
Through heaven and earth, so shall my glory' excel;

But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All heaven, and in the blessed spi'rits elect 136

Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.

Beyond compare the son of God was seen

Most glorious; in him all his Father shone

Substantially express'd; and in his face 140

Divine compassion visibly appear'd,

Love without end, and without measure grace;

Which uttering, thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd

Thy sov'reign sentence, that man should find grace;

For which both heav'n and earth shall high extol 146

Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound

Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne;

Incompass'd shall resound thee ever blest'd.

For should man finally be lost, should man 150

Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,

Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd

With his own folly? that be from thee far,

That far be from thee, Father, who art judge

Of all things made, and judgest only right. 155

Or shall the adversary thus obtain

His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil

His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,

Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,

Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to hell 160

Draw after him the whole race of mankind,

By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself

Abolish thy creation, and unmake

For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?

So should thy goodness and thy greatness both 165

Be question'd and blasphem'd without defence.

To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.

O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,

Son of my bosom, Son who art alone

My word, my wisdom, and effectual might, 170
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed.
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will;
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchsaf'd: once more I will renew 175
His laps'd pow'rs, though forfeit, and inthrall'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe;
By me upheld, that he may know how frail 180
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,
Elect above the rest; so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd 185
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
Th' incens'd Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due, 190
To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them as a guide,
My umpire Conscience; whom if they will hear, 195
Light after light, well us'd, they shall attain,
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
This my long sufferance, and my day of grace,
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more, 200
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall:
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done; man disobeying,
Disloyal breaks his féalty, and sins
Against the high Supremacy of Heaven, 205

Affecting godhead, and so losing all,
 To expiate his treason hath nought left;
 But to destruction sacred and devote,
 He, with his whole posterity, must die;
 Die he or justice must; unless for him 210
 Some other able, and as willing, pay
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
 Say, heav'nly powers, where shall we find such love?
 Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem
 Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save? 215
 Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?

He ask'd but all the heav'nly quire stood mute,
 And silence was in heav'n: on man's behalf
 Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw 220
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
 And now without redemption all mankind
 Must have been lost, adjudge'd to death and hell
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
 In whom the fullness dwells of love divine, 225
 His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace;
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all 230
 Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unfought?
 Happy for man, so coming: he her aid
 Can never seek, once dead in sins, and lost;
 Atonement for himself, or offering meet,
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring. 235
 Behold me then; me for him, life for life
 I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
 Account me man; I for his sake will leave
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die 240
 Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreak all his rage:

Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd ; thou hast giv'n me to possess
Life in myself for ev'r ; by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due 245
All that of me can die ; yet, that debt paid,
'Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell ;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue 250
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil ;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
I through the ample air, in triumph high
Shall lead hell captive, maugre hell, and show 255
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
Pleas'd, out of heaven shalt look down, and smile ;
While, by thee rais'd, I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave :
Then, with the multitude of my redeem'd, 260
Shall enter heav'n, long absent, and return,
Father to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,
And reconcilment ; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire. 265
His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shone
Filial obedience : as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270
Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd
All heaven, what this might mean, and whither tend
Wond'ring ; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd.
O thou in heaven and earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath ! O thou 275
My sole complacence ! well thou know'st how dear
To me are all my works ; nor man the least,

Though last created ; that for him I spare
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
 By losing thee a while, the whole race lost. 280
 Thou therefore, whom thou only can'st redeem,
 Their nature also to thy nature join ;
 And be thyself man among men on earth,
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin feed,
 By wondrous birth : be thou in Adam's room 285
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
 As in him perish all men, so in thee,
 As from a second root, shall be restor'd
 As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
 His crime makes guilty all his sons ; thy merit 290
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
 Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
 Shall satisfy for man, be judg'd, and die ; 295
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise
 His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
 So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
 So dearly to redeem, what hellish hate 300
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
 Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
 Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
 Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss, 305
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying
 God-like fruition, quitted all, to save
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found
 By merit more than birthright Son of God,
 Found worthiest to be so by being good, 310
 Far more than great or high ; because in thee
 Love hath abounded more than glory' abounds ;
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt

With thee thy manhood also to this throne ;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign 315
Both God and man, Son both of God and man,
Anointed universal King ; all power
I give thee ; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits ; under thee, as head supreme,
Thrones, principedoms, powers, dominions I reduce :
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide 321
In heav'n, or earth, or under earth in hell.
When thou attended gloriously from heaven
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning archangels to proclaim 325
Thy dread tribunal ; forthwith from all winds,
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten ; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge 330
Bad men and angels ; they arraign'd shall sink
Beneath thy sentence ; hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New heav'n and earth, wherein the just shall dwell :
And after all their tribulations long, 336
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shall need, 340
God shall be all in all. But all ye gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies ;
Adore the Son, and honour him as me.
No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout 345
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest'd voices, uttering joy, heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions. Lowly reverent,

Tow'ards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast 351
Their crowns, inwove with amarant, and gold;
Immortal amarant, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence 355
To heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,
And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,
And where the riv'r of blis through midst of heav'n
Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream:
With these, that never fade, the spi'rits elect 360
Bind their resplendent locks, inwreath'd with beams;
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.
Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took;
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side 366
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join 370
Melodious part, such concord is in heaven.
Thee, Father, first they sang omnipotent,
Immutable, immortal, infinite,
Eternal King; thee author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invifible 375
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear; 380
Yet dazzle heaven, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they sang of all creation first,
Begotten Son, divine similitude,
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud 385

Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold ; on thee
Impress'd th' effulgence of his glory' abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests,
He heav'n of heav'ns, and all the powers therein, 390
By thee created ; and by thee threw down
Th' aspiring dominations : thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks 395
Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd.
Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim
Thee only' extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes.
Not so on man : him through their malice fall'n, 400
Father of mercy' and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity' incline :
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail man
So strictly, but much more to pity' inclin'd, 405
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy' and justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the blis wherein he sat
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
For man's offence. O unexampled love ! 410
Love no where to be found less than divine !
Hail Son of God, Saviour of men ! thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin. 415
Thus they in heav'n, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Mean while upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferiour orbs, inclos'd 420
From Chaos, and th' inroad of darkness old,

Satan alighted walks. A globe far off
It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night
Starless expos'd, and ever-threat'ning storms 425
Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky;
Save on that side which from the wall of heaven,
Though distant far, some small reflection gains
Of glimmering air less vex'd with tempest loud.
Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field: 430
As when a vulture on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids,
On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'ard the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams; 436
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light.
So on this windy sea of land, the fiend 440
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
Alone, for other creature in this place,
Living or lifeless, to be found was none;
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like æreal vapours flew 445
Of all things transitory' and vain, when sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory' or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or th' other life; 450
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
All th' unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand, 455
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,

Till final dissolution, wander here;
Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd;
Those argent fields more likely habitants, 460
Translated saints, or middle spirits, hold
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind:
Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born
First from the ancient world those giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
The builders next of Babel on the plain 466
Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came single; he who to be deem'd
A god, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames, 470
Empedocles; and he who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus; and many more too long,
Embryos, and idiots, eremites, and friers
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery. 475
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heaven;
And they who to be sure of Paradise,
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd; 480
They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd:
And now Saint Peter at heaven's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot 485
Of heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when lo
A violent cross wind from either coast
Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry
Into the devious air: then might ye see
Cows, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost, 490
And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds: all these upwhirl'd aloft

Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
 Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd 495
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
 Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
 All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd;
 And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
 Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste 500
 His travell'd steps: far distant he descries,
 Ascending by degrees magnificent
 Up to the wall of Heav'n, a structure high;
 At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
 The work as of a kingly palace-gate, 505
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold
 Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems
 The portal shone, inimitable on earth
 By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
 The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw 510
 Angels ascending and descending, bands
 Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
 To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,
 And waking cry'd, This is the gate of heav'n. 515
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
 There always, but drawn up to heaven sometimes
 Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
 Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd 520
 Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
 The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
 The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss: 525
 Direct against which open'd from beneath,
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
 A passage down to th' earth, a passage wide,
 Wider by far than that of after-times

Over mount Sion, and, tho' that were large, 530
Over the promis'd land to God so dear;
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behests his angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood, 535
To Beersaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian shore;
So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean-wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair, 540
That scal'd by steps of gold to heaven-gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn 545
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
With glist'ring spires and pinnacles adorn'd, 550
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder seiz'd, tho' after Heaven seen,
The spi'rit malign, but much more envy seiz'd,
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling canopy 556
Of night's extended shade) from eastern point
Of Libra, to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas,
Beyond th' horizon; then from pole to pole 560
He views in breadth; and without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way,
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone 565

Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales;
Thrice happy isles, but who dwelt happy there 570
He stay'd not to inquire. Above them all
The golden Sun, in splendour likest Heaven,
Allur'd his eye; thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,
By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell, 575
Or longitude), where the great luminary
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far; they as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute 580
Days, months, and years, tow'ards his all-cheering
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd [lamp
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen, 585
Shoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep;
So wondrously was set his station bright.
There lands the fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the Sun's lucent orb
Through his glaz'd optic tube yet neyer saw. 590
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compar'd with aught on earth, metal or stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing ir' on with fire:
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear; 595
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breastplate, and a stone besides
Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,
That stone, or like to that which here below 600
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,

In vain, tho' by their pow'rful art they bind
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd thro' a limbec to his native form. 605
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th' arch-chemic sun, so far from us remote,
Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd, 610
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious, and effect so rare?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade, 615
But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from th' equator, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body' opaque can fall; and th' air,
No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray 620
To objects distant far, whereby he soon
Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the Sun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar 625
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round; on some great charge employ'd
He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the spi'rit impure, as now in hope 630
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To Paradise, the happy seat of man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay; 635
And now a stripling Cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face

Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd :
Under a coronet his flowing hair 640
In curls on either cheek play'd ; wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkled with gold ;
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.

He drew not nigh unheard ; the angel bright, 645
Ere he drew nigh his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonish'd by his ear, and strait was known
Th' archangel Uriël, one of the seven
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes 650
That run thro' all the heav'ns, or down to th' earth
Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land : him Satan thus accosts.

Uriel, for thou of those sev'n spi'rits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright, 655
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter thro' highest heav'n to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend ;
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honour to obtain ; and as his eye, 660
To visit oft this new creation round ;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wond'rous works, but chiefly man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All these his works so wond'rous he ordain'd, 665
Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim
Alone thus wand'ring. Brighest Seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell ; 670
That I may find him, and with secret gaze
Or open admiration him behold,
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd

Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet, 675
The universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath driv'n out his rebel-foes
To deepest hell, and, to repair that loss
Created this new happy race of men
To serve him better: wise are all his ways. 680

So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;
For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, thro' heaven and earth: 685
And oft tho' wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Religins her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems: which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, tho' regent of the Sun, and held 690
The sharpest-sighted spi'rit of all in heaven;
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,
In his uprightness answer thus return'd.

Fair angel, thy desire, which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify 695
The great Work-master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps, 700
Contented with report, hear only in heaven:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend 705
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw when at his word the formless mass,

This world's material mould, came to a heap :
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar 710
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd ;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung :
Swift to their several quarters hasten'd then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire ; 715
And this ethereal quintessence of heaven
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move ;
Each had his place appointed, each his course ; 720
The rest in circuit walls this universe.
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side,
With light from hence, tho' but reflected, shines ;
That place is earth, the seat of man ; that light
His day, which else, as th' other hemisphere, 725
Night would invade ; but there the neighb'ring moon
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid
Timely' interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, thro' mid heav'n,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform 730
Hence fills, and empties, to enlighten th' earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is Paradise,
Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bower ;
The way thou canst not miss, me mine requires. 735
Thus said, he turn'd ; and Satan bowing low,
As to superiour spi'rits is wont in heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and tow'ard the coast of earth beneath,
Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hop'd success, 740
Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel ;
Nor stay'd, till on Niphates top he lights.

END of the THIRD BOOK.

ARGUMENT of Book IV.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state; but with resolution to work their fall, overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress; then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a sun-beam, warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures on the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel: by whom questioned, he scornfully answers; prepares resistance, but hinder'd by a sign from heaven, flies out of Paradise.



PARADISE LOST.



BOOK IV.



O For that warning voice, which he who saw
Th' Apocalyps heard cry in heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Woe to th' inhabitants on earth! that now, 5
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and scap'd,
Haply so scap'd his mortal snare : for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The Tempter e'er th' Accuser of mankind, 10
To wreak on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to hell :
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, tho' bold,
Far off, and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt ; which nigh the birth 15
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engine back recoils
Upon himself ; horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The hell within him ; for within him hell 20
He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
One step, no more than from himself, can fly
By change of place : now conscience wakes despair,
That slumber'd ; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be 25

Worse ; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes tow'ards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad ;
Sometimes tow'ards heav'n, and the full-blazing Sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tower : 30
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'ft from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I call, 35
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;
Till pride, and worse ambition, threw me down, 40
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King.
Ah, wherefore ! he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was,
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard. 45
What could be less, than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due ! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high
I 'sdein'd subjection, and thought one step higher 50
Would set me highe'st, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe,
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd ;
And understood not that a grateful mind 55
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd ; what burden then ?
O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferiour angel, I had stood
Then happy ; no unbounded hope had rais'd 60
Ambition. Yet why not ? some other power

As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part ; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd. 65
Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what, to' ac-
But Heaven's free love, dealt equally to all? [cuse,
Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe. 70
Nay curs'd be thou ; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?
Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ; 75
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O then at last relent : is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left ? 80
None left but by submission ; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spi'rits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises, and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue 85
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell,
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd, 90
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery : such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state ; how soon 94
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore ? ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.

For never can true reconcilment grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep :
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse, 100
And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher : therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace :
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead 105
Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewel remorse : all good to me is lost ;
Evil be thou my good ; by thee at least 110
Divided empire with heaven's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;
As man ere long, and this new world, shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale ire, envy, and despair ; 115
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,
Each perturbation smoothe'd with outward calm, 120
Artificer of fraud ; and was the first
That practis'd falsehood under faintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd ; whose eye pursu'd him down 125
The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount
Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall
Spi'rit of happy sort : his gestures fierce
He mark'd, and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen. 130
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns, with her inclosure green,

As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness; whose hairy sides 135
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access deny'd; and over head up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend, 140
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verd'rons wall of Paradise up sprung:
Which to our general fire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neigh'ring round. 145
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours mix'd:
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams, 150
Than in fair evening-cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth: so lovely seem'd
That landscape: and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive 155
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past 160
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabéan odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest; with such delay
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league
Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles: 165
So entertain'd these odorous sweets the fiend,
Who came their bane; though with them better pleas'd
Than Asmodeus with the fishy fume
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse

Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent 170
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound,

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow ;
But further way found none, so thick intwin'd,
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth 175

Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
All path of man or beast that pass'd that way.
One gate there only was, and that look'd east
On th' other side: which when th' archfelon saw,
Due entrance he disdain'd, and, in contempt, 180

At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve 185
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,

Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold :
Or as a thief, bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190

In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles :
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold ;
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree, and highest there that grew, 195

Sat like a cormorant ; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who liv'd ; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge 200
Of immortality. So little knows

Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 87

Beneath him with new wonder now he views, 205
 To all delight of human sense expos'd,
 In narrow room, nature's whole wealth, yea more,
 A heav'n on earth: for blissful Paradise
 Of God the garden was, by him in th' east
 Of Eden planted; Eden stretch'd her line 210
 From Auran eastward to the royal towers
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
 Or where the sons of Eden long before
 Dwelt in Telfassar: in this pleasant soil
 His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd; 215
 Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
 And all amid them stood the tree of life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold: and next to life, 220
 Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by;
 Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
 Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill
 Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown 225
 That mountain as his garden-mould high rais'd
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Water'd the garden; thence united fell 230
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears;
 And now divided into four main streams,
 Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm
 And country, whereof here needs no account; 235
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
 How from that saphir fount the crisped brooks,
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
 With mazy error under pendent shades

Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240
Flowers, worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning-sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade 245
Imbrown'd the noontide-bowers. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view :
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm ;
Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true, 250
If true, here only, and of delicious taste :
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hillock ; or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store, 255
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose :
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant ; mean while murm'ring waters fall 260
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply ; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune 265
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis 270
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world ; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise

Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle 275
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Libyan Jove,
Hid Amalthea, and her florid son
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard, 280
Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd
True Paradise under the Ethiop line
By Nilus head, inclos'd with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden; where the fiend 285
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all : 290
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd),
Whence true authority in men: though both 295
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd:
For contemplation he, and valour form'd;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd 300
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She, as a veil, down to the slender waste
Her unadorned golden tresses wore 305
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,

Yielded with coy submission, modest pride, 310
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor those myſterious parts were then conceal'd ;
Then was not guilty ſhame, diſhoneſt ſhame
Of nature's works, honour diſhonourable,
Sim-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind 315
With ſhows inſtead, mere ſhows of ſeeming pure,
And baniſh'd from man's life his happieſt life,
Simplicity, and ſpotleſs innocence !
So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhun'd the ſight
Of God or angel ; for they thought no ill : 320
So hand in hand they paſs'd, the lovelieſt pair
That ever ſince in love's embraces met ;
Adam the goodlieſt man of men ſince born
His ſons, the faireſt of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of ſhade that on a green 325
Stood whiſp'ring ſoft, by a freſh fountain-side
They ſat them down ; and after no more toil
Of their ſweet gard'ning labour than ſuffice'd
To recommend cool zephyr, and made eaſe
More eaſy, wholeſome thirſt and appetite 330
More grateful, to their ſupper-fruits they ſell,
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, ſide-long as they ſat recline
On the ſoft downy bank damask'd with flowers :
The ſavoury pulp they chew, and in the rind, 335
Still as they thirſted, ſcoop the brimming ſtream ;
Nor gentle purpoſe, nor endearing ſmiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beſeems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them friſking play'd 340
All beaſts of th' earth, ſince wild, and of all chafe
In wood or wilderneſs, foreſt or den ;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid ; bears, tygers, ounces, pards,

Gambol'd before them ; th' unwieldy elephant, 345
To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe proboscis ; close the serpent sly
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded ; others on the grafs 350
Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing fat,
Or bedward ruminating ; for the sun
Declin'd was hasting now with prone career
To th' ocean-isles, and in th' ascending scale
Of heav'n the stars that usher evening rose : 355
When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

O hell ! what do mine eyes with grief behold !
Into our room of blifs thus high advanc'd
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps, 360
Not spirits, yet to heav'nly spirits bright
Little inferiour ; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.
Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh 366
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe ;
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy ;
Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd 370
Long to continue, and this high feat your heaven
Ill fenc'd for heaven to keep out such a foe,
As now is enter'd ; yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied. League with you I seek 375
And mutual amity, so strait, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth : my dwelling haply may not please,
Like this fair Paradise, your sense ; yet such

Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me, 380
Which I as freely give : hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings ; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring ; if no better place, 385
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarg'd, 390
By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
To do what else, though damn'd, I should abhor.

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree 395
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and unespied
To mark what of their state he more might learn, 400
By word or action mark'd : about them round
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare ;
Then as a tyger, who by chance hath spy'd
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft 405
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both,
Grip'd in each paw : when Adam, first of men,
To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,
Turn'd him, all ear to hear new utterance flow. 410

Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all ; needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good

As liberal and free as infinite ; 415
That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he hath need ; he who requires
From us no other service than to keep 420
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life ;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is, 425
Some dreadful thing no doubt ; for well thou know'st
God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left,
Among so many signs of power and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given 430
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights : 435
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers ;
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom 440
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks ; I chiefly, who enjoy 445
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Preeminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself can'st no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd 450

Under a shade on flowers, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
Of waters issu'd from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd 455
Pure as th' expanse of heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite 460
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answ'ring looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd 465
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays 470
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do, 475
But follow strait, invisibly thus led?
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth wat'ry image: back I turn'd; 480
Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return fair Eve,
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee be'ing I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side 485
Henceforth an individual solace dear;

Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half. With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine: I yielded; and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace, 490
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast 495
Naked met his, under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight,
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smil'd with superiour love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds 500
That shed May flowers; and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure. Aside the Devil turn'd
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two, 505
Imparadis'd in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss; while I to hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least, 510
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs, it seems;
One fatal tree there stands, of knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste. Knowledge forbidden? 515
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
Envy them that? can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? and do they only stand
By ignorance? is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience, and their faith? 520
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds

With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt 525
Equal with gods: aspiring to be such,
They taste, and die: what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet 530
Some wand'ring spi'rit of heav'n, by fountain-side,
Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed. 535
So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Thro' wood, thro' waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.
Mean while in utmost longitude, where heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun 540
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Levell'd his evening-rays: it was a rock
Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent 545
Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of th' angelic guards, awaiting night; 550
About him exercis'd heroic games
Th' unarmed youth of heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high, with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding thro' the even 555
On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd
Impress the air, and shows the mariner

From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste. 560

Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in.
This day at height of noon came to my sphere
A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know 565
More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly man,
God's latest image: I describ'd his way,
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his airy gate;
But on the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks 570
Alien from heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:
Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him: one of the banish'd crew,
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find. 575

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd.
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,
See far and wide: in at this gate none pass
The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come 580
Well known from heav'n; and since meridian hour
No creature thence: if spi'rit of other sort,
So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthly bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar. 585
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd he; and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd
Bore him slope downward to the sun now fall'n 591
Beneath th' Azores; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd
Diurnal, or this less volubile earth,

By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there 595
Arraying with reflected purple' and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird, 600
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were flunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led 605
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve. Fair consort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest, 611
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines 615
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body' or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of heav'n on all his ways; 620
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our present labour, to reform 625
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums, 630

Book IV. PARADISE LOST.

That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease:
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty' adorn'd.
My author and disposer, what thou bid'st 635
Unargu'd I obey: so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons, and their change, all please alike. 640
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glitt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth 645
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends 650
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glitt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon, 655
Or glitt'ring star-light, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general ancestor reply'd.
Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve, 660
These have their course to finish round the earth
By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Minist'ring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain 665

Her old possession, and extinguish life
 In nature and all things; which these soft fires
 Not only' enlighten, but with kindly heat
 Of various influence foment and warm,
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down 670
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
 On earth, made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
 These then, tho' unbeheld in deep of night, 674
 Shine not in vain; nor think, tho' men were none,
 That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise:
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep:
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
 Both day and night: how often, from the steep 680
 Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
 Celestial voices to the midnight-air,
 Sole, or responsive to each others note,
 Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk, 685
 With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
 On to their blissful bower: it was a place 690
 Chos'n by the sov'reign Planter, when he fram'd
 All things to man's delightful use; the roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side 695
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower
 Iris all hues, roses and jessamine,
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic; underfoot the violet, 700

Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower 705
More sacred and sequester'd, tho' but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed, 710
And heav'nly quires the hymenæan sung,
What day the genial angel to our fire,
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like 715
In sad event, when to th' unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she insnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood, 720
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day, 725
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help,
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place,
For us too large, where thy abundance wants 730
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep. 735

This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure,
Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear, 740
Strait side by side were laid; nor turn'd, I ween,
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refus'd:
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence, 745
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and man?
Hail wedded love! mysterious law, true source 750
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee adult'rous lust was driv'n from men,
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure, 755
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be' it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets, 760
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,
Present, or past, as faints and patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile 765
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
Casual fruition; nor in court-amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton masque, or midnight-ball,
Or serenate, which the starv'd lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770

These, lull'd by nightingales embracing slept ;
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof
Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Bless'd pair ; and O yet happiest, if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more. 775

Now had Night measur'd with her shadowy cone
Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the Cherubim
Forth issuing at th' accustom'd hour, stood arm'd
To their night-watches in warlike parade ; 780
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
With strictest watch ; these other wheel the north ;
Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear. 785
From these, two strong and subtle spi'rits he call'd
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed
Search thro' this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook ;
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge, 790
Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.
This evening from the sun's decline arriv'd,
Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd
The bars of hell, on errand bad no doubt: 795
Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon ; these to the bower direct,
In search of whom they sought : him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve, 800
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy', and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams ;
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal spirits, that from pure blood arise 805

Like gentle breathes from rivers pure, thence raise
 At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
 Blown up with high conceits ingend'ring pride.
 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear 810
 Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns
 Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
 Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid 815
 Fit for the tun some magazine to store
 Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain
 With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air;
 So started up, in his own shape, the fiend.
 Back slept those two fair angels, half amaz'd 820
 So sudden to behold the grisly king;
 Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebel spi'rits adjudg'd to hell
 Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and transform'd,
 Why satt'st thou like an enemy in wait, 825
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
 Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:
 Not to know me argues yourselves unknown, 830
 The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
 Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus Zephon, answ'ring scorn with scorn.
 Think not, revolted spi'rit, thy shape the same, 835
 Or undiminish'd brightness to be known,
 As when thou stood'st in heav'n upright and pure:
 That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
 Departed from thee'; and thou resemblest now
 Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul. 840

But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace 845
Invincible: abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue' in her shape how lovely; saw, and pin'd
His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd 850
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the sender not the sent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,
Will save us trial what the least can do 855
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd 860
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,
Gabriel, from the front thus call'd aloud. 865

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade;
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendour wan; who by his gait 870
And fierce demeanor seems the prince of hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,

How busied, in what form and posture couch'd. 876

To whom, with stern regard, thus Gabriel spake,
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress 880

By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow. 885
Gabriel, thou had'st in heav'n th' esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?

Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
Tho' thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place

Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;

To thee no reason, who know'st only good, 895
But evil hast not try'd: and wilt object

His will who bound us? let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay

In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.

The rest is true, they found me where they say; 900

But that implies not violence or harm.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel mov'd,
Disdainfully half smiling, thus reply'd.

O loss of one in heav'n to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew, 905

And now returns him from his prison 'scap'd,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise

Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicens'd from his bounds in hell prescrib'd;

So wise he judges it to fly from pain 910

However, and to 'scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sev'nfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain 915
Can equal anger infinite provok'd.

But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they
Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief, 920
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alleg'd
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern.
Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain, 925
Insulting angel; well thou know'st I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
The blasting volied thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.

But still thy words at random, as before, 930
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard essays and ill successes past
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untry'd:

I therefore, I alone first undertook 935
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
This new created world, whereof in hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted powers

To settle here on earth, or in mid air; 940
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in heav'n, with songs to hymn his throne,
And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight. 945

To whom the warrior angel soon reply'd,

To say and strait unsay, pretending first
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
 Argues no leader, but a liar trac'd,
 Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name, 950
 O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!
 Faithful, to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
 Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.
 Was this your discipline, and faith engag'd,
 Your military obedience, to dissolve 955
 Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Pow'r supreme?
 And thou, sly hypocrite, who now would seem
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou
 Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servily ador'd
 Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope 960
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?
 But mark what I arreel thee now, Avant;
 Fly thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour
 Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
 Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd, 965
 And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
 The facile gates of hell too slightly barr'd.

So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage, reply'd.

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains, 970
 Proud liminary Cherub, but ere then
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
 From my prevailing arm, though heaven's King
 Ride on thy Wings, and thou with thy compeers,
 Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels 975
 In progress through the road of heaven star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright
 Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field 980
 Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
 Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 109

Sways them ; the careful plowman doubting stands,
 Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves
 Prove chaff. On th' other side, Satan alarm'd, 985
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
 Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd :
 His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
 Sat horror plum'd ; nor wanted in his grasp
 What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds
 Might have ensu'd, not only Paradise 991
 In this commotion, but the starry cope
 Of heaven perhaps, or all the elements,
 At least had gone to wreck, disturb'd and torn
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon 995
 Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
 Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales, yet seen
 Betwixt Aftrea and the Scorpion sign,
 Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
 The pendulous round earth with balanc'd air 1000
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
 Battles and realms : in these he put two weights,
 The sequel each of parting and of fight ;
 The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam ;
 Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend. 1005
 Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine ;
 Neither our own, but giv'n : what folly then
 To boast what arms can do? since thine no more
 Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now
 To trample thee as mire : for proof look up, 1010
 And read thy lot in yon celestial sign, [weak,
 Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how
 If thou resist. The fiend look'd up, and knew
 His mounted scale aloft : nor more ; but fled
 Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night. 1015

END of the FOURTH BOOK.

ARGUMENT of Book V.

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her; they come forth to their day-labours: their morning-hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance described, his coming discerned by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

NOW Morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd: so custom'd; for his sleep
Was airy light from pure digestion bred,
And temp'rate vapours bland, which th'only sound 5
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shirrll matin song
Of birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek, 10
As through unquiet rest: he, on his side
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice 15
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus. Awake,
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever-new delight,
Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field 20
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee

Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet. 25

Such whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startled eye
On Adam; whom embracing, thus she spake.

O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night 30
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design;
Bat of offence and trouble, which my mind

Knew never till this irksome night: methought 35
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it said,

Why sleepest thou Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake 40
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard: heaven wakes with all his eyes;

Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire? 45
In whose sight all things joy, with rapture
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.

I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd, through ways 50
That brought me on a sudden to the tree

Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:

And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from heav'n
By us oft seen; his dewy locks distill'd 56
Ambrosia; on that tree he also gaz'd;

And O fair plant, said he, with fruit furcharg'd,
Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,

Nor God, nor man? Is knowledge so despis'd? 60
Or envy', or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good; why else set here?
This said, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm
He pluck'd, he tasted: me damp horror chill'd 65
At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold.
But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus crompt,
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
For gods, yet able to make gods of men: 70
And why not gods of men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impair'd, but honour'd more?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou also; happy though thou art, 75
Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be:
Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods
Thyself a goddess, not to earth confin'd,
But sometimes in the air, as we; sometimes
Ascend to heaven, by merit thine, and see 80
What life the gods live there, and such live thou.
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Ev'n to my mouth, of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd; the pleasant savoury smell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought, 85
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
And various: wond'ring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly 90
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep: but O how glad I wak'd,
To find this but a dream: Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad.

Best image of myself, and dearer half, 95
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally ; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung, I fear :
Yet evil whence ? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know, that in the soul 100
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief : among these Fancy next
Her office holds ; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, airy shapes, 105
Which reason joining or disjoining frames
All what we' affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion ; then retires
Into her private cell, when nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes 110
To imitate her ; but misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Some such resemblances, methinks, I find
Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream, 115
But with addition strange ; yet be not sad.
Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
No spot or blame behind : which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream, 120
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,
That wont to be more cheerful and serene,
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world ;
And let us to our fresh employments rise, 125
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd;
But silently a gentle tear let fall 130
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their chrystal sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended. 135

So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arbo'rous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up risen,
With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean-brim, 140
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landscape all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid 145
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd, or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp 151
To add more sweetness; and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens, 156
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light, 160
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,

On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end. 165
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. 170
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; found his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st,
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies; 176
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth 180
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix,
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise 185
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers, 190
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow, 195
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,

Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk 200
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still 205
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd soon, and wonted calm. 210
On to their morning's rural work they haste,
Among sweet dews and flowers; where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine 215
To wed her elm; she spous'd about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dower, th' adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity heaven's high King, and to him call'd 220
Raphael, the sociable spi'rit, that deign'd
To travel with Tobias, and secur'd
His marriage with the sev'n-times wedded maid.

Raphael, said he, thou hear'st what stir on earth
Satan, from hell 'scap'd thro' the darksome gulf, 225
Hath rais'd in Paradiſe, and how disturb'd
This night the human pair, how he designs
In them at once to ruin all mankind.
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade 230
Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,
To respite his day-labour with repast,
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,

As may advise him of his happy state,
Happinefs in his power left free to will, 235
Left to his own free will ; his will tho' free,
Yet mutable: whence warn him to beware
He fwerve not too fecure. Tell him withal
His danger, and from whom ; what enemy,
Late fall'n himfelf from heaven, is plotting now 240
The fall of others from like ftate of blifs:
By violence ? no, for that fhall be withftood ;
But by deceit and lies: this let him know,
Left willfully tranfgreffing he pretend
Surprifal, unadmonifh'd, unforewarn'd. 245

So fpake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All juftice: nor delay'd the winged faint
After his charge receiv'd ; but from among
Thoufand celestial Ardours, where he flood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up-fpringing light 250
Flew thro' the midft of heaven; th' angelic quires
On each hand parting, to his fpeed gave way
Thro' all th' empyreal road ; till at the gate
Of heaven arriv'd, the gate felf-open'd wide,
On golden hinges turning, as by work 255
Divine the Sov'reign Architect had fram'd.
From hence, no cloud, or, to obftruct his fight,
Star interpos'd, however fmall, he fees,
Not unconform to other fhining globes,
Earth, and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when by night the glafs 261
Of Galileo, lefs affur'd, obferves
Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon:
Or pilot, from amidft the Cyclades,
Delos or Samos firft appearing, kens 265
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He fpeeds, and through the vaft ethereal fky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with fteddy wing

Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air ; till within soar 270
Of tow'ring eagles, to' all the fowls he seems
A Phoenix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,
When to inshrine his reliques in the sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise 275
He lights, and to his proper shape returns,
A Seraph wing'd : six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine ; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament ; the middle pair 280
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,
And colours dipt in heaven ; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood, 285
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands
Of angels under watch ; and to his state,
And to his message high, in honour rise ;
For on some message high they guess'd him bound. 290
Their glitt'ring tents he pass'd, and now is come
Into the blissful field, thro' groves of myrrh,
And flow'ring odours, cassia, nard, and balm ;
A wilderness of sweets ; for nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will 295
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art ; enormous bliss.
Him thro' the spicy forest onward come
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
Of his cool bower, while now the mounted sun 300
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs ;
And Eve within, due at her hour, prepar'd

For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst 305
Of necta'rous draughts between, from milky stream,
Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.

Haste hither Eve, and worth thy sight behold
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another morn 310
Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from heaven
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And what thy stores contain, bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honour and receive 315
Our heavenly stranger: well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare. 320

To whom thus Eve. Adam, earth's hallow'd mould,
Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes: 325
But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and jucieft gourd, will pluck such choice
To entertain our angel-guest, as he
Beholding shall confess, that here on earth
God hath dispens'd his bounties as in heaven. 330

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to chuse for delicacy best,
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring 335
Taste after taste upheld with kindliest change;
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields

In India East or West, or middle shore,
In Pontus, or the Punic coast, or where 340
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand ; for drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must; and meaths 345
From many a berry', and from sweet kernels press'd
She tempers dulcet creams ; nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure ; then strows the ground
With rose and odours from the shrub unfum'd.

Meanwhile our primitive great fire, to meet 350
His godlike guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections ; in himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long 355
Of horses led, and grooms besmeard with gold,
Dazzles the croud, and sets them all agape.
Nearer his presence Adam, though not aw'd,
Yet with submissive approach and reverence meek,
As to' a superiour nature, bowing low, 360
Thus said. Native of heaven, for other place
None can than heaven such glorious shape contain ;
Since by descending from the thrones above,
Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while
To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us 365
Two' only, who yet by sovereign gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the sun more cool decline. 370

Whom thus th' angelic Virtue answer'd mild,
Adam, I therefore came ; nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,

As may not oft invite, tho' spi'rits of heaven
 To visit thee: lead on then where thy bower 375
 O'er shades; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,
 I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge
 They came, that like Pomona's arbour smil'd,
 With flow'rets deck'd, and fragrant smells; but Eve
 Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely fair 380
 Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feign'd
 Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,
 Stood to' entertain her guest from heaven; no veil
 She needed, virtue-proof; no thought infirm
 Alter'd her cheek. On whom the angel Hail! 385
 Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd
 Long after to bless'd Mary, second Eve.

Hail, mother of mankind! whose fruitful womb
 Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,
 Than with these various fruits the trees of God 390
 Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of grassy turf
 Their table was, and mossy seats had round;
 And on her ample square from side to side
 All autumn pil'd, tho' spring and autumn here
 Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;
 No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began 396
 Our author. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste
 These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom
 All perfect good, unmeasur'd out, descends,
 To us for food and for delight hath caus'd 400
 The earth to yield; unsavoury food perhaps
 To spiritual natures; only this I know,
 That one celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the angel. Therefore what he gives
 (Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part 405
 Spiritual, may of purest spi'rits be found
 No' ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
 Intellectual substances require,

Book V. PARADISE LOST. 123

As doth your rational ; and both contain
 Within them every lower faculty 410
 Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
 And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
 For know, whatever was created, needs
 To be sustain'd and fed : of elements, 415
 The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
 Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires
 Ethereal, and as lowest, first the moon ;
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd
 Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd. 420
 Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
 From her moist continent to higher orbs.
 The sun, that light imparts to all, receives
 From all his alimental recompense,
 In humid exhalations, and at even 425
 Sups with the ocean. Though in heav'n the trees
 Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
 Yield nectar ; though from off the boughs each morn
 We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
 Cover'd with pearly grain : yet God hath here 430
 Varied his bounty so with new delights,
 As may compare with heaven ; and to taste
 Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
 And to their viands fell : nor seemingly
 The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss 435
 Of Theologians ; but with keen dispatch
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
 To transubstantiate : what redounds, transpires
 Through spi'rits with ease ; nor wonder ; if by fire
 Of sooty coal th' empiric alchemist 440
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,
 As from the mine. Meanwhile at table Eve

Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd. O innocence 445
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the sons of God excuse to' have been
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell. 450

Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,
Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam, not to let th' occasion pass
Giv'n him by this great conference, to know
Of things above this world, and of their be'ing 455
Who dwell in heaven, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms,
Divine effulgence, whose high power so far
Exceeded human; and his wary speech
Thus to th' empyreal minister he fram'd. 460

Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to man;
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of angels, yet accepted so, 465
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At heaven's high feasts to' have fed: yet what compare?

To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return, 470
If not deprav'd from good; created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Endu'd with various forms, various degrees,
Of substance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure, 475
As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending,
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,
'Till body up to spirit work, in bounds

Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More airy, last the bright consummate flower 481
Spirits odorous breathes : flowers, and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd,
To vital spi'rits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual ; give both life and sense, 485
Fancy and understanding ; whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being,
Discursive, or intuitive : discourse
Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,
Diff'ring but in degree, of kind the same. 490
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance. Time may come, when men
With angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient di'et, nor too light fare ; 495
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in heav'nly Paradises dwell ; 500
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire,
Whose progeny you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more. 505

To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd
O favourable spi'rit, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
From centre to circumference, whereon, 510
In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found

Obedient? Can we want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert, 515
Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the angel. Son of heaven and earth,
Attend. That thou art happy, owe to God; 520
That thou continu'est such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience; therein to stand.
This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to persevere 525
He left it in thy power; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not overrul'd by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity:
Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated; such with him 530
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other chuse?
Myself, and all th' angelic host, that stand 535
In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other surety none: freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall: 540
And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
And some from heaven to deepest hell; O fall
From what high state of bliss into what woe!
To whom our great progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear, 545
Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighb'ring hills
Aereal music send: nor knew I not

To be both will and deed created free ;
Yet that we never shall forget to love 550
Our Maker, and obey him whose command
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assur'd me', and still assure : though what thou tell'st
Hath pass'd in heaven, some doubt within me move ;
But more desire to hear, if thou consent, 555
The full relation ; which must needs be strange,
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard :
And we have yet large day ; for scarce the sun
Hath finish'd half his journey', and scarce begins
His other half in the great zone of heaven. 560

Thus Adam made request ; and Raphaël,
After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou injoin'st me', O prime of men,
Sad task, and hard : for how shall I relate
To human sense th' invisible exploits 565
Of warring spirits ? how without remorse
The ruin of so many glorious once
And perfect while they stood ? how last unfold
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal ? Yet for thy good 570
This is dispens'd ; and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By likening spiritual to corporal forms,
As may express them best ; though what if earth
Be but the shadow' of heaven, and things therein 575
Each to' other like, more than on earth is thought ?

As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
Reign'd where these heavens now roll, where earth now
Upon her centre pois'd ; when on a day [rests
(For time, though in eternity, apply'd 580
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past and future) on such day
As heaven's great year brings forth, th' empyreal host

Of angels, by imperial summons call'd,
Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne 585
Forthwith from all the ends of heaven appear'd
Under their hierarchs in orders bright :
Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve 590
Of hierarchies, of orders and degrees ;
Or in their glitt'ring tissues bear imblaz'd
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
Of circuit inexpressible they stood, 595
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,
Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye angels, progeny of light, 600
Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,
Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold 605
At my right hand ; your head I him appoint ;
And by myself have sworn, to him shall bow
All knees in heaven, and shall confess him Lord :
Under his great vicegerent reign abide
United as one individual soul, 610
For ever happy : him who disobey's,
Me disobey's, breaks union, and that day
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
Into' utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end. 615

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
All seem'd well pleas'd ; all seem'd, but were not all.
That day, as other solemn days, they spent

In song and dance about the sacred hill ;
Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere 620
Of planets, and of fix'd, in all her wheels
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem ;
And in their motions harmony divine 625
So smoothes her charming tones, that God's own ear
Listens delighted. Ev'ning now approach'd,
(For we have also' our ev'ning and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need) ;
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn 630
Desirous ; all in circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
With angels food, and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold ;
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heaven. 635
On flowers repos'd, and with fresh flowerets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds
Excess, before th' all-bounteous King, who shower'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy. 641
Now when ambrosial night, with clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
Spring both, the face of brightest heaven had chang'd
To grateful twilight, (for night comes not there 645
In darker veil), and roseate dews dispos'd
All but th' unsleeping eyes of God to rest ;
Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globous earth in plain outspread,
(Such are the courts of God), th' angelic throng, 650
Dispers'd in bands and files, their camp extend
By living streams among the trees of life,
Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,

Celestial tabernacles, where they slept
Fann'd with cool winds; save those who, in their course,
Melodious hymns about the sov'reign throne 656
Alternate all night long. But not so wak'd
Satan; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heaven; he of the first,
If not the first archangel, great in power, 660
In favour and preeminence, yet fraught
With envy' against the Son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Messiah King anointed, could not bear 664
Through pride that sight, and thought himself im-
Deep malice thence conceiving, and disdain, [pair'd.
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour,
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipp'd, unobey'd, the throne supreme, 670
Contemptuous; and his next subordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleep'st thou, companion dear, what sleep can close
Thy eyelids? and remember'st what decree
Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips 675
Of heaven's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest impos'd;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
In us who serve, new counsels, to debate 681
What doubtful may ensue: more in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them, that by command, ere yet dim night 685
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward, with flying march, where we possess

The quarters of the north ; there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King, 690
The great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.

So spake the false archangel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwary breast 695
Of his associate : he together calls,
Or several one by one, the regent powers,
Under him regent ; tells, as he was taught,
That the Most High commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had disincumber'd heaven, 700
The great hierarchal standard was to move ;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integrity : but all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superiour voice 705
Of their great potentate ; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in heaven ;
His count'nance, as the morning-star that guides
The starry flock, allur'd them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of heaven's host. 710

Mean while th' eternal Eye, whose sight discerns
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, saw, without their light,
Rebellion rising ; saw in whom, how spread 715
Among the sons of morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high decree ;
And, smiling to his only Son, thus said.

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, heir of all my might, 720
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim

Of deity or empire: such a foe
Is rising, who intends to' erect his throne 725
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
In battle, what our power is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ 730
In our defence; lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.

To whom the Son, with calm aspect, and clear,
Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes 735
Justly hast in derision, and secure
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain;
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all regal power
Given me to quell their pride, and in event 740
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in heaven.

So spake the Son; but Satan, with his powers,
Far was advanc'd on winged speed, an host
Innumerable as the stars of night, 745
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies
Or Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones,
In their triple degrees; regions to which 750
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea, from one entire globose
Stretch'd into longitude; which having pass'd,
At length into the limits of the north 755
They came; and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers

From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold ;
The palace of great Lucifer, (so call 760
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted), which not long after, he
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of heaven, 765
The mountain of the congregation call'd;
For thither he assembled all his train,
Pretending so commanded to consult
About the great reception of their King,
Thither to come; and with calumnious art 770
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,
If these magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular, since by decree
Another now hath to himself ingross'd 775
All power, and us eclips'd under the name
Of King anointed; for whom all this haste
Of midnight-march, and hurried meeting here,
This only to consult how we may best,
With what may be devis'd of honours new, 780
Receive him, coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,
To one and to his image now proclaim'd ?
But what if better counsels might erect 785
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke ?
Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend
The supple knee ? Ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
Natives and sons of heaven possess'd before 790
By none; and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.

Who can in reason then, or right, assume
Monarchy over such as live by right 795
His equals, if in power and splendour less,
In freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration, to th' abuse 800
Of those imperial titles, which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.

Thus far his bold discourse without controul
Had audience; when among the Seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd 805
The Deity', and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and, in a flame of zeal severe,
The current of his fury, thus oppos'd.

O argument blasphemous, false and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in heaven 810
Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate,
In place thyself so high above thy peers.
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
The just decree of God, pronounc'd and sworn,
'That to his only Son, by right endu'd 815
With regal sceptre, every soul in heaven
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
Confess him rightful King? Unjust, thou say'st,
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign, 820
One over all with unsucceeded power.
Shalt thou give law to God, shalt thou dispute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the powers of heaven
Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being?
Yet, by experience taught, we know how good, 826
And of our good and of our dignity
How provident he is; how far from thought

To make us less, bent rather to exalt
Our happy state, under one head more near 830
United. But to grant it thee unjust,
That equal over equals monarch reign :
Thyself, tho' great and glorious, dost thou count,
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him begotten Son ? by whom, 835
As by his Word, the mighty Father made
All things, ev'n thee ; and all the spi'rits of heaven
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crown'd them with glory', and to their glory nam'd
Thrones, dominations, principdoms, virtues, powers,
Essential powers ; nor by his reign obscur'd, 841
But more illustrious made ; since he the head
One of our number thus reduc'd becomes ;
His laws our laws ; all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage, 845
And tempt not these ; but hasten to appease
Th' incens'd Father, and th' incens'd Son,
While pardon may be found in time besought.

So spake the fervent angel ; but his zeal
None seconded, as out of season judg'd, 850
Or singular and rash : whereat rejoic'd
Th' apostate, and more haughty thus reply'd.

That we were form'd then say'st thou ? and the work
Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd
From Father to his Son ? Strange point, and new ! 855
Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd : who
When this creation was ? remember'st thou [saw
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being ?
We know no time when we were not as now ;
Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais'd 860
By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native heaven, ethereal sons.

Our puissance is our own ; our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try 865
Who is our equal : then thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begirt th' Almighty throne
Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings carry to th' anointed King ; 870
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

He said, and, as the sound of waters deep,
Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause
Through the infinite host ; nor less for that
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone 875
Incompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.

O alienate from God, O spi'rit accurs'd,
Forfaken of all good ; I see thy fall
Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread 880
Both of thy crime and punishment : henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's Messiah ; those indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchsaf'd ; other decrees
Against thee are gone forth without recall ; 885
That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,
Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise ;
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath 890
Impendent, raging into sudden flame
Distinguish not : for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know. 895

So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he ;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,

Book V. PARADISE LOST.

137

Unshaken, unseduce'd, untterrify'd,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ; 900
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superiour, nor of violence fear'd ought ; 905
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud towers to swift destruction doom'd.

END of the FIFTH BOOK.



ARGUMENT of Book VI.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first fight described: Satan and his powers retire under night: he calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his angels to some disorder; but they at length pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan: yet the tumult not so ending, God in the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory: he in the power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of heaven; which opening, they leap down with horreur and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep: Messiah returns in triumph to his Father.

[illegible]

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Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne, 5
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes thro' heaven
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour 10
To veil the heaven, tho' darkness there might well
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the Morn
Such as in highest heaven, array'd in gold
Empyrean; from before her vanish'd Night,
Shot thro' with orient beams; when all the plain
Cover'd with thick embattled squadrons bright, 16
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct; and found
Already known what he for news had thought 20
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
Among those friendly powers, who him receiv'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,

That of so many myriads fall'n, yet one
Return'd not lost. On to the sacred hill 25
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme ; from whence a voice,
From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard.

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd 30
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms ;
And for the testimony' of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence ; for this was all thy care, 35
To stand approv'd in sight of God, tho' worlds
Judge'd thee perverse. The easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return,
Than scorn'd thou didst depart ; and to subdue 40
By force, who reason for their law refuse,
Right reason for their law, and for their King
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince ;
And thou in military prowess next, 45
Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible, lead forth my armed saints,
By thousands and by millions, rang'd for fight,
Equal in number to that godless crew
Rebellious : them with fire and hostile arms 50
Fearless assault ; and to the brow of heaven
Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss,
Into their place of punishment, the Gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery chaos to receive their fall. 55

So spake the Sov'reign Voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign

Of wrath awak'd; nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow: 60
At which command the powers militant,
That stood for heaven, in mighty quadrate join'd
Of union irresistible, mov'd on
In silence their bright legions, to the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd 65
Heroic ardour to advent'rous deeds,
Under their godlike leaders, in the cause
Of God and his Messiah. On they move
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides 70
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their nimble tread; as when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came summon'd over Eden, to receive 75
Their names of thee; so over many a tract
Of heaven they march'd, and many a province wide,
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last
Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd 80
In battailous aspect, and nearer view
Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
Various, with boastful argument portray'd,
The banded powers of Satan halting on 85
With furious expedition; for they ween'd
That self-same day, by fight, or by surprise,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To set the envier of his state, the proud
Aspirer; but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain 90
In the mid-way: though strange to us it seem'd
At first, that angel should with angel war,
And in fierce hoisting meet, who wont to meet

So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire, 95
Hymning th' eternal Father: but the shout
Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst exalted as a god
Th' apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat, 100
Idol of majesty divine, inclos'd
With flaming Cherubim and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front 105
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan with vast and haughty strides advance'd
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold; 110
Abdiel that fight endur'd not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heaven! that such resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and reäly 115
Remain not: wherefore should not strength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest, tho' to fight unconquerable?
His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whose reason I have try'd 120
Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,
That he who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; tho' brutish that contest, and foul,
When reason hath to deal with force, yet so 125
Most reason is that reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth stepping opposite, half-way he met

His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus securely him defy'd. 130

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
The height of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
The throne of God unguarded, and his side
Abandon'd at the terrour of thy power
Or potent tongue: fool, not to think how vain 135
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms;
Who out of smallest things could, without end
Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with solitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow, 140
Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkness: but thou seest
All are not of thy train; there be who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone 145
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all: my seest thou seest; now learn too late
How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.

Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,
Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour 150
Of my revenge, first sought, for thou return'st
From flight, seditious angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok'd; since first that tongue,
Inspir'd with contradiction, durst oppose 155
A third part of the gods, in synod met
Their deities to assert, who while they feel
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160
From me some plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between
(Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know;

At first I thought that liberty and heaven
To heavenly souls had been all one; but now 165
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Minist'ring spi'rits, train'd up in feast and song;
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of heaven,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove. 170
To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd.
Apostate! still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains, 175
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excells
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, 180
Thyself not free, but to thyself inthrall'd;
Yet lewdly dar'st our minist'ring upbraid.
Reign thou in hell, thy kingdom; let me serve
In heaven God ever bless'd, and his divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd; 185
Yet chains in hell, not realms, expect: mean while
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.
So say'ing, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell 190
On the proud crest of Satan, that no fight
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstay'd; as if on earth 195
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd

The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and shout,
Presage of victory, and fierce desire 201
Of battle: whereat Michaël bid sound
Th' archangel trumpet; thro' the vast of heaven
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hosanna to the High'est: nor stood at gaze 205
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
And clamour such as heard in heaven till now
Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels 210
Of brazen chariots rage'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd 215
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage: all heaven
Resounded; and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encount'ring angels fought 220
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of power
Army' against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb, 225
Though not destroy, their happy native seat;
Had not th' eternal King omnipotent,
From his strong hold of heaven, high over-rul'd
And limited their might; tho' number'd such
As each divided legion might have seem'd 230
A numerous host, in strength each armed hand
A legion, led in fight, yet leader seem'd
Each warrior single as in chief, expert

When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when, and when to close 235
The ridges of grim war : no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu'd fear ; each on himself rely'd,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory : deeds of eternal fame 240
Were done, but infinite ; for wide was spread
That war, and various, sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
Tormented all the air ; all air seem'd then
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale 245
The battle hung ; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging thro' the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length 249
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once ; with huge two-handed sway
Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting ; such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield, 255
A vast circumference. At his approach
The great archangel from his warlike toil
Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end
Intestine war in heaven, th' arch-foe subdu'd -
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown 260
And visage all inflam'd first thus began.

Author of ev'ill, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam'd in heaven, now plenteous, as thou see'st
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself, 265
And thy adherents : how hast thou disturb'd
Heaven's blessed peace, and into nature brought
Misery, uncreated till the crime

Of thy rebellion? how hast thou instill'd
Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270
And faithful, now prov'd false? But think not here
To trouble holy rest; heaven casts thee out
From all her confines. Heaven the seat of bliss,
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along, 275
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented pain. 280

So spake the prince of angels; to whom thus
The adversary. Nor think thou with wind
Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou can'st not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise 285
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me
That thou should'st hope, imperious, and with threats
To chase me hence? Err not, that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
The strife of glory; which we mean to win, 290
Or turn this heaven itself into the hell
Thou fablest; here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have fought thee far and nigh. 295

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeaking; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Likened on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such height 300
Of Godlike power? for likest gods they seem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.

Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields 305
Blaz'd opposite, while Expectation stood
In horreur: from each hand with speed retir'd,
Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion; such as, to set forth 310
Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky,
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
Together both, with next to th' Almighty arm 316
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of power at once; nor odds appear'
In might or swift prevention: but the sword 320
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd, 325
But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent'ring, shar'd
All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd thro' him: but th' ethereal substance clos'd,
Not long divisible; and from the gash 331
A stream of nect'rous humour issuing flow'd
Sanguine, such as celestial spi'rits may bleed,
And all his armour stain'd, ere while so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run 335
By angels many and strong, who interpos'd
Defence; while others bore him on their shields
Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd

From off the files of war : there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame, 340
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he heal'd ; for spi'rits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man 345
In intrails, heart, or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die ;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air :
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear, 350
All intellect, all sense ; and as they please,
They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought, 355
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king ; who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of heaven
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous ; but anon 360
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphaël, his vaunting foe,
Tho' huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquish'd Adramalech, and Asmadai, 365
Two potent thrones, that to be less than gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangled with ghastly wounds thro' plate and mail.
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The athiest crew, but with redoubled blow 370
Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted, overthrew.

I might relate of thousands, and their names

Eternize here on earth ; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in heaven, 375
Seek not the praise of men : the other sort,
In might tho' wondrous, and in acts of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancel'd from heaven and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380

For strength from truth divided, and from just,
Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
And ignominy ; yet to glory' aspires,
Vain-glorious, and thro' infamy seeks fame :
Therefore eternal silence be their doom. 385

And now their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerv'd,
With many an inroad gor'd ; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul disorder ; all the ground
With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd, 390
And fiery foaming steeds ; what stood, recoil'd
O'erwearied, thro' the faint Satanic host
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,
Then first with fear surpris'd, and sense of pain,
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought 395
By sin of disobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain
Far otherwise th' inviolable fairs,
In cubic phalanx firm, advanc'd entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd ; 400

Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd
Not to have disobey'd ; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd 404
By wound, tho' from their place by violence mov'd.

Now night her course began, and over heaven
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
And silence on the odious din of war :

Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
Victor and vanquish'd. On the foughen field 410
Michaël and his angels prevalent
Incamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
Cherubic waving fires : on th' other part,
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
Far in the dark dislodge'd ; and void of rest, 415
His potentates to council call'd by night ;
And in the mid'st thus undismay'd began.

O now in danger try'd, now known in arms
Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone, 420
Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,
Honour, dominion, glory, and renown ;
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight,
(And if one day, why not eternal days ?)
What heaven's Lord had powerfulest to send 425
Against us from about his throne, and judge'd
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so, then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, tho' till now
Omniscient thought. True 'tis, less firmly arm'd, 430
Some disadvantage we endur'd, and pain,
Till now not known, but known as soon condemn'd ;
Since now we find this our empyreal form
Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperishable, and tho' pierc'd with wound, 435
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil then so small as easy think
The remedy ; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes, 440
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none : if other hidden cause
Left them superiour, while we can preserve

Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,
Due search and consultation will disclose. 445

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood
Nifroch, of principalities the prime;
As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,
Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havock hewn,
And cloudy in aspect, thus answer'ing spake. 450

Deliverer from new lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as gods; yet hard
For gods, and too unequal work we find,
Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil 455
Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails
Valour or strength, tho' matchless, quell'd with pain
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine; 460
But live content, which is the calmest life;
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils; and excessive, overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend 465
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
No less than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look compos'd Satan reply'd.
Not uninvented that, which thou aright 470
Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.
Which of us who beholds the bright surface
Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,
This continent of spacious heaven, adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems and gold;
Whose eye so superficially surveys 476
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,

Of spiritous and fiery spume, till touch'd
 With heaven's ray, and temper'd, they shoot forth 480
 So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light?
 These in their dark nativity the deep
 Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame;
 Which into hollow engines, long and round,
 Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire 485
 Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
 From far, with thund'ring noise, among our foes
 Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
 To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd 490
 The Thund'rer of his only dreaded bolt.
 Nor long shall be our labour; yet ere dawn,
 Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive;
 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd. 495

He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
 Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.
 Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
 To be th' inventor mis'd; so easy' it seem'd
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have
 Impossible. Yet haply of thy race [thought
 In future days, if malice should abound, 500
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
 With devilish machination, might devise
 Like instrument to plague the sons of men 505
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
 Forthwith from council to the work they flew;
 None arguing stood; innumerable hands
 Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
 Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath 510
 Th' originals of nature in their crude
 Conception; sulphureous and nitrous foam
 They found, they mingled, and, with subtle art,

Concocted and aduſted they reduc'd
To blackeſt grain, and into ſtore convey'd : 515
Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
Intrails unlike) of mineral and ſtone,
Whereof to found their engines and their balls
Of miſſive ruin ; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520
So all ere day-ſpring, under conſcious night,
Secret they finiſh'd, and in order ſet,
With ſilent circumſpection unesp'y'd.

Now when fair morn orient in heaven appear'd,
Up roſe the victor angels, and to arms 525
The matin trumpet ſung : in arms they ſtood
Of golden panoply, refulgent hoſt,
Soon banded ; others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and ſcouts each coaſt light-armed ſcour,
Each quarter, to deſcry the diſtant foe, 530
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt : him ſoon they met
Under ſpread enſigns moving nigh, in flow
But firm battalion ; back with ſpeedieſt ſail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the ſwifteſt wing, 535
Came fly'ing, and, in mid air, aloud thus cry'd.

Arm, warriours ! arm for fight ; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will ſave us long purſuit
This day ; fear not his flight ; ſo thick a cloud
He comes, and ſettled in his face I ſee 540
Sad reſolution, and ſecure : let each
His adamantin coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe faſt his orbid ſhield,
Borne ev'n or high ; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling ſhower, 545
But rattling ſtorm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd he them, aware themſelves, and ſoon
In order, quit of all impediment ;

Instant without disturb they took alarm,
And onward move imbattled : when behold 550
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe

Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginery, impal'd
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood 555
A while ; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.

Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold ;
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and compofure, and with open breast 560
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse :
But that I doubt ; however, witness heaven,
Heaven witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part ; ye who appointed stand, 565
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended ; when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd : 570
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd) 575
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce : at each behind
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire ; while we suspense, 580
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd :
Not long ; for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd

With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
 But soon obicur'd with smoke, all heaven appear'd,
 From these deep-throated engines belch'd, whole roar
 Imbowel'd with outrageous noise the air,
 And all her intrails tore, disgorging foul
 Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts, and hail
 Of iron globes ; which on the victor host 590
 Level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
 That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
 Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
 By thousands, angel on archangel roll'd ;
 The sooner for their arms ; unarm'd they might 595
 Have easily, as spi'rits, evaded swift
 By quick contraction or remove ; but now
 Foul dissipation follow'd, and forc'd rout ;
 Nor serv'd it to relax their ferried files.
 What should they do ? if on they rush'd, repulse 600
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
 And to their foes a laughter ; for in view
 Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
 In posture to displode their second tire 605
 Of thunder : back defeated to return
 They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
 And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

O friends, why come not on these victors proud ?
 Ere while they fierce were coming ; and when we,
 To entertain them fair with open front 611
 And breast, (what could we more ?), propounded terms
 Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance ; yet for a dance they seem'd
 Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps 616
 For joy of offer'd peace : but I suppose,
 If our proposals once again were heard,

We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood : 620
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled many : who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand ; 625
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They show us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory ; eternal might 630
To match with their inventions they presum'd
So easy', and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble : but they stood not long ;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to' oppose. 636
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,
Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For earth hath this variety from heaven 640
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
Light as the light'ning glimpse they ran, they flew ;
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops 645
Up-lifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be sure, and terrour, seiz'd the rebel-host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd ;
Till on those cursed engines triple-row 650
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep ;
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads

Main promontories flung, which in the air 654
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd;
Their armour help their harm, crush'd in and bruise'd
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such pris'on, though spi'rits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown. 661
The rest, in imitation, to like arms
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore:
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire, 665
That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise; war seem'd a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confusion heap'd
Upon confusion rose. And now all heaven
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread;
Had not th' almighty Father, where he sits
Shrin'd in his sanctuary of heaven secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpose he might so fulfil, 675
To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son,
Th' assessor of his throne, he thus began.
Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd, 680
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by deity I am,
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are past,
Two days, as we compute the days of heaven, 685
Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame
These disobedient: fore hath been their fight,
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;

For to themselves I left them ; and thou know'st,
 Equal in their creation they were form'd, 690
 Save what sin hath impair'd ; which yet hath wrought
 Insensibly, for I suspend their doom ;
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
 Endless, and no solution will be found :

War wearied hath perform'd what war can do, 695
 And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
 With mountains as with weapons arm'd ; which makes
 Wild work in heaven, and dange'rous to the main.
 Two days are therefore past, the third is thine ;
 For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far 700
 Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
 Of ending this great war, since none but thou
 Can end it. Into thee such virtue' and grace
 Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
 In heav'n and hell thy power above compare ; 705
 And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
 To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
 Of all things, to be Heir, and to be King
 By sacred unction, thy deserved right.

Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might, 710
 Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
 That shake heaven's basis, bring forth all my war,
 My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
 Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh ;
 Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out 715
 From all heaven's bounds into the utter deep :
 There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
 God, and Messiah his anointed King.

He said, and on his Son with rays direct
 Shone full ; he all his Father full express'd 720
 Ineffably into his face receiv'd ;
 And thus the Filial Godhead answ'ring spake :

O Father, O Supreme of heavenly Thrones,

First, Higheſt, Holieſt, Beſt ; thou always ſeek'ſt
To glorify thy Son, I always thee, 725
As is moſt juſt ; this I my glory' account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'ſt thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliſs.
Sceptre and power, thy giving, I aſſume ; 730
And gladlier ſhall reſign, when in the end
Thou ſhalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'ſt :
But whom thou hat'ſt, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildneſs on, 735
Image of thee in all things ; and ſhall ſoon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid heaven of theſe rebell'd,
To their prepar'd ill manſion driven down,
To chains of darkneſs, and th' undying worm,
That from thy juſt obedience could revolt, 740
Whom to obey is happineſs entire.
Then ſhall thy ſaints unmix'd, and from th' impure
Far ſeparate, circling thy holy mount
Unfeigned Hallelujahs to thee ſing,
Hymns of high praiſe, and I among them chief. 745
So ſaid, he o'er his ſceptre bowing, roſe
From the right hand of Glory where he ſat ;
And the third ſacred morn began to ſhine, [ſound
Dawning through heaven. Forth ruſh'd with whirlwind
The chariot of Paternal Deity, 750
Flaſhing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itſelf inſtinct with ſpirit, but convoy'd
By four Cherubic ſhapes ; four faces each
Had wondrous ; as with ſtars, their bodies all,
And wings, were ſet with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between ; 756
Over their heads a cryſtal firmament,
Whereon a ſaphire throne, inlaid with pure

Amber, and colours of the show'ry arch.
He in celestial panoply all arm'd 760
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended ; at his right hand victory
Sat eagle-wing'd ; beside him hung his bow,
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd ;
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd 765
Of smoke, and bick'ring flame, and sparkles dire.
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
He onward came, far off his coming shone ;
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen. 770
He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
On the crystalline sky, in saphir thron'd,
Illustrious far and wide ; but by his own
First seen : them unexpected joy surpris'd,
When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd 775
Aloft by angels borne, his sign in heaven ;
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduce'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their head imbody'd all in one.
Before him power divine his way prepar'd ; 780
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place ; they heard his voice, and went
Obsequious ; heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd, 785
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heavenly spi'rits could such perverseness dwell ?
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders more th' obdurate to relent ? 790
They harden'd more by what might most reclaim,
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy ; and, aspiring to his height,

Stood reimbattled fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail 795
Against God and Messiah, or to fall

In universal ruin last ; and now
To final battle drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat ; when the great Son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake. 800

Stand still in bright array, ye saints, here stand,
Ye angels arm'd, this day from battle rest ;
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause ;
And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done 805

Invincibly : but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs ;
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints :
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude ; stand only, and behold 810

God's indignation on these godless pour'd
By me ; not you, but me, they have despis'd,
Yet envied ; against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, t' whom in heaven supreme
Kingdom, and power, and glory appertains, 815
Hath honour'd me, according to his will.

Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd ;
That they may have their wish, to try with me
In battle which the stronger proves, they all,
Or I alone against them, since by strength 820
They measure all, of other excellence

Not emulous, nor care who them excels ;
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.

So spake the Son, and into terrour chang'd
His count'nance too severe to be beheld, 825
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.

At once the four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs

Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host. 830
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night ; under his burning wheels
The stedfast empyréan shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand 835
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues : they astonish'd all resistance lost,
All courage ; down their idle weapons dropt :
O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode 840
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
That wish'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd four 845
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes ;
One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurs'd, that wither'd all their strength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd, 851
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley ; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven : 855
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats, or timorous flock together throng'd,
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursu'd
With terrours and with furies to the bounds
And crystal wall of heav'n ; which op'ning wide, 860
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd
Into the wasteful deep : the monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse

Urg'd them behind : headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of heaven ; eternal wrath 865
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, hell saw
Heaven ruining from heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted ; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. 870
Nine days they fell : confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin : hell at last
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd ;
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire 876
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburden'd heaven rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.

Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes 880
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd :
To meet him all his saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd ; and, as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright, 885
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion giv'n,
Worthiest to reign ! He celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd 890
On high ; who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of Bliss.

Thus measuring things in heav'n by things on earth,
At thy request, and that thou mayst beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd 895
What might have else to human race been hid ;
The discord which beset, and war in heaven
Among th' angelic powers, and the deep fall

Book VI. PARADISE LOST.

165

Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd
With Satan; he who envies now thy state, 900
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that, with him
Bereav'd of happiness, thou mayst partake
His punishment, eternal misery;
Which would be all his solace and revenge, 905
As a despite done against the Most High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But listen not to his temptations, warn
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to' have heard
By terrible example the reward 910
Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

END of the SIXTH BOOK.



ARGUMENT of Book VII.

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory and attendance of angels to perform the work of the creation in six days: the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into heaven.



PARADISE LOST.



BOOK VII.



DEscend from heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following above th' Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegaséan wing.
The meaning, not the name, I call : for thou 5
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'ft ; but heavenly born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play 10
In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celestial song. Up-led by thee,
Into the heaven of heavens I have presum'd,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy temp'ring ; with like safety guided down, 15
Return me to my native element :
Lest from this flying steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a higher clime),
Disinounted, on th' Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn. 20
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere ;
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd

To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days, 25
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues ;
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude ; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east : still govern thou my song, 30
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears 35
To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice ; nor could the Muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores :
For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.
Say, Goddess, what ensu'd when Raphaël, 40
The affable archangel, had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware
Apostasy, by what befel in heaven
To those apostates, lest the like befall
In Paradise to Adam, or his race, 45
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
So easily obey'd, amid the choice
Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
Though wand'ring. He with his comforted Eve 50
The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration and deep muse, to hear
Of things so high and strange, things to their thought
So unimaginable as hate in heav'n,
And war so near the peace of God in bliss, 55
With such confusion : but the evil soon
Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 169

The doubts that in his heart arose : and now 60

Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know

What nearer might concern him, how this world

Of heaven and earth conspicuous first began,

When, and whereof created, for what cause,

What within Eden or without was done 65

Before his memory, as one whose drought

Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream,

Who liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,

Proceeded thus to ask his heavenly guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our ears, 70

Far diff'ring from this world, thou hast reveal'd,

Divine interpreter, by favour sent

Down from the empyréan to forwarn

Us timely' of what might else have been our loss,

Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach :

For which to th' infinitely Good we owe 76

Immortal thanks, and his admonishment

Receive with solemn purpose to observe

Immutably his sov'reign will, the end

Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf'd 80

Gently for our instruction to impart

Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd

Our knowing, as to highest Wisdom seem'd,

Deign to descend now lower, and relate

What may no less perhaps avail us known, 85

How first began this heaven, which we behold

Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd

Innumerable ; and this which yields or fills

All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd

Embracing round this florid earth ; what cause 90

Mov'd the Creator, in his holy rest

Through all eternity, so late to build

In Chaos ; and the work begun, how soon

Absolv'd ; if unforbid thou mayst unfold

What we, not to explore the secrets ask 95
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works, the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race though steep; suspense in heaven,
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears, 100
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth
Of nature from the unapparent deep:
Or if the star of evening and the moon
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring 105
Silence, and sleep list'ning to thee will watch;
Or we can bid his absence, till thy song
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought:
And thus the godlike angel answer'd mild. 110

This also thy request with caution ask'd
Obtain: though to recount almighty works
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve 115
To glorify the Maker, and infer
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
Thy hearing; such commission from above
I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain 120
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' invisable King,
Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night,
To none communicable in earth or heaven:
Enough is left besides to search and know. 125
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temp'rance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns

Book VII. PARADISE LOST.

171

Wisdom to folly', as nourishment to wind.

130

Know then, that after Lucifer from heaven
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of angels, than that star the stars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd 135
Victorious with his saints, the omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid 140
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of Deity supreme, us dispossess'd,
He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place here knows no more ;
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see, 145
Their station ; Heaven yet populous retains
Number sufficient to possess her realms
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With ministeries due and solemn rites.
But lest his heart exalt him in the harm 150
Already done, to have dispeopled heaven,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if such it be, to lose
Self-lost ; and in a moment will create
Another world, out of one man a race 155
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here ; till by degrees of merit rais'd,
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience try'd ;
And earth be chang'd to heaven, and heaven to earth,
One kingdom, joy and union without end. 161
Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye powers of heaven ;
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform ; speak thou, and be it done :

My overshadowing Spi'rit and might with thee 165
I send along ; ride forth, and bid the deep
Within appointed bounds be heaven and earth,
Boundless the deep, because I Am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.

Though I uncircumscrib'd myself retire, 170
And put not forth my goodness, which is free
To act or not, necessity and chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.

So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake
His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect. 175
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
Than time or motion ; but to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.

Great triumph and rejoicing was in heaven, 180
When such was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will :
Glory they sung to the Most High, good will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace !
Glory to him, whose just avenging ire
Had driv'n out th' ungodly from his sight, 185
And th' habitations of the just ; to him
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, instead
Of spi'rits malign a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse 190
His good to worlds and ages infinite !

So sang the Hierarchies. Mean while the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine ; sapience and love 195
Immenſe, and all his Father in him ſhone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And virtues, winged spi'rits, and chariots wing'd

Book VII. PARADISE LOST.

173

From th' armoury of God; where stand of old 200

Myriads between two brazen mountains lodge'd

Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,

Celestial equipage; and now came forth

Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd,

Attendant on their Lord: heaven open'd wide 205

Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound

On golden hinges moving, to let forth

The King of Glory in his powerful Word

And Spirit coming to create new worlds.

On heavenly ground they stood, and from the shore

They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss, 211

Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,

Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,

And surging waves, as mountains, to assault 214

Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

Silence, ye troubled waves! and thou deep, peace!

Said then th' omnific Word, your discord end:

Nor stay'd; but on the wings of Cherubim

Uplifted, in paternal glory rode

Far into Chaos, and the world unborn; 220

For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train

Follow'd in bright procession, to behold

Creation, and the wonders of his might.

Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand

He took the golden compasses, prepar'd 225

In God's eternal store, to circumscribe

This universe, and all created things:

One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd

Round thro' the vast profundity obscure,

And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds, 230

This be thy just circumference, O world.

Thus God the heaven created, thus the earth,

Matter uniform'd and void: darkness profound

Cover'd th' abyss: but on the watry calm

His brooding wings the Spi'rit of God outspread, 235

And vital virtue' infus'd, and vital warmth

Throughout the fluid mass; but downward purge'd

The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,

Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd

Like things to like, the rest to several place 240

Disparted, and between spun out the air,

And earth self-balanc'd on her centre hung.

Let there be light, said God; and forthwith light

Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,

Sprung from the deep, and from her native east 245

To journey through the airy gloom began,

Spher'd in a radiant cloud; for yet the sun

Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle

Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good;

And light from darkness by the hemisphere 250

Divided: light the day, and darkness night

He nam'd. Thus was the first day ev'n and morn:

Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung

By the celestial quires, when orient light

Exhaling first from darkness they beheld; 255

Birth-day of heaven and earth; with joy and shout

The hollow universal orb they fill'd,

And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd

God and his works; Creator him they sung,

Both when first ev'ning was, and when first morn.

Again, God said, Let there be firmament 261

Amid the waters, and let it divide

The waters from the waters: and God made

The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,

Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd 265

In circuit to the uttermost convex

Of this great round: partition firm and sure,

The waters underneath from those above

Dividing: for as earth, so he the world

Book VII. PARADISE LOST.

175

Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide

270

Cryſtalline ocean, and the loud miſrule

Of Chaos far remov'd, left fierce extremes

Contiguous might diſtemper the whole frame :

And heaven he nam'd the Firmament : ſo ev'n

And morning chorus ſung the ſecond day.

275

The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet

Of waters, embryo immature involv'd,

Appear'd not : over all the face of earth

Main ocean flow'd ; not idle, but with warm

Prolific humour ſoft'ning all her globe,

280

Fermented the great mother to conceive,

Satiate with genial moiſture ; when God ſaid,

Be gather'd now ye waters under heaven

Into one place, and let dry land appear.

Immediately the mountains huge appear

285

Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave

Into the clouds, their tops aſcend the ſky :

So high as heav'd the tumid hills, ſo low

Down ſunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,

Capacious bed of waters : thither they

290

Halted with glad precipitance, uproll'd

As drops on duſt conglobing from the dry ;

Part riſe in cryſtal wall, or ridge direct,

For haſte ; ſuch flight the great command impreſs'd

On the ſwift floods : as armies at the call

295

Of trumpet (ſor of armies thou haſt heard)

Troop to their ſtandard, ſo the watry throng,

Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,

If ſteep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,

Soft ebbing ; nor withſtood them rock or hill,

300

But they, or under ground, or circuit wide

With ſerpent-errour wand'ring, found their way,

And on the waſhy ooſe deep channels wore ;

Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,

All but within those banks, where rivers now 305
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters he call'd Seas :
And saw that it was good ; and said, Let th' earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed, 310
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green ; 316
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flower'd
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet : and these scarce blown,
Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring vine, forth crept
The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed 321
Imbattled in her field ; and th' humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit : last
Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
Their blossoms : with high woods the hills were
crown'd, 326
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain-side,
With borders long the rivers : that earth now
Seem'd like to heaven, a seat where gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt 330
Her sacred shades : though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was ; but from the earth a dewy mist
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which, ere it was in th' earth, 335
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green stem ; God saw that it was good :
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

Again th' Almighty spake, Let there be lights
 High in th' expanse of heaven, to divide 340
 The day from night; and let them be for signs,
 For seasons, and for days, and circling years;
 And let them be for lights, as I ordain
 Their office in the firmament of heaven,
 To give light on the earth; and it was so. 345
 And God made two great lights, great for their use
 To man, the greater to have rule by day,
 The less by night, altern; and made the stars,
 And set them in the firmament of heaven,
 To' illuminate the earth, and rule the day 350
 In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
 And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
 Surveying his great work, that it was good:
 For of celestial bodies first the sun
 A mighty sphere he fram'd, unlightsome first, 355
 Though of ethereal mould: then form'd the moon
 Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
 And sow'd with stars the heaven thick as a field:
 Of light by far the greater part he took,
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd 360
 In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
 And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
 Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
 Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
 Repairing, in their golden urns draw light, 365
 And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
 By tincture or reflection they augment
 Their small peculiar, though from human sight
 So far remote, with diminution seen.
 First in his east the glorious lamp was seen, 370
 Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
 His longitude thro' heaven's high road; the gray

Dawn, and the Pleiades before him dance'd,
Shedding sweet influence : less bright the moon, 375
But opposite in levell'd west was set,
His mirrour, with full face borrowing her light
From him; for other light she needed none
In that aspect; and still that distance keeps
Till night, then in the east her turn she shines, 380
Revolv'd on heaven's great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere : then first adorn'd
With their bright luminaries, that set and rose, 385
Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.

And God said, Let the waters generate
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul :
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Display'd on the' open firmament of heav'n. 390
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind ;
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them; saying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas, 396
And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill ;
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals 400
Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
Bank the mid sea : part single or with mate
Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and thro' groves
Of coral stray ; or sporting with quick glance, 405
Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold ;
Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment ; or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch : on smooth the seal,

Book VII. PARADISE LOST.

179

And bended dolphins play : part huge of bulk 410
 Wallowing unwieldly', enormous in their gait,
 Tempest the ocean : there leviathan,
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
 Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills 415
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.
 Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shiores,
 Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that soon
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
 Their callow young, but feather'd soon and fledge 420
 They summ'd their pens, and soaring th' air sublime,
 With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
 In prospect ; there the eagle and the stork
 On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build :
 Part loosely wing the region, part more wise 425
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
 Their airy caravan high over seas
 Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
 Easing their flight ; so steers the prudent crane 430
 Her annual voyage, borne on winds ; the air
 Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes :
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
 Solace'd the woods, and spread their painted wings
 Till ev'n ; nor then the solemn nightingale 435
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays :
 Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
 Their downy breast ; the swan with arched neck
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
 Her state with oary feet ; yet oft they quit 440
 The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tower
 The mid aerial sky : others on ground
 Walk'd firm ; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
 The silent hours ; and th' other, whose gay train

Adorns him, 'colour'd with the florid hue 445
Of rainbows and starry' eyes. The waters thus
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
Ev'ning and morn solemniz'd the fifth day.

The sixth, and of creation last, arose
With ev'ning harps and matin; when God said, 450
Let th' earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,
Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and strait
Op'ning her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms, 455
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose,
As from his lair, the wild beast where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd;
The cattle in the fields and meadows green: 460
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.
The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free 464
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tyger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheav'd 471
His vastness: fleec'd the flocks and bleating rose,
As plants: ambiguous between sea and land
The river-horse and scally crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground, 475
Insect or worm: those wav'd their limber fans
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,
With spots of gold and purple, azure and green:

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 181

These as a line their long dimension drew, 480
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Minims of nature; some of serpent-kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident 485
Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd,
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes
Of commonalty: swarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone 490
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them names
Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field, 495
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now heaven in all her glory shone, and roll'd.
Nor motions, as the great first Mover's hand 500
First wheel'd their course; earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd
Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd:
There wanted yet the master-work, the end 505
Of all yet done; a creature, who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endu'd
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence 510
Magnanimous to correspond with heaven,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore

And worship God supreme, who made him chief 515
Of all his works: therefore th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Present ?) thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let us make now man in our image, man
In our similitude, and let them rule 520
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man !
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd 525
The breath of life ; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Female for race ; then bless'd mankind, and said, 530
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,
And every living thing that moves on th' earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place 535
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste ;
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food 540
Gave thee ; all sorts are here that all th' earth yields,
Variety without end ; but of the tree,
Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may'st not ; in the day thou eat'st, thou dy'st ;
Death is the penalty impos'd ; beware, 545
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.
Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good

Book VII. PARADISE LOST.

183

So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day : 550
 Yet not till the Creator from his work
 Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
 Up to the heaven of heavens, his high abode,
 Thence to behold this new-created world,
 Th' addition of his empire, how it shew'd 555
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
 Answering his great idea. Up he rode,
 Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd
 Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air 560
 Refounded, (thou remember'it, for thou heard'it),
 The heavens and all the constellations rung,
 The planets in their station list'ning stood,
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
 Open ye everlasting gates! they sung; 565
 Open, ye heav'ns, your living doors! let in
 The great Creator from his work return'd
 Magnificent, his six days work, a world!
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men, 570
 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
 Thither will send his winged messengers
 On errands of supernal grace! So sung
 The glorious train ascending. He thro' heaven,
 That open'd wide her blazing portals, led 575
 To God's eternal house direct the way;
 A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
 And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
 Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
 Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest 580
 Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh
 Ev'ning arose in Eden; for the sun
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
 Forerunning night; when at the holy mount

Of Heaven's high seated top, th' imperial throne 585
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Power arriv'd, and sat him down
With his great Father ; for he also went
Invisible, yet stay'd, (such privilege
Hath Omnipresence), and the work, ordain'd, 590
Author and end of all things ; and from work
Now resting, blest'd and hallow'd the seventh day,
As resting on that day from all his work :
But not in silence holy kept ; the harp
Had work, and rested not ; the solemn pipe, 595
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire
Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or unison : of incense clouds,
Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount. 600
Creation and the six days acts they sung,
Great are thy works, Jehovah ! infinite
Thy power ! what thought can measure thee, or tongue
Relate thee ! greater now in thy return
Than from the giant-angels : thee that day 605
Thy thunders magnify'd ; but to create
Is greater than created to destroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy empire ! Easily the proud attempt
Of spi'rits apostate, and their counsels vain, 610
Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more thy might : his evil 615
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
Witness this new-made world, another heaven,
From heaven-gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea ;

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 185

Of amplitude almost immense, with stars 620
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
Of destin'd habitation ; but thou know'st
Their seasons : among these the seat of men,
Earth, with her nether ocean circumfus'd, 624
Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men,
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advance'd
Created in his image, there to dwell,
And worship him ; and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air ;
And multiply a race of worshippers, 630
Holy and just : thrice happy, if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright.

So sung they, and the empyréan rung,
With Hallelujahs : thus was Sabbath kept.
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd 635
How first this world and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning, that posterity,
Inform'd by thee, might know ; if else thou seek'st
Aught, not surpassing human measure say. 640

END of the SEVENTH BOOK.

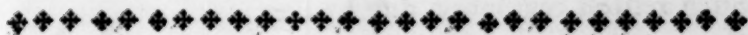


ARGUMENT of Book VIII.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions; is doubtfully answered; and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents; and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve; his discourse with the angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.



PARADISE LOST.



BOOK VIII.



THE angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear;
Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully reply'd.
What thanks sufficient, or what recompense 5
Equal have I to render thee, divine
Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf'd
This friendly condescension to relate
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard 10
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the High
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy solution can resolve.
When I behold this goodly frame, this world, 15
Of heaven and earth consisting, and compute
Their magnitudes, this earth a spot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compar'd,
And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll
Spaces incomprehensible, (for such 20
Their distance argues, and their swift return
Diurnal), merely to officiate light
Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,
One day and night, in all their vast survey

Useless besides ; reasoning I oft admire, 25
How nature wise and frugal could commit
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater so manifold, to this one use,
For aught appears, and on their orbs impose 30
Such restless revolution day by day
Repeated, while the sedentary earth,
That better might with far less compass move,
Serv'd by more noble than herself, attains
Her end without least motion, and receives, 35
As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light ;
Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.

So spake our fire, and by his count'nance seem'd
Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse ; which Eve 40
Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in sight,
With lowliness majestic from her seat,
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom, 45
Her nursery ; they at her coming sprung,
And touch'd by her fair tendence gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high : such pleasure she reserv'd, 50
Adam relating, she sole auditress ;
Her husband the relator she preferr'd
Before the angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather ; he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute 55
With conjugal caresses ; from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd ?
With goddesslike demeanor forth she went ;

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST.

189

Not unattended ; for on her, as queen, 60

A pomp of winning graces waited still,

And from about her shot darts of desire

Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.

And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd

Benevolent and facile, thus reply'd. 65

To ask or search I blame thee not ; for heav'n

Is as the book of God before thee set,

Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn

His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years.

This to attain, whether heaven move, or earth, 70

Imports not, if thou reckon right ; the rest

From man or angel the great Architect

Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge

His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought

Rather admire ; or if they list to try 75

Conjecture, he his fabric of the heavens

Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move

His laughter at their quaint opinions wide

Hereafter, when they come to model heaven,

And calculate the stars, how they will wield 80

The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive

To save appearances, how gird the sphere

With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,

Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.

Already by thy reasoning this I guess, 85

Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest

That bodies bright and greater should not serve

The less not bright, nor heaven such journeys run,

Earth sitting still, when she alone receives

The benefit. Consider first, that great 90

Or bright infers not excellence : the earth

Though, in comparison of heaven, so small,

Nor glist'ring, may of solid good contain

More plenty than the sun that barren shines,

Whose virtue on itself works no effect, 95
But in the fruitful earth; there first receiv'd
His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.
Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
Officious, but to thee, earth's habitant.
And for the heaven's wide circuit, let it speak 100
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far;
That man may know he dwells not in his own;
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest 105
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
The swiftness of those circles attribute,
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances could add 109
Speed almost spiritual: me thou think'st not slow,
Who since the morning hour set out from heaven,
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd
In Eden; distance inexpressible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the heavens, to show 115
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.
God, to remove his ways from human sense,
Plac'd heaven from earth so far, that earthly sight,
If it presume, might err in things too high, 121
And no advantage gain. What if the sun
Be centre to the world, and other stars
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds? 125
Their wand'ring course now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In fix thou seest; and what if sev'nth to these
The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,

Book VIII: PARADISE LOST.

191

Insensibly three different motions move ?

130

Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,

Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities ;

Or save the sun his labour, and that swift

Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb suppos'd,

Invisible else above all stars, the wheel

135

Of day and night ; which needs not thy belief,

If earth industrious of herself fetch day

Travelling east, and with her part averse

From the sun's beam meet night, her other part

Still luminous by his ray. What if that light

140

Sent from her through the wide transpicious air,

To the terrestrial moon be as a star

Enlight'ning her by day, as she by night

This earth ? reciprocal, if land be there,

Fields and inhabitants : her spots thou seest

145

As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce

Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat

Allotted there ; and other suns, perhaps,

With their attendant moons, thou wilt descry

Communicating male and female light ;

150

Which two great sexes animate the world,

Stor'd in each orb perhaps with some that live.

For such vast room in nature unpossess'd

By living soul, desert and desolate,

Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute

155

Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far

Down to this habitable, which returns

Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.

But whether thus these things, or whether not ;

Whether the sun predominant in heaven

160

Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun ;

He from the east his flaming road begin,

Or she from west her silent course advance

With inoffensive pace, that spinning sleeps

On her soft axle, while she paces even, 165
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along ;
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid ;
Leave them to God above, him serve and fear ;
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,
Wherever place'd; let him dispose : joy thou 170
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise,
And thy fair Eve ; heaven is for thee too high
To know what passes there ; be lowly wise :
Think only what concerns thee and thy being ;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there 175
Live, in what state, condition, or degree,
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd,
Not of earth only, but of highest heaven.

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd.
How fully hast thou satisfy'd me, pure 180
Intelligence of heaven, angel serene,
And freed from intricacies, taught to live
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares, 185
And not molest us, unless we ourselves
Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions vain.
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end ;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn, 190
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom : what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence, 195
And renders us, in things that most concern,
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 193

Useful, whence haply mention may arise 200
Of something not unseasonable to ask,
By suff'rance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.

Thee I have heard relating what was done
Ere my remembrance: now hear me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not hear'd ; 205
And day is yet not spent ; till then thou seest
How subtly to detain thee I devise,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply :
For while I sit with thee, I seem in heaven, 210
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree, pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
Of sweet repast : they satiate, and soon fill,
Though pleasant ; but thy words with grace divine
Imbu'd, bring to their sweetness no satiety. 216

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heavenly meek.
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, fire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent ; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd, 220
Inward and outward both, his image fair :
Speaking or mute, all comeliness and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms ;
Nor less think we in heaven of thee on earth
Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire 225
Gladly into the ways of God with man :
For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set
On man his equal love. Say therefore on ;
For I that day was absent, as besel,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure, 230
Far on excursion tow'ard the gates of hell ;
Squar'd in full legion, (such command we had),
To see that none thence issu'd forth a spy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work ;

Lest he incens'd at such eruption bold, 235
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.
Not that they durst without his leave attempt ;
But us he sends upon his high behests
For state, as Sov'reign King, and to inure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut 240
The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong ;
But long ere our approaching, heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light 245
Ere Sabbath-ev'ning : so we had in charge.
But thy relation now ; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine.

So spake the godlike Power, and thus our fire :
For man to tell how human life began 250
Is hard ; for who himself beginning knew ?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induce'd me. As new wak'd from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy sweet, which with his beams the sun 255
Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.
Strait toward heaven my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample sky, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright 260
Stood on my feet : about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams ; by these,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling ; all things smil'd, 265
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led :

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 195

But who I was, or where, or from what cause, 270
 Knew not; to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
 Whate'er I saw. Thou sun, said I, fair light,
 And thou enlightn'd earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains, 275
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
 Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
 In goodness and in power preeminent;
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore, 280
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,
 And feel that I am happier than I know.
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld
 This happy light; when answer none return'd, 285
 On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
 Pensive I sat me down: there gentle sleep
 First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
 My droused sense, untroubled, though I thought
 I then was passing to my former state 290
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,
 And liv'd. One came, methought, of shape divine,
 And said, Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise, 296
 First man, of men innumerable ordain'd
 First father; call'd by thee, I come thy guide
 To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.
 So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd, 300
 And over fields and waters, as in air
 Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
 A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,
 A circuit wide, inclos'd with goodliest trees

Planted, with walks, and bowers, that what I saw 305
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to th' eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream 310
Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Presence Divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell 315
Submits: he rear'd me', and Whom thou sought'st I am,
Said mildly, Author of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat: 320
Of every tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith, 325
Amid the garden by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die, 330
From that day mortal; and this happy state
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounce'd
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice 335
Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect
Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST.

197

Possess it, and all things that therein live,
 Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl.
 In sign whereof each bird and beast behold
 After their kinds; I bring them to receive
 From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
 With low subjection; understand the same
 Of fish within their watry residence,
 Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
 Their element, to draw the thinner air.
 As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
 Approaching two and two, these cowering low
 With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
 Their nature, with such knowledge God endu'd
 My sudden apprehension. But in these
 I found not what methought I wanted still;
 And to the heavenly vision thus presum'd.

349

345

350

355

O by what name, for thou above all these,
 Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
 Surpass'est far my naming, how may I
 Adore thee, Author of this universe,
 And all this good to man? for whose well-being
 So amply, and with hands so liberal,
 Thou hast provided all things: but with me
 I see not who partakes. In solitude
 What happiness, who can enjoy alone,
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
 Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
 As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.

360

365

What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth
 With various living creatures, and the air,
 Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
 To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not
 Their language and their ways? they also know,
 And reason not contemptibly; with these

370

Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large. 375
So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd
So ord'ring. I, with leave of speech implor'd,
And humble deprecation, thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak. 380

Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferiour far beneath me set?
Among unequals what society

Can sort, what harmony or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due 385
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparity

The one intense, the other still remiss,
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike. Of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek, fit to participate 390

All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human confort: they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lions; ;
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl 395
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd,
A nice and subtle happiness I see
Thou to thyself propos'st, in the choice 400

Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?

Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
Of happiness, or not? who am alone 405

From all eternity; for none I know
Second to me, or like; equal much less.
How have I then with whom to hold converse,
Save with the creatures which I made, and those

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST.

199

To me inferiour, infinite descents

410

Beneath what other creatures are to thee ?

He ceas'd ; I lowly answer'd. To attain
The height and depth of thy eternal ways

All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things !

Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee

415

Is no deficiency found : not so is man,

But in degree ; the cause of his desire

By conversation with his like to help,

Or solace his defects. No need that thou

Shouldst propagate, already infinite,

420

And through all numbers absolute, though one :

But man by number is to manifest

His single imperfection, and beget

Like of his like, his image multiply'd,

In unity defective, which requires

425

Collateral love, and dearest amity.

Thou in thy secrecy although alone,

Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not

Social communication ; yet so pleas'd,

Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt

430

Of union or communion, deify'd :

I by conversing cannot these erect

From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.

Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom us'd

Permissive, and acceptance found ; which gain'd

435

This answer from the gracious voice Divine.

Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd ;

And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,

Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself,

Expressing well the spi'rit within thee free,

440

My image, not imparted to the brute ;

Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee

Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike ;

And be so-mindèd still : I, ere thou spak'st,

Knew it not good for man to be alone; 445

And no such company as then thou saw'st

Intended thee, for trial only brought,

To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet :

What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,

Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self, 450

Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.

He ended, or I heard no more ; for now

My earthly by his heavenly overpower'd,

Which it had long stood under, strain'd to th' height

In that celestial colloquy sublime, 455

As with an object that excels the sense

Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair

Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd

By nature as in aid ; and clos'd mine eyes.

Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell 460

Of fancy, my internal sight, by which

Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,

Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape

Still glorious before whom awake I stood ;

Who stooping open'd my left side, and took 465

From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,

And life-blood streaming fresh ; wide was the wound,

But suddenly with flesh fill'd up, and heal'd :

The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands ;

Under his forming hands a creature grew, 470

Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,

That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now

Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,

And in her looks ; which from that time infus'd

Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before, 475

And into all things from her air inspir'd

The spi'rit of love, and amorous delight.

She disappear'd, and left me dark ; I wak'd

To find her, or for ever to deplore

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 201

Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure : 480

When out of hope, behold her, not far off,

Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd

With what all earth or heaven could bestow

To make her amiable : on she came,

Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen, 485

And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd

Of nuptial sanctity and marriage-rites :

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,

In every gesture dignity and love.

I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud. 490

This turn hath made amends ; thou hast fulfill'd

Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,

Giver of all things fair, but fairest this

Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see

Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself 495

Before me : woman is her name, of man

Extracted ; for this cause he shall forego

Father and mother, and to' his wife adhere ;

And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.

She heard me thus ; and though divinely brought,

Yet innocence, and virgin modesty, 501

Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,

That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,

Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,

The more desirable, or, to say all, 505

Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,

Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd :

I follow'd her ; she what was honour knew,

And with obsequious majesty approv'd

My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower 510

I led her blushing like the morn : all heaven,

And happy constellations, on that hour

Shed their selectest influence ; the earth

Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill ;

Joyous the birds ; fresh gales and gentle airs 515
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the ev'ning-star
On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp. 520

Thus I have told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy ; and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change, 525
Nor vehement desire ; these delicacies
I mean, of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds : but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch ; here passion first I felt, 530
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
Superiour and unmov'd, here only weak
Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.
Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain ; 535
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough ; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.

For well I understand in the prime end 540
Of nature her th' inferiour ; in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel ;
In outward also her resembling less
His image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that dominion given 545
O'er other creatures : yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself compleat, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,

Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best ; 550
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded ; wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discount'nance'd, and like folly shows ;
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made 555
Occasionally ; and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
Build in the loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic place'd.

To whom the angel, with contracted brow. 560
Accuse not nature, she hath done her part ;
Do thou but thine ; and be not diffident
Of Wisdom ; she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things 565
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.
For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,
An outside ? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,
Not thy subjection. Weigh with her thyself ; 570
Then value : oft-times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
Well manage'd ; of that skill the more thou know'st,
The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her shows : 575
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou mayst love
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
But if the sense of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated seem such dear delight 580
Beyond all other, think the same vouchsaf'd
To cattle and each beast ; which would not be
To them made common, and divulge'd, if aught
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue

The soul of man, or passion in him move. 585

What high'er in her society thou find'st

Attractive, human, rational, love still ;

In loving thou dost well, in passion not ;

Wherein true love consists not : love refines

The thoughts, and heart enlarges ; hath his seat 590

In reas'on, and is judicious ; is the scale

By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend ;

Not sunk in carnal pleasure ; for which cause

Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash'd Adam reply'd. 595

Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught

In procreation common to all kinds

(Though higher of the genial bed by far,

And with mysterious reverence I deem),

So much delights me, as those graceful acts, 600

Those thousand decencies that daily flow

From all her words and actions mix'd with love

And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd

Union of mind, or in us both one soul ;

Harmony to behold in wedded pair 605

More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear.

Yet these subject not : I to thee disclose

What inward thence I feel ; not therefore foil'd,

Who meet with various objects, from the sense

Variouly representing ; yet still free 610

Approve the best, and follow what I approve.

To love thou blam'st me not ; for love thou say'st

Leads up to heaven, is both the way and guide :

Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask :

Love not the heavenly spi'rits, and how their love 615

Express they, by looks only, or do they mix

Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch ?

To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd

Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,

Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st 620

Us happy', and without love no happiness.
Whatever pure thou in thy body' enjoy'st,
(And pure thou wert created), we enjoy
In eminence, and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars; 625
Easier than air with air, if spi'rits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need,
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
But I can now no more; the parting sun 630
Beyond the earth's green cape and verdant isles
Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.
Be strong, live happy', and love; but first of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed lest passion sway 635
Thy judgement to do aught, which else free will
Would not admit; thine, and of all thy sons,
The weal or woe in thee is place'd; beware.
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
And all the blest'd: stand fast; to stand or fall 640
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel.
So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part, 645
Go heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,
Sent from whose sov'reign goodness I adore.
Gentle to me, and affable, hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be' honour'd ever
With grateful memory: thou to mankind 650
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.
So parted they; the angel up to heaven
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

ARGUMENT of Book IX.

Satan having compassed the earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by night into Paradise, and enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours; which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alleging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her, found alone: Eve, loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields. The serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech and such understanding not till now; the serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: the serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; she, pleased with the taste, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not; at last brings him of the fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit: the effects thereof in them both: they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance, and accusation of one another.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

NO more of talk where God or angel guest
With man, as with his friend, familiar us'd
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblam'd : I now must change
Those notes to tragic ; foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal on the part of man, revolt,
And disobedience ; on the part of heaven
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n, 10
That brought into this world a world of woe,
Sin, and her shadow Death, and Misery
Death's harbinger : Sad task, yet argument
Not less, but more heroic than the wrath
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursu'd 15
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall ; or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd ;
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long
Perplex'd the Greek, and Cytherea's son ;
If answerable style I can obtain 20
Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse :

Since first this subject for heroic song 25
Pleas'd me, long chusing, and beginning late ;
Not sedulous by nature to indite
Wars, hitherto the only argument
Heroic deem'd, chief mast'ry to dissect
With long and tedious havock fabled knights 30
In battles feign'd ; the better fortitude
Of patience and heroic martyrdom
Unsung ; or to describe races and games,
Or tilting furniture, imblazon'd shields,
Impresses quaint, caparisons, and steeds ; 35
Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
At joust and tournament ; then marshall'd feast
Serv'd up in hall, with sewers, and feneshals ;
The skill of artifice or office mean,
Not that which justly gives heroic name 40
To person, or to poem. Me of these
Nor skill'd nor studious, higher argument
Remains, sufficient of itself to raise
That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing 45
Depress'd ; and much they may, if all be mine,
Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.
The sun was sunk, and after him the star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter 50
'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
Night's hemisphere had veil'd th' horizon round :
When Satan, who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd
In meditated fraud and malice, bent 55
On man's destruction, mangre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From compassing the earth, cautious of day,

Book IX. PARADISE LOST.

209

Since Uriel, regent of the sun, descry'd 60
 His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim
 That kept their watch ; thence full of anguish driv'n
 The space of sev'n continu'd nights he rode
 With darkness, thrice the equinoctial line
 He circled, four times cross'd the car of night 65
 From pole to pole, trav'ring each colure ;
 On th' eighth return'd, and on the coast averse
 From entrance or Cherubic watch, by stealth
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place, 69
 Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change
 Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise
 Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
 Rose up a fountain by the tree of life :
 In with the river sunk, and with it rose
 Satan, involv'd in rising mist ; then fought 75
 Where to lie hid : sea he had search'd, and land,
 From Eden over Pontus, and the pool
 Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob ;
 Downward as far antarctic ; and in length
 West from Orontes to the ocean barr'd 80
 At Darien, thence to the land where flows
 Ganges and Indus : thus the orb he roam'd
 With narrow search, and with inspection deep
 Consider'd ev'ry creature, which of all
 Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found 85
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
 Him after long debate, irresolute
 Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose
 Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide 90
 From sharpest sight : for in the wily snake,
 Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
 As from his wit and native subtlety
 Proceeding, which in other beasts observ'd

Doubt might beget of diabolic power 95
Active within beyond the sense of brute.
Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grief
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd.
O earth, how like to heav'n, if not preferr'd
More justly, feat worthier of gods, as built 100
With second thoughts, reforming what was old !
For what God after better worse would build ?
Terrestrial heav'n, dance'd round by other heavens
That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as seems, 105
In thee concent'ring all their precious beams
Of sacred influence ! As God in heav'n
Is centre, yet extends to all ; so thou
Cent'ring receiv'st from all those orbs : in thee,
Not in themselves, all their known virtue' appears
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth 111
Of creatures animate with gradual life
Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange 115
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves ! But I in none of these
Find place or refuge ; and the more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel 120
Torment within me', as from the hateful siege
Of contraries ; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in heaven much worse would be my state.
But neither here seek I, no nor in heaven
To dwell, unless by mast'ring heaven's Supreme ; 125
Nor hope to be myself less miserable
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound :
For only in destroying I find ease

Book IX. PARADISE LOST.

211

To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd, 130
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,
 For whom all this was made; all this will soon
 Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe:
 In woe then; that destruction wide may range:
 To me shall be the glory sole among 135
 The infernal powers, in one day to have marr'd
 What he Almighty styl'd, six nights and days
 Continu'd making, and who knows how long
 Before had been contriving, though perhaps
 Not longer than since I in one night freed 140
 From servitude inglorious well nigh half
 Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng
 Of his adorers: he, to be avenge'd,
 And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
 Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd 145
 More angels to create, if they at least
 Are his created, or, to spite us more,
 Determin'd to advance into our room
 A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
 Exalted from so base original, 150
 With heavenly spoils, our spoils: what he decreed,
 He' effected; man he made, and for him built
 Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,
 Him Lord pronounce'd, and, O indignity!
 Subjected to his service angel-wings, 155
 And flaming ministers to watch and tend
 Their earthly charge. Of these the vigilance
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
 Of midnight-vapour glide obscure, and pry
 In every bush and brake, where hap may find 160
 The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
 O foul descent! that I who erst contended
 With gods to sit the high'est, am now constrain'd

Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime, 165

This essence to incarnate and imbrute,

That to the height of deity aspir'd.

But what will not ambition and revenge

Descend to? Who aspires, must down as low

As high he soar'd, obnoxious, first or last, 170

To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,

Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils:

Let it; I reckon not, so it light well aim'd,

Since higher I fall short, on him who next

Provokes my envy, this new favourite 175

Of heaven, this man of clay, son of despite,

Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd

From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each thicket, dank or dry,

Like a black mist low creeping, he held on 180

His midnight-search, where soonest he might find

The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found

In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,

His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles:

Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den, 185

Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb

Fearless unfear'd he slept. In at his mouth

The Devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,

In heart or head, possessing, soon inspir'd

With act intelligential; but his sleep 190

Disturb'd not, waiting close the approach of morn.

Now when as sacred light began to dawn

In Eden on the humid flowers, that breath'd

Their morning-incense, when all things that breathe,

From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise 195

To the Creator, and his nostrils fill

With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,

And join'd their vocal worship to the quire

Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake

Book IX. PARADISE LOST.

213

The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs : 208

Then commune how that day they best may ply
Their growing work ; for much their work outgrew
The hands dispatch of two gard'ning so wide.
And Eve first to her husband thus began.

Adam, well may we labour still to dress 209

This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,
Our pleasant task injoin'd ; but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by restraint ; what we by day

Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind, 210

One night or two with wanton growth derides,
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,
Or bear what to my mind first thoughts present :

Let us divide our labours ; thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind 215

The woodbine round this arbour, or direct

The clasping ivy where to climb ; while I

In yonder spring of roses intermix'd

With myrtle, find what to redress till noon :

For while so near each other thus all day 220

Our task we chuse, what wonder if so near
Looks intervene, and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
Our day's work, brought to little, though begun
Early, and th' hour of supper comes unearn'd. 225

To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.

Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond

Compare, above all living creatures dear,

Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd.

How we might best fulfil the work which here 230

God hath assign'd us ; nor of me shalt pass
Unprais'd : for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.

Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd 235
Labour, as to debar us when we need
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow,
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food, 240
Love not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksome toil, but to delight
He made us, and delight to reason join'd.
These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide 245
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Assist us. But if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield:
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return. 250
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou know'st
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe
Envyng our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame 255
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish and best advantage, us asunder;
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other speedy aid might lend at need: 260
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealty from God, or to disturb
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side 265
That gave thee being, still shades thee, and protects.
The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

Book IX. PARADISE LOST.

215

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus reply'd.

270

Offspring of heaven and earth, and all earth's lord,
That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting angel overheard,
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then return'd at shut of ev'ning-flowers.

275

But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.

280

His violence thou fear'st not, being such
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.

His fraud is then thy fear; which plain infers

285

Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduce'd;

Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast,
Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words Adam reply'd.

290

Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve,
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:
Not diffident of thee do I dissuade

Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid

Th' attempt itself, intended by our foe.

295

For he who tempts, tho' in vain, at least asperges

The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd

Not incorruptible of faith, not proof

Against temptation: thou thyself with scorn

And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,

300

Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,

If such affront I labour to avert

From thee alone, which on us both at once

The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;

Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light. 305
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;
Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels; nor think superfluous others aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receive
Access in every virtue, in thy sight 310
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome, or over-reach'd,
Would utmost vigour raise, and rais'd unite.
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel 315
When I am present, and thy trial chuse
With me, best witness of thy virtue try'd?
So spake domestic Adam in his care
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought
Less attributed to her faith sincere, 320
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd.
If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit straitn'd by a foe,
Subtle or violent, we not endu'd
Single with like defence, wherever met, 325
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin: only our foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity: his foul esteem
Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns 330
Foul on himself; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd
By us? who rather double honour gain
From his surmise prov'd false; find peace within,
Favour from heaven, our witness from th' event.
And what is faith, love, virtue unassay'd 335
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?
Let us not then suspect our happy state
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single or combin'd.

Frail is our happiness, if this be so, 340

And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.

To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd.

O woman, best are all things as the will

Of God ordain'd them : his creating hand

Nothing imperfect or deficient left 345

Of all that he created ; much less man,

Or aught that might his happy state secure,

Secure from outward force ; within himself

The danger lies, yet lies within his power :

Against his will he can receive no harm. 350

But God left free the will ; for what obeys

Reason, is free ; and reason he made right,

But bid her well be ware, and still erect,

Left by some fair appearing good surpris'd

She dictate false, and misinform the will 355

To do what God expressly hath forbid.

Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins

That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.

Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve ;

Since reason not impossibly may meet 360

Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,

And fall into deception unaware,

Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.

Seek not temptation then, which to avoid

Were better, and most likely if from me 365

Thou sever not : trial will come unsought,

Wouldst thou approve thy constancy ? approve

First thy obedience ; th' other who can know,

Not seeing thee attempted ? who attest ?

But if thou think, trial unsought may find 370

Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,

Go ; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more ;

Go in thy native innocence, rely

On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,

For God tow'ards thee hath done his part, do thine.

So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve 376
Perfisted, yet submits, though last, reply'd.

With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd,
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought, 380
May find us both perhaps far less prepar'd,
The willinger I go; nor much expect
A foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse. 384

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
Soft she withdrew, and like a wood-nymph light
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves; but Delia's self
In gait surpass'd, and goddesslike deport;
Though not, as she, with bow and quiver arm'd, 390
But with such gard'ning tools as art yet rude,
Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Likest she seem'd, Pomona when she fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime, 395
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye pursu'd
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; she to him as oft engage'd 400
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presum'd return! event perverse! 405
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose;
Such ambush hid among sweet flowers and shades,
Waited with hellish rancour imminent

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 219

To intercept thy way, or send thee back 410
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.
For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them 415
The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.
In bower and field he sought, where any tuft
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,
Their tendance, or plantation for delight ;
By fountain or by shady rivulet 420
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
Eve separate ; he wish'd, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chance'd : when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood 425
Half spy'd, so thick the roses bushing round
About her glow'd ; oft stooping to support
Each flower of slender stalk, whose head though gay
Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unsustain'd : them she upstays 430
Gently with myrtle band ; mindless the while
Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk travèrs'd
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm ; 435
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
Among thick-woven arborets and flowers
Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve :
Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd
Or of reviv'd Adonis ; or renown'd 440
Alcinous, host of old Laertes son ;
Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
Much he the place admir'd, the person more.

As one who long in populous city pent, 445
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine, 450
Or dairy', each rural sight, each rural sound;
If chance, with nymphlike step, fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,
She most, and in her look sums all delight:
Such pleasure took the serpent to behold 455
This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus early, thus alone; her heavenly form
Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her ev'ry air
Of gesture, or least action, overaw'd 460
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:
That space the evil one abstracted stood
From his own ev'il, and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd, 465
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.
But the hot hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid heaven, soon ended his delight;
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure not for him ordain'd: then soon 470
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what sweet
Compulsion thus transported, to forget
What hither brought us! hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste 476
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying; other joy
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass

Book IX. PARADISE LOST.

221

Occasion which now smiles. Behold alone 480
 The woman, opportune to all attempts ;
 Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
 And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould ; 485
 Foe not formidable, exempt from wound ;
 I not ; so much hath hell debas'd, and pain
 Infeebled me, to what I was in heaven.
 She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods,
 Not terrible, though terrour be in love 490
 And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,
 Hate stronger, under show of love well feign'd,
 The way which to her ruin now I tend.

So spake the enemy' of mankind, inclos'd
 In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve 495
 Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
 Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,
 Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd
 Fold above fold, a surging maze ; his head
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes ; 500
 With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
 Flotted redundant : pleasing was his shape
 And lovely : never since of serpent kind
 Lovelier ; not those that in Illyria change'd 505
 Hermione and Cadmus, or the god
 In Epidaurus ; nor to which transform'd
 Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen ;
 He with Olympias, this with her who bore
 Scipio the height of Rome. With tract oblique 510
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd
 To interrupt, side-long he works his way.
 As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought
 Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind

Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail: 515
So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
To lure her eye. She busied heard the sound
Of rustling leaves; but minded not, as us'd
To such disport before her through the field, 520
From every beast, more duteous at her call,
Than at Circean call the herd disguis'd.
He bolder now, uncall'd before her stood,
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
His turret crest, and sleek enamell'd neck, 525
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
The eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal air, 530
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sov'reign mistress, if perhaps
Thou canst, who art sole wonder; much less arm
Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,
Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze 535
Insatiate; I thus single; nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celestial beauty' adore, 540
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
Where universally admir'd; but here
In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except, 545
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who should'st be
A goddess among gods, ador'd and serv'd [seen
By angels numberless, thy daily train.

So glaz'd the tempter, and his proem tun'd;

Into the heart of Eve his words made way, 550
 Though at the voice much marvelling; at length,
 Not unamaz'd, she thus in answer spake.

What may this mean? language of man pronounce'd
 By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?

The first at least of these I thought deny'd 555

To beasts, whom God on their creation-day
 Created mute to all articulate sound:

The latter I demur; for in their looks

Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.

Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field 560

I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;

Redouble then this miracle, and say,

How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how

To me so friendly grown above the rest

Of brutal kind that daily are in fight: 565

Say, for such wonder claims attention due?

To whom the guileful tempter thus reply'd.

Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve,

Easy it is to me to tell thee all [obey'd.

What thou command'st, and right thou shouldst be'

I was at first as other beast that graze 571

The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,

As was my food; nor aught but food discern'd

Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:

Till on a day roving the field, I chance'd 575

A goodly tree far distant to behold,

Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,

Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;

When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,

Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense 580

Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats

Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at ev'n,

Unfuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.

To satisfy the sharp desire I had

Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd 585
Not to defer ; hunger and thirst at once,
Pow'rful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urge'd me so keen.
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon ;
For high from ground the branches would require 590
Thy utmost reach, or Adam's : round the tree
All other beasts that saw, with like desire
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill 595
I spar'd not ; for such pleasure till that hour
At feed or fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reason in my inward powers, and speech 600
Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.
Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts ; and, with capacious mind,
Consider'd all things visible in heaven,
Or earth, or middle, all things fair and good ; 605
But all that fair and good in thy divine
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray,
United I beheld ; no fair to thine
Equivalent or second, which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come 610
And gaze, and worship thee, of right declar'd
Sov'reign of creatures, universal dame.
So talk'd the spirited sly snake ; and Eve,
Yet more amaz'd, unwary thus reply'd.
Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt 615
The virtue of that fruit, in thee first prov'd.
But say, where grows the tree, from hence how far ?
For many are the trees of God that grow
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown

Book IX. PARADISE LOST.

225

To us ; in such abundance lies our choice, 620
As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden Nature of her birth.

To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad. 625
Empress, the way is ready, and not long ;
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blowing myrrh and balm ; if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon. 630

Lead then, said Eve. He leading swiftly roll'd
In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest ; as when a wand'ring fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night 635
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil spi'rit attends,
Hovering, and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads th' amaz'd night-wand'rer from his way, 640
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.
So glister'd the dire snake, and into fraud
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe : 645
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to' excess ;
The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,
Wond'rous indeed, if cause of such effects. 650
But of this tree we may not taste nor touch ;
God so commanded, and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice ; the rest, we live
Law to ourselves, our reason is our law.

To whom the tempter guilefully reply'd. 655
Indeed ! hath God then said that of the fruit
Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,
Yet lords declar'd of all in earth or air ?

To whom thus Eve yet sinless. Of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat; 660
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst
The garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.

She scarce had said, tho' brief, when now more bold
The tempter, but with show of zeal and love 665
To man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on ; and as to passion mov'd,
Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act
Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.

As when of old some orator renown'd 670
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd
Stood in himself collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
Sometimes in height began, as no delay 675
Of preface brooking through his zeal of right:
So standing, moving, or to height up grown,
The tempter all impassion'd thus began.

O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,
Mother of science, now I feel thy power 680
Within me clear, not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.
Queen of this universe, do not believe
Those rigid threats of death ; ye shall not die : 685
How should ye ? by the fruit ? it gives you life
To knowledge ; by the threat'ner ? look on me,
Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd than fate

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 227

Meant me, by vent'ring higher than my lot. 690
 Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast
 Is open ? or will God incense his ire
 For such a petty trespass, and not praise
 Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
 Of death denounce'd, whatever thing death be, 695
 Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead
 To happier life, knowledge of good and evil ;
 Of good, how just ? of evil, if what is evil
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd ?
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just ; 700
 Not just, not God ; not fear'd then, nor obey'd :
 Your fear itself of death removes the fear.
 Why then was this forbid ? Why but to awe,
 Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
 His worshippers : he knows, that in the day 705
 Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
 Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as gods,
 Knowing both good and evil as they know.
 That ye shall be as gods, since I as man, 710
 Internal man, is but proportion meet ;
 I of brute, human ; ye of human, gods.
 So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
 Human, to put on gods ; death to be wish'd,
 Tho' threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring.
 And what are gods that man may not become 716
 As they, participating godlike food ?
 The gods are first, and that advantage use
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds :
 I question it ; for this fair earth I see, 720
 Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind,
 Them nothing : if they all things, who inclos'd
 Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
 That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains

Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies 725
Th' offence, that man should thus attain to know?

What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Impart against his will, if all be his?

Or is it envy? and can envy dwell

In heavenly breasts? these, these, and many more 730
Causes, import your need of this fair fruit.

Goddeſs humane, reach then, and freely taſte.

He ended; and his words replete with guile
Into her heart too eaſy entrance won:

Fix'd on the fruit ſhe gaz'd, which to behold 735

Might tempt alone; and in her ears the ſound

Yet rung of his perſuaſive words, impregn'd

With reaſon, to her ſeeming, and with truth;

Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd

An eager appetite, rais'd by the ſmell 740

So ſavoury of that fruit, which with deſire,

Inclinable now grown to touch or taſte,

Solicited her longing eye: yet firſt

Pausing a while, thus to herſelf ſhe muſ'd.

Great are thy virtues, doubtleſs, beſt of fruits, 745

Tho' kept from man, and worthy to be' admir'd;

Whoſe taſte, too long forborn, at firſt aſſay

Gave elocution to the mute, and taught

The tongue not made for ſpeech to ſpeak thy praiſe:

Thy praiſe he alſo who forbids thy uſe, 750

Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree

Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;

Forbids us then to taſte; but this forbidding

Commends thee more, while it infers the good

By thee communicated, and our want: 755

For good unknown, ſure is not had; or had,

And yet unknown, is as not had at all.

In plain then, what forbids he but to know,

Forbids us good, forbids us to be wiſe?

Such prohibitions bind not. But if death 760
Binds us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
How dies the serpent? he hath eat'n and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns, 765
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us deny'd
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?
For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which first
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy 770
The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I then, rather what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good and evil
Of God or death, of law or penalty? 775
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body' and mind?
So saying, her rash hand in evil hour 780
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:
Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
The guilty serpent: and well might; for Eve 785
Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else
Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,
In fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fancy'd so, through expectation high
Of knowledge; nor was Godhead from her thought.
Greedily she ingorge'd without restraint, 791
And knew not eating death. Sate at length,
And heighten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,
Thus to herself she pleasingly began.

O sov'reign, virtuous, precious of all trees 795
In Paradise, of operation blest'd
To sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without song, each morning; and due praise; 800
Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease
Of thy full branches, offer'd free to all;
Till dieted by thee I grow mature
In knowledge, as the gods, who all things know;
Though others envy what they cannot give; 805
For had the gift been theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Best guide; not following thee, I had remain'd
In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's way,
And giv'st access, though secret she retire. 810
And I perhaps am secret; heaven is high,
High, and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great forbidding, safe with all his spies 815
About him. But to Adam in what sort
Shall I appear? Shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happiness with me; or rather not,
But keep the odds of knowledge in my power 820
Without copartner? so to add what wants
In female sex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undesirable, sometime
Superiour; for inferiour who is free? 825
This may be well. But what if God have seen,
And death ensue? then I shall be no more,
And Adam, wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 231

A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve, 830
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe :
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life.

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd ;
But first low reverence done, as to the power 835
That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd
Into the plant scintilliant sap, deriv'd
From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while,
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flowers a garland to adorn 840
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harvest-queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd :
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill, 845
Mistake him ; he the salt-ring measure felt ;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That morn when first they parted. By the tree
Of knowledge he must pass ; there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning ; in her hand 850
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
To him she hasten'd ; in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt, 854
Which with bland words at will she thus address'd.

Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay ?
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy presence, agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice ; for never more
Mean I to try, what rash untry'd I sought, 860
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear.
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree
Of danger tasted, nor to' evil unknown

Op'ning the way ; but of divine effect 865
To open eyes, and make them gods who taste ;
And hath been tasted such : the serpent wise,
Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth 870
Endu'd with human voice and human sense,
Reasoning to admiration, and with me
Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I
Have also tasted, and have also found
Th' effects to correspond ; op'ner mine eyes, 875
Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to godhead ; which for thee
Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss ;
Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon. 880
Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love ;
Lest thou not tasting, different degree
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee, when fate will not permit. 885

Thus Eve with count'nance blithe her story told ;
But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.
On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,
Astonied stood, and blank, while horror chill 890
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd ;
From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed :
Speechless he stood, and pale ; till thus at length
First to himself he inward silence broke. 895

O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 233

How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost, 900

Deface'd, deflower'd, and now to death devote ?

Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress

The strict forbiddance, how to violate

The sacred fruit forbidd'n ? Some curst fraud

Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown ; 905

And me with thee hath ruin'd : for with thee

Certain my resolution is to die.

How can I live without thee, how forego

Thy sweet converse and love, so dearly join'd,

To live again in these wild woods forlorn ? 910

Should God create another Eve, and I

Another rib afford, yet loss of thee

Would never from my heart ; no, no, I feel

The link of nature draw me : flesh of flesh,

Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state 915

Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay

Recomforted, and, after thoughts disturb'd,

Submitting to what seem'd remediless,

Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd. 920

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, advent'rous Eve,

And peril great provok'd, who thus hast dar'd,

Had it been only coveting to eye

That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,

Much more to taste it, under ban to touch, 925

But past who can recal, or done undo ?

Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate : yet so

Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the fact

Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,

Profan'd first by the serpent, by him first 930

Made common and unhallow'd ere our taste :

Nor yet on him found deadly ; he yet lives,

Lives as thou saidst, and gains to live, as man,

Higher degree of life : Inducement strong

To us, as likely tasting to attain 935
Proportional ascent, which cannot be
But to be gods, or angels, demigods.
Nor can I think, that God, Creator wise,
Though threatning, will in earnest so destroy
Us his prime creatures, dignify'd so high, 940
Set over all his works ; which in our fall,
For us created, needs with us must fail,
Dependent made : so God shall uncreate,
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose ;
Not well conceiv'd of God, who though his power
Creation could repeat, yet would be loath 946
Us to abolish, lest the adversary
Triumph, and say ; Fickle their state whom God
Most favours ; who can please him long ? Me first
He ruin'd, now mankind ; whom will he next ? 950
Matter of scorn, not be given the foe.
However, I with thee have fix'd my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom : if death
Confort with thee, death is to me as life ;
So forcible within my heart I feel 955
The bond of nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine ;
Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,
One flesh ; to lose thee were to lose myself.
So Adam ; and thus Eve to him reply'd. 960
O glorious trial of exceeding love,
Illustrious evidence, example high !
Engaging me to emulate, but short
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
Adam ? from whose dear side I boast me sprung, 965
And gladly of our union hear thee speak,
One heart, one soul in both ; whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,
Rather than death, or aught than death more dread,

Book IX. PARADISE LOST.

235

Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear, 970

To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,

If any be, of tasting this fair fruit ;

Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,

Direct, or by occasion) hath presented

This happy trial of thy love, which else 975

So eminently never had been known.

Were it I thought death menace'd would ensue

This my attempt, I would sustain alone

The worst, and not persuade thee ; rather die

Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact 980

Pernicious to thy peace ; chiefly assur'd

Remarkably so late of thy so true,

So faithful love unequall'd : but I feel

Far otherwise th' event, not death, but life

Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys, 985

Taste so divine, that what of sweet before

Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.

On my experience, Adam, freely taste,

And fear of death deliver to the winds.

So saying, she embrace'd him, and for joy 990

Tenderly wept ; much won, that he his love

Had so ennobled, as of choice to' incur

Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.

In recompense (for such compliance bad

Such recompense best merits) from the bough 995

She gave him of that fair enticing fruit

With liberal hand : He scrupled not to eat,

Against his better knowledge ; not deceiv'd,

But fondly overcome with female charm.

Earth trembled from her intrails, as again 1000

In pangs ; and nature gave a second groan ;

Sky lour'd, and muttering thunder, some sad drops

Wept at completing of the mortal sin

Original ; while Adam took no thought,

Eating his fill ; nor Eve to iterate 1005
Her former trespasss fear'd, the more to sooth
Him with her lov'd society ; that now,
As with new wine intoxicated both,
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings 1010
Wherewith to scorn the earth. But that false fruit
Far other operation first display'd,
Carnal desire inflaming ; he on Eve
Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him
As wantonly repaid ; in lust they burn : 1015
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.

Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
And elegant, of sapience no small part,
Since to each meaning favour we apply,
And palate call judicious : I the praise 1020
Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
True relish, tasting ; if such pleasure be
In things to us forbidd'n, it might be wish'd, 1025
For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,
As meet is, after such delicious fare ;
For never did thy beauty since the day
I saw thee first, and wedded thee, adorn'd 1030
With all perfections, so inflame my sense
With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent ; well understood 1035
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbower'd,
He led her nothing loath ; flowers were the couch,

Book IX. PARADISE LOST.

237

Panfies, and violets, and asphodel, 1040

And hyacinth, earth's freshest, softest lap.

There they their fill of love, and love's disport

Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,

The solace of their sin; till dewy sleep

Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.

 Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit, 1046

That with exhilarating vapour bland

About their spi'rits had play'd, and inmost powers

Made err, was now exhal'd; and grosser sleep

Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams 1050

Incumber'd, now had left them; up they rose

As from unrest, and each the other viewing,

Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds

How darken'd; innocence, that as a veil 1054

Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,

Just confidence, and native righteoufness,

And honour from about them, naked left

To guilty shame; he cover'd, but his robe

Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong,

Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap 1060

Of Philistean Dalilah, and wak'd

Shorn of his strength; they destitute and bare

Of all their virtue: silent, and in face

Confounded, long they sat, as stricken mute;

Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd, 1065

At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.

 O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear

To that false worm, of whomsoever taught

To counterfeit man's voice; true in our fall,

False in our promis'd rising; since our eyes 1070

Open'd we find indeed, and find we know

Both good and evil, good lost, and evil got,

Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,

Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,

Of innocence, of faith, of purity, 1075
Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,
And in our faces evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
Ev'n shame, the last of evils; of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face 1080
Henceforth of God or angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? those heavenly shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
Insufferably bright. O might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade 1085
Obscur'd, where highest woods impenetrable
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening! Cover me, ye pines,
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more! 1090
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may for the present serve to hide
The parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen;
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sow'd,
And girded on our loins, may cover round 1096
Those middle parts, that this new comer, shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsell'd he, and both together went
Into the thickest wood: there soon they chose 1100
The fig-tree; not that kind for fruit renown'd;
But such as at this day to Indians known
In Malabar or Decan, spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade 1106
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between;
There oft the Indian herdsman shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 239

At loopholes cut through thickest shade: those leaves
 They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe; 1111
 And with what skill they had, together sow'd,
 To gird their waist; vain covering, if to hide
 Their guilt and dreaded shame! O how unlike
 To that first naked glory! Such of late 1115
 Columbus found th' American, so girt
 With feather'd cincture, naked else and wild
 Among the trees, on isles and woody shores.
 Thus fence'd, and, as they thought, their shame in part
 Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind, 1120
 They sat them down to weep: nor only tears
 Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within
 Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook fore
 Their inward state of mind; calm region once, 1125
 And full of peace, now tost and turbulent:
 For understanding rul'd not, and the will
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
 To sensual appetite, who from beneath
 Usurping, over sov'reign reason claim'd 1130
 Superiour sway: from thus distemper'd breast,
 Adam, estrange'd in look and alter'd style,
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.

Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and stay'd
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange 1135
 Desire of wand'ring this unhappy morn,
 I know not whence possess'd thee: we had then
 Remain'd still happy; not, as now, despoil'd
 Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to' approve
 The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek 1141
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.

To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus Eve.
 What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam severe!

Imput'st thou that to my default, or will 1145
Of wandring, as thou call'st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been there,
Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd
Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake; 1150
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.
Was I to' have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.
Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head, 1155
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger as thou saidst?
Too facile then thou didst not much gainsay,
Nay didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent, 1160
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.
To whom, then first incens'd, Adam reply'd.
Is this the love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, express'd
Immutable, when thou wert lost, not I; 1165
Who might have liv'd, and joy'd immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?
And am I now upbraided as the cause
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more? 1170
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
And force upon free will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, secure 1175
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial: and perhaps
I also err'd in overmuch admiring
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought

Book IX. PARADISE LOST.

241

No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue 1180
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in women overtrusting,
Lest her will rule: restraint she will not brook;
And left to' herself, if evil thence ensue, 1185
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.

Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self condemning,
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

END of the NINTH BOOK.



ARGUMENT of Book X.

Man's transgression known, the guardian angels forsake Paradise, and return up to heaven to approve their vigilance; and are approved, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors; who descends, and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and reascends. Sin and Death, sitting till then at the gates of hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of man: to make the way easier from hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad high-way or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then preparing for earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against man; instead of applause, is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed with himself also suddenly into serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then deluded with a show of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death: God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his angels to make several alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails; rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not; but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

MEANWHILE the heinous and dispiteful act
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
He in the serpent had perverted Eve,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in heaven; for what can 'scape the eye 5
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart
Omniscient? who in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
Of man, with strength entire, and free-will arm'd,
Complete to have discover'd and repuls'd 10
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.
For still they knew, and ought to' have still remember'd
The high injunction not to taste that fruit,
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty, 15
And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.

Up into heaven from Paradise in haste
Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
For man; for of his state by this they knew,
Much wond'ring how the subtle fiend had stol'n 20
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From earth arriv'd at heaven-gate, displeas'd
All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare
That time celestial visages, yet mix'd

With pity, violated not their bliss. 25
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know
How all befel: they tow'ards the throne supreme
Accountable made haste, to make appear
With righteous plea their utmost vigilance; 30
And easily approv'd: when the Most High
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud,
Amidst in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

Assembled angels, and ye powers return'd
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd, 35
Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
When first this temper cross'd the gulf from hell.
I told ye then he should prevail and speed 40
On his bad errand; man should be seduce'd
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker; no decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse 45
His free will, to her own inclining left
In even scale. But fall'n he is: and now
What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
On his transgression, death denounce'd that day?
Which he presumes already vain and void, 50
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee 55
Vicegerent Son? to thee I have transferr'd
All judgement, whether in heaven, or earth, or hell.
Easy it may be seen that I intend
Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee,

Book X. PARADISE LOST.

245

Man's friend, his Mediator, his design'd 60

Both ransom and Redeemer voluntary,

And destin'd man himself to judge man fall'n.

So spake the Father, and unfolding bright
Tow'ard the right hand his glory, on the Son

Blaz'd forth unclouded Deity : he full 65

Resplendent all his Father manifest

Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild.

Father eternal, thine is to decree ;

Mine both in heaven and earth to do thy will

Supreme, that thou in me thy Son belov'd 70

Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge

On earth these thy transgressors ; but thou know'st,

Whoever judge'd, the worst on me must light,

When time shall be ; for so I undertook

Before thee' ; and not repenting, this obtain 75

Of right, that I may mitigate their doom,

On me deriv'd : yet I shall temper so

Justice with mercy', as may illustrate most

Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease.

Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none

Are to behold the judgement, but the judge'd, 81

Those two ; the third best absent is condemn'd,

Convict by flight, and rebel to all law :

Conviction to the serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose 85

Of high collateral glory' : him thrones and powers,

Princedom, and dominations ministrant

Accompanied to heaven-gate, from whence

Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.

Down he descended strait ; the speed of Gods 90

Time counts not, tho' with swiftest minutes wing'd.

Now was the sun in western cadence low

From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour

To fan the earth now wak'd, and usher in

The ev'ning cool ; when he, from wrath more cool, 95
Came, the mild Judge and Intercessour both,
To sentence man. The voice of God they heard
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declin'd ; they heard,
And from his presence hid themselves among 100
The thickest trees, both man and wife ; till God
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.

Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off ? I miss thee here,
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude, 105
Where obvious duty' ere while appear'd unsought :
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains ? Come forth.

He came, and with him Eve, more loath, tho' first
To' offend : discount'nance'd both, and discompos'd :
Love was not in their looks, either to God 111
Or to each other ; but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy', and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam faltring long, thus answer'd brief. 115
I heard thee in the gard'n, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom
The gracious judge without revile reply'd.
My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
But still rejoice'd ; how is it now become 120
So dreadful to thee ? that thou' art naked, who
Hath told thee ? hast thou eaten of the tree,
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat ?

To whom thus Adam fore beset reply'd.
O heaven ! in evil strait this day I stand 125
Before my Judge, either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life ;
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,

Book X. PARADISE LOST.

247

I should conceal, and not expose to blame 130

By my complaint: but strict necessity

Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,

Lest on my head both sin and punishment,

However insupportable, be all

Devolv'd; tho' should I hold my peace, yet thou

Wouldst easily detect what I conceal. 136

This woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,

And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,

So fit, so acceptable, so divine,

That from her hand I could suspect no ill; 140

And what she did, whatever in itself,

Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;

She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.

To whom the Sov'reign Presence thus reply'd.

Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey 145

Before his voice? or was she made thy guide,

Superiour, or but equal, that to her

Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place

Wherein God set thee' above her, made of thee,

And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd 150

Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd

She was indeed, and lovely to attract

Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts

Were such as under government well seem'd,

Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part 155

And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.

So having said, he thus to Eve in few.

Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom said Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd,

Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge 160

Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd reply'd.

The serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay

To judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd

Serpent though brute, unable to transfer 165
The guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation; justly then accurs'd,
As vitiated in nature : more to know
Concern'd not man, (since he no further knew), 170
Nor alter'd his offence ; yet God at last
To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,
Though in mysterious terms, judge'd as then best :
And on the serpent thus his curse let fall.
Because thou hast done this, thou art accurs'd 175
Above all cattle, each beast of the field ;
Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her seed ; 180
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this oracle, then verify'd
When Jesus son of Mary, second Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from heaven,
Prince of the air ; then rising from his grave 185
Spoil'd principalities and powers, triumph'd
In open show, and with ascension bright
Captivity led captive through the air,
The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd ;
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet ; 190
Ev'n he who now foretold his fatal bruise,
And to the woman thus his sentence turn'd.
Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception ; children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth ; and to thy husband's will 195
Thine shall submit ; he over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgement he pronounce'd.
Because thou' hast hearken'd to th' voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree, concerning which

Book X. PARADISE LOST. 249

I charg'd thee, say'ing, Thou shalt not eat thereof: 200
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
Thorns also' and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid; and thou shalt eat th' herb of the field.
In the sweet of thy face shalt thou eat bread, 205
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

So judge'd he man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
And th' instant stroke of death denounc'd that day 210
Remov'd far off; then pitying how they stood
Before him naked to the air, that now
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume:
As when he wash'd his servants feet, so now, 215
As father of his family, he clad
Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid;
And thought not much to clothe his enemies:
Nor he their outward only with the skins 220
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness,
Arraying cover'd from his Father's sight.
To him with swift ascent he up return'd,
Into his blissful bosom reassum'd 225
In glory as of old; to him appeas'd,
All, tho' all-knowing, what had pass'd with man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.
Meanwhile, ere thus was sinn'd and judge'd on earth,
Within the gates of hell sat Sin and Death, 230
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into Chaos, since the fiend pass'd through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.

O son, why sit we here each other viewing 235
Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives
In other worlds, and happier feat provides
For us his offspring dear? It cannot be
But that success attends him; if mishap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n 240
By his avengers; since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and dominion given me large
Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on, 245
Or sympathy, or some connat'ral force,
Powerful at greatest distance to unite,
With secret amity, things of like kind,
By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade
Inseparable, must with me along: 250
For Death from Sin no power can separate.
But lest the difficulty of passing back
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
Impassable, impervious, let us try
Advent'rous work, yet to thy power and mine 255
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this main from hell to that new world
Where Satan now prevails; a monument
Of merit high to all th' infernal host,
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse, 260
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new-felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meagre shadow answer'd soon.
Go whither fate and inclination strong 265
Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading; such a scent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The favour of death from all things there that live:

Book X. PARADISE LOST.

251

Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest

270

Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, tho' many a league remote,
Against the day of battle, to a field,

275

Where armies lie incamp'd, come flying, lur'd
With scent of living carcases design'd

For death, the following day, in bloody fight:

So scented the grim feature, and upturn'd

His nostril wide into the murky air,

280

Sagacious of his quarry from so far.

Then both from out hell-gates, into the waste

Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,

Flew diverse; and with power (their power was great)

Hovering upon the waters, what they met

285

Solid or slimy, as in raging sea

Toft up and down, together crouded drove,

From each side shoaling tow'ards the mouth of hell:

As when two polar winds, blowing adverse

Upon the Cronian sea, together drive

290

Mountains of ice, that stop th' imagin'd way

Beyond Petfora eastward, to the rich

Cathanian coast. The aggregated soil

Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,

As with a trident smote, and fix'd his firm

295

As Delos floating once; the rest his look

Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move;

And with Asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,

Deep to the roots of hell the gather'd beach

They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on, 300

Over the foaming deep high arch'd; a bridge

Of length prodigious, joining to the wall

Immoveable of this new fenceless world

Forfeit to death; from hence a passage broad,

Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to hell. 305
So, if great things to small may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa his Memnonian palace high
Came to the sea, and over Hellespont
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd, 310
And scourge'd with many a stroke th' indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wond'rous art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock,
Over the vex'd abyfs, following the track
Of Satan, to the self-same place where he 315
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare
Of this round world : with pins of adamant,
And chains, they made all fast ; too fast they made,
And durable ; and now in little space 320
The confines met of empyréan heaven,
And of this world, and on the left hand hell
With long reach interpos'd ; three several ways
In sight, to each of these three places led.
And now their way to earth they had descry'd, 325
To Paradise first tending ; when behold
Satan, in likeness of an angel bright,
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
His zenith, while the Sun in Aries rose :
Disguis'd he came ; but those his children dear 330
Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
He, after Eve seduce'd, unminded slunk
Into the wood fast by, and changing shape
To' observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded 335
Upon her husband, saw their shame that sought
Vain covertures ; but when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd
He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun

Book X. PARADISE LOST. 253

The present, fearing guilty what his wrath 340
 Might suddenly inflict ; that pass'd, return'd
 By night, and list'ning where the hapless pair
 Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
 Thence gather'd his own doom ; which understood
 Not instant, but of future time, with joy 345
 And tidings fraught, to hell he now return'd ;
 And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
 Of this new wond'rous pontifice, unhop'd
 Met, who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
 Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight 350
 Of that stupendous bridge his joy increas'd.
 Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
 Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke.

O parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
 Thy tophies, which thou view'st as not thine own ;
 Thou art their author and prime architect : 356
 For I no sooner in my heart divin'd,
 My heart, which by a secret harmony
 Still moves with thine, join'd in connection sweet,
 That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks
 Now also evidence, but strait I felt 361
 Tho' distant from thee worlds between, yet felt
 That I must after thee with this thy son ;
 Such fatal consequence unites us three.
 Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds, 365
 Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
 Detain from following thy illustrious track.
 Thou hast achiev'd our liberty, confin'd
 Within hell-gates till now ; thou us impower'd
 To fortify thus far, and overlay 370
 With this portentous bridge the dark abyss.
 Thine now is all this world ; thy virtue hath won
 What thy hands builded not, thy wisdom gain'd
 With odds what war hath lost, and fully' avenge'd

Our foil in heaven ; here thou shalt monarch reign,
There didst not ; there let him still victor sway, 376
As battle hath adjudg'd, from this new world
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
Of all things parted by th' empyreal bounds, 380
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world,
Or try thee now more dange'rous to his throne.

Whom thus the prince of darkness answer'd glad.
Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both,
High proof ye now have given to be the race 385
Of Satan, (for I glory in the name,
Antagonist of heaven's Almighty King),
AmPLY have merited of me, of all
Th' infernal empire, that so near heaven's door
Triumphal with triumphal act have met, 390
Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm
Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
Of easy thorough-fare. Therefore while I
Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,
To my associate powers, them to acquaint 395
With these successes, and with them rejoice ;
You two this way, among these numerous orbs,
All yours, right down to Paradise descend ;
There dwell, and reign in bliss ; thence on the earth
Dominion exercise, and in the air 400
Chiefly on man, sole lord of all declar'd ;
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
My substitutes I send ye, and create
Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might
Issuing from me : on your joint vigour now 405
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Thro' Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joint power prevail, th' affairs of hell
No detriment need fear ; go, and be strong.

So saying, he dismiss'd them ; they with speed 410
Their course thro' thickest constellations held,
Spreading their bane ; the blasted stars look'd wan,
And planets, planet struck, real eclipse
Then suffer'd. Th' other way Satan went down
The causey to hell-gate ; on either side 415
Disparted Chaos over-built exclaim'd,
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,
That scorn'd his indignation : thro' the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,
And all about found desolate ; for those 420
Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,
Flown to the upper world ; the rest were all
Far to th' inland retir'd, about the walls
Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat
Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd, 425
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd.
There kept their watch the legions, while the grand
In council sat, solicitous what chance
Might intercept their empe'ror sent ; so he
Departing gave command, and they observ'd. 430
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,
By Astracan, over the snowy plains,
Retires ; or Bactrian Sophi from the horns
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat 435
To Tauris or Casbeen : so these, the late
Heaven-banish'd host, left desert utmost hell
Many a dark league, reduce'd in careful watch
Round their metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great advent'rer from the search 440
Of foreign worlds. He through the midst unmark'd,
In show plebeian angel militant
Of lowest order, pass'd ; and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible

Ascended his high throne, which under state 445
Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end
Was place'd in regal lustre. Down a while
He sat, and round about him saw unseen :
At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad 450
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter. All amaz'd
At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng
Bent their aspect; and whom they wish'd beheld,
Their mighty chief return'd: loud was th' acclaim :
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers, 456
Rais'd from their dark divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention won.

Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,
For in possession such, not only' of right, 461
I call ye, and declare ye now, return'd
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accurs'd, the house of woe, 465
And dungeon of our tyrant : now possess,
As lords, a spacious world, to' our native heaven
Little inferiour, by my adventure hard
With peril great achiev'd. Long were to tell
What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain 470
Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep
Of horrible confusion, over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, force'd to ride 475
Th' untractable abyfs, plunge'd in the womb
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,
That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely' oppos'd
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar

Book X. PARADISE LOST. 257

Protesting Fate supreme ; thence how I found 480

The new-created world, which fane in heaven

Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful

Of absolute perfection, therein man

Place'd in a Paradise, by our exile

Made happy : Him by fraud I have seduce'd 485

From his Creator, and, the more to' increase

Your wonder, with an apple ; he thereat

Offended, worth your laughter, hath given up

Both his beloved man and all his world,

To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us, 490

Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,

To range in, and to dwell, and over man

To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.

True is, me also he hath judge'd, or rather

Me not, but the brute serpent, in whose shape 495

Man I deceiv'd : that which to me belongs,

Is enmity, which he will put between

Me and mankind ; I am to bruise his heel ;

His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head :

A world who would not purchase with a bruise, 500

Or much more grievous pain ? Ye have th' account

Of my performance : what remains ye gods,

But up, and enter now into full bliss ?

So having said, a while he stood, expecting

Their universal shout and high applause 505

To fill his ear ; when, contrary, he hears

On all sides, from innumerable tongues,

A dismal universal hiss, the sound

Of public scorn : he wonder'd, but not long

Had leisure, wond'ring at himself now more ; 510

His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,

His arms clung to his ribs, his legs intertwining

Each other, till supplanted down he fell

A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant ; but in vain, a greater power 515
Now rul'd him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,
According to his doom : he would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue
To forked tongue ; for now were all transform'd
Alike, to serpents all, as accessories 520
To his bold riot : dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters head and tail ;
Scorpion and Asp, and Amphibæna dire,
Ceraustes horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear, 525
And Dipsas, (not so thick swarm'd once the soil
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle
Ophiusa) : but still greatest he the midst,
Now dragon grown, larger than whom the sun
Ingender'd in the Pythian vale on slime, 530
Huge Python, and his power no less he seem'd
Above the rest still to retain : they all
Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open field,
Where all yet left of that revolted rout
Heaven-fallen, in station stood or just array, 535
Sublime with expectation when to see
In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief :
They saw, but other sight instead, a croud
Of ugly serpents ; horrour on them fell,
And horrid sympathy ; for what they saw, 540
They felt themselves now changing ; down their arms,
Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
Catch'd by contagion ; like in punishment, 544
As in their crime. Thus was th' applause they meant,
Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood

A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their pennance, laden with fair fruit, like that 550
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
Us'd by the tempter : on that prospect strange
Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden tree a multitude
Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame ; 555
Yet parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain ;
But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees
Climbing, fat thicker than the snaky locks
That curl'd Megæra : greedily they pluck'd 560
The fruitage fair to fight, like that which grew
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd ;
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
Deceiv'd : they fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit 565
Chew'd bitter ashes, which th' offended taste
With spattering noise rejected : oft they' assay'd,
Hunger and thirst constraining, drudge'd as oft,
With hatefullest disrelish writh'd their jaws
With soot and cinders fill'd : so oft they fell 570
Into the same illusion ; not as man, [plagu'd
Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were they
And worn with famine, long and ceaseless his,
Till their lost shape, permitted, they resum'd ;
Yearly injoin'd, some say, to undergo 575
This annual humbling certain number'd days,
To dash their pride, and joy for man seduce'd.
However, some tradition they dispers'd
Among the Heathen of their purchase got,
And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd 580
Ophion with Euronyme, the wide-

Incroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driv'n
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.

Meanwhile in Paradise the hellish pair 585
Too soon arriv'd, Sin there in power before,
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant ; behind her Death
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse : to whom Sin thus began. 590

Second of Satan sprung, all-conqu'ring Death,
What think'st thou of our empire now, tho' earn'd
With travel-difficult, not better far
Than still at hell's dark threshold to' have sat watch,
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyself half starv'd? 595

Whom thus the Sin-born monster answer'd soon.
To me, who with eternal famine pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,
There best, where most with ravin I may meet ;
Which here, tho' plenteous, all too little seems 600
To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corpse.

To whom th' incestuous mother thus reply'd.
Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers
Feed first, on each beast next, and fish, and fowl,
No homely morsels ; and whatever thing 605
The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspar'd ;
Till I in man residing, through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them several ways, 610
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature
Sooner or latter : which th' Almighty seeing,
From his transcendent seat the faints among,
To those bright orders utter'd thus his voice. 615

See with what heat these dogs of hell advance
To waste and havock yonder world, which I
So fair and good created, and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly' of man
Let in these wasteful furies; who impute 620
Folly to me; so doth the prince of hell,
And his adherents, that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heavenly, and conniving seem
To gratify my scornful enemies, 625
That laugh, as if transported with some fit
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule;
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither,
My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth 630
Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorge'd, nigh burst
With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave at last 635
Thro' Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
Then heaven and earth renew'd shall be made pure
To sanctity that shall receive no stain:
Till then the curse pronounce'd on both precedes. 640
He ended, and the heavenly audience loud
Sung Halleluiah, as the sound of seas,
Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son, 645
Destin'd restorer of mankind, by whom
New heaven and earth shall to the ages rise,
Or down from heaven descend. Such was their song,
While the Creator calling forth by name

His mighty angels, gave them several charge, 650
As sorted best with present things. The sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable ; and from the north to call
Decrepit winter ; from the south to bring 655
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blank moon
Her office they prescrib'd ; to th' other five
Their planetary motions and aspects,
In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join 660
In synod unbenign ; and taught the fix'd
Their influence malignant when to shower ;
Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous : to the winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound 665
Sea, air, and shore, the thunder when to roll
With terrour through the dark æreal hall.
Some say he bid his angels turn ascanse
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
From the sun's axle ; they with labour push'd 670
Oblique the centric globe : some say the sun
Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road
Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven
Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,
Up to the Tropic Crab ; thence down amain 675
By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime ; else had the spring
Perpetual smil'd on earth with vernal flowers,
Equal in days and nights, except to those 680
Beyond the polar circles ; to them day
Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun
To recompense his distance, in their sight

Book X. PARADISE LOST.

263

Had rounded still th' horizon, and not known
 Or east or west, which had forbid the snow 685
 From cold Estotiland, and south as far
 Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit
 The Sun, as from Thyrsean banquet, turn'd
 His course intended; else how had the world
 Inhabited, though sinless, more than now, 690
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
 These changes in the heavens, tho' slow, produce'd
 Like change on sea and land, sidereal blast,
 Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,
 Corrupt and pestilent: now from the north 695
 Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice
 And snow, and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,
 Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,
 And Thracias, rend the woods, and seas upturn; 700
 With adverse blast upturns them from the south
 Notus and Afer black with thundrous clouds
 From Sierraleon; thwart of these as fierce
 Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,
 Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise, 705
 Sirocco, and Libeccio. Thus began
 Outrage from lifeless things: but Discord first,
 Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational
 Death introduce'd through fierce antipathy: 709
 Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
 And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving,
 Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
 Of man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
 Glar'd on him passing. These were from without
 The growing miseries, which Adam saw 715
 Already' in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
 To sorrow' abandon'd; but worse felt within,

And in a troubled sea of passion tost,
Thus to disburden fought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happy' ! is this the end 720

Of this new glorious world, and me so late

The glory of that glory, who now become

Accurs'd of blessed ? hide me from the face

Of God, whom to behold was then my height

Of happiness ! yet well, if here would end 725

The misery ; I deserv'd it, and would bear

My own deservings : but this will not serve ;

All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,

Is propagated curse. O voice once heard

Delightfully, *Increase and multiply*, 730

Now death to hear ! for what can I increase

Or multiply, but curses on my head ?

Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling

The evil on him brought by me, will curse

My head ? Ill fare our ancestor impure, 735

For this we may thank Adam ; but his thanks

Shall be the execration : so besides

Mine own that bide upon me, all from me

Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,

On me as on their natural centre light 740

Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys

Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes !

Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay

To mould me man ? did I solicit thee

From darkness to promote me, or here place 745

In this delicious garden ? As my will

Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right

And equal to reduce me to my dust,

Desireous to resign and render back

All I receiv'd, unable to perform 750

Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold

The good I fought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes ? inexplicable
Thy justice seems ; yet, to say truth, too late, 755
I thus contest ; then should have been refus'd
Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd :
Thou didst accept them ; wilt thou' enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions ? And though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son 760
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me' ? I fought it not :
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse ? yet him not thy election,
But natural necessity, begot. 765
God made thee' of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him ; thy reward was of his grace ;
Thy punishment then justly' is at his will.
Be' it so, for I submit ; his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return. 770
O welcome hour whenever ! why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day ? why do I overlive ?
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathless pain ? how gladly would I meet 775
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible ? how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap ? there I should rest
And sleep secure ; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse 780
To me and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die ;
Lest that pure breath of life, the spi'rit of man,
Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish 785
With this corporeal clod ; then in the grave,

Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life 790
And sin? the body properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die: let this appease
The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath also? be it, man is not so, 795
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on man whom death must end?
Can he make deathless death? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himself
Impossible is held, as argument 800
Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,
For anger's sake, finite to infinite
In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigour
Satisfy'd never? that were to extend
His sentence beyond dust, and nature's law, 805
By which all causes else according still
To the reception of their matter act,
Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say
That death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,
Bereaving sense, but endless misery 810
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and so last
To perpetuity: Ay me, that fear
Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceless head; both death and I 815
Am found eternal, and incorporate both;
Nor I on my part single, in me all
Posterity stands curs'd: fair patrimony
That I must leave ye, sons; O were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none! 820

So disinherited, how would ye blefs
Me, now your curfe ! Ah, why ſhould all mankind
For one man's fault thus guiltlefs be condemn'd,
If guiltlefs ? But from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd, 825
Not to do only, but to will the ſame
With me ? how can they then acquitted ſtand
In fight of God ? Him after all diſputes
Force'd I abſolve : all my evaſions vain,
And reasonings, though thro' mazes, lead me ſtill
But to my own conviction : firſt and laſt 831
On me, me only, as the ſource and ſpring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due ;
So might the wrath. Fond wiſh ! couldſt thou ſupport
That burden heavier than the earth to bear, 835
Than all the world much heavier, though divided
With that bad woman ? Thus what thou deſir'ſt,
And what thou fear'ſt, alike deſtroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miſerable
Beyond all paſt example and future, 840
To Satan only like both crime and doom.
O Conſcience, into what abyſs of fears
And horrors haſt thou driv'n me ; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plunge'd !
Thus Adam to himſelf lamented loud 845
Through the ſtill night ; not now, as ere man fell,
Whoſome, and cool, and mild, but with black air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil conſcience repreſented
All things with double terrour : on the ground 850
Outſtretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs'd his creation, death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution, ſince denounce'd
The day of his offence. Why comes not death,

Said he, with one thrice acceptable stroke 855

To end me ? Shall truth fail to keep her word,

Justice Divine not hasten to be just ?

But Death comes not at call, Justice Divine

Mends not her slowest pace for pray'rs or cries.

O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers,

With other echo late I taught your shades 861

To answer, and resound far other song.

Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,

Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,

Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd : 865

But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my fight, thou Serpent ; that name best

Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyself as false

And hateful ; nothing wants, but that thy shape,

Like his, and colour serpentine, may show 870

Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee

Henceforth ; lest that too heavenly form, pretended

To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for thee

I had persisted happy', had not thy pride

And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe, 875

Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd

Not to be trusted ; longing to be seen,

Though by the dev'il himself, him overweening

To overreach ; but with the serpent meeting,

Fool'd and beguil'd ; by him thou, I by thee, 880

To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,

Constant, mature, proof against all assaults ;

And understood not all was but a show,

Rather than solid virtue' ; all but a rib,

Crook'd by nature, bent, as now appears, 885

More to the part sinister, from me drawn,

Well if thrown out, as supernumerary

To my just number found. O why did God,

Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last 890
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature ; and not fill the world at once
With men as angels without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind ? This mischief had not then befall'n, 895
And more that shall befall ; innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,
And strait conjunction with this sex : for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake ; 900
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness ; but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse ; or if she love, withheld
By parents ; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound 905
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame :
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household-peace confound,
 He added not, and from her turn'd ; but Eve
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet 911
Fell humble, and embracing them, besought
His peace ; and thus proceeded in her plaint.
 Forsake me not thus, Adam, witness Heaven
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart 915
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd ; thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees ; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress, 920
My only strength and stay : forlorn of thee,
Whether shall I betake me, where subsist ?

While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity 925
Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
That cruel serpent. On me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befallen,
On me already lost, me than thyself
More miserable: both have sinn'd, but thou 930
Against God only, I 'gainst God and thee;
And to the place of judgement will return,
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
The sentence from thy head remov'd, may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe, 935
Me, only me, just object of his ire!

She ended weeping; and her lowly plight,
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledge'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
Commiseration: soon his heart relented 940
Tow'ards her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress,
Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,
His counsel, whom she had displeas'd, his aid;
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost, 945
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.
Unwary, and too desirous, as before,
So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
The punishment all on thyself; alas,
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain 950
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited, 955
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,

To me committed, and by me expos'd.
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere; but strive
In offices of love, how we may lighten 960
Each other's burthen, in our share of woe;
Since this day's death denounce'd, if aught I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pace'd evil,
A long day's dying, to augment our pain,
And to our feed (O hapless feed!) deriv'd. 965

To whom thus Eve, recov'ring heart, reply'd.
Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found so erroneous, thence by just event
Found so unfortunate: nevertheless, 970
Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart,
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen, 975
Tending to some relief of our extremes,
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd 980
By death at last; and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begott'en, and of our loins to bring
Into this cursed world a woeful race,
That after wretched life must be at last 985
Food for so foul a monster; in thy power
It lies, yet ere conception, to prevent
The race unblest'd, to be'ing yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, childless remain: so Death
Shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two 990
Be force'd to satisfy his ravenous maw.

But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,
And with desire to languish without hope, 995
Before the present object languishing
With like desire, which would be misery
And torment less than none of what we dread ;
Then both ourselves and feed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make short, 1000
Let us seek Death ; or he not found, supply
With our own hands his office on ourselves !
Why stand we longer shivering under fears,
That show no end but death, and have the power,
Of many ways to die the shortest chusing, 1005
Destruction with destruction to destroy ?

She ended here, or vehement despair
Broke off the rest ; so much of death her thoughts
Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.
But Adam, with such counsel nothing sway'd, 1010
To better hopes his more attentive mind
Lab'ring had rais'd, and thus to Eve reply'd.

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
To argue in thee something more sublime
And excellent than what thy mind contemns ; 1015
But self-destruction therefore fought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end 1020
Of misery, so thinking to evade
The penalty pronounce'd, doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire than so
To be forestall'd ; much more I fear lest death
So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain 1025
We are by doom to pay ; rather such acts

Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
To make death in us live : then let us seek
Some safer resolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed 1030
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise
The serpent's head ; piteous amends, unless
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe
Satan, who in the serpent hath contriv'd
Against us this deceit : to crush his head 1035
Would be revenge indeed ; which will be lost
By death brought on ourselves, or childless days
Resolv'd, as thou propos'st ; so our foe
Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd, and we
Instead shall double ours upon our heads. 1040
No more be mention'd then of violence
Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness,
That cuts us off from hope, and favours only
Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God, and his just yoke 1045
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd,
Without wrath or reviling : we expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by death that day ; when lo to thee 1050
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
And bringeth forth, soon recompens'd with joy,
Fruit of thy womb : on me the curse aslope
Glance'd on the ground ; with labour I must earn
My bread : what harm ? Idleness had been worse ;
My labour will sustain me : and lest cold 1056
Or heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath unbefought provided, and his hands
Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd :
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear 1060
Be open, and his heart to pity' incline,

And teach us further by what means to shun
Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow?
Which now the sky with various face begins
To show us in this mountain, while the winds 1065
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading trees; which bids us seek
Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star
Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams
Reflected, may with matter sere foment, 1071
Or by collision of two bodies grind
The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds
Jostling or push'd with winds, rude in their shock
Tine the slant lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine, [down
And sends a comfortable heat from far, 1077
Which might supply the sun: such fire to use,
And what may else be remedy or cure
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought, 1080
He will instruct us praying, and of grace
Beseeching him, so as we need not fear
To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
By him with many comforts, till we end
In dust, our final rest and native home. 1085
What better can we do, than to the place
Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
Before him reverent, and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign 1091
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?
Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn
From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
When angry most he seem'd, and most severe, 1095
What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone?

So spake our father penitent; nor Eve
Felt less remorse : they forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judge'd them, prostrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confess'd 1100
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorr'ow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

END of the TENTH BOOK.



ARGUMENT of Book XI.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him: the angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: the angel leads him up to a high hill, and sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

THUS they in lowliest plight repentant stood
Praying; for from the mercy-seat above
Prevenient Grace descending had remov'd
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd 5
Unutterable, which the spi'rit of prayer
Inspir'd, and wing'd for heaven with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory: yet their port
Not of mean suitors, nor important less
Seem'd their petition, than when th' ancient pair 10
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To heaven their prayers
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds 15
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
Dimensionless thro' heavenly doors; then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,
By their great Intercessour, came in sight
Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son 20
Presenting, thus to intercede began.

See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung

From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs
And prayers, which in this golden censer, mix'd
With incense, I thy Priest before thee bring ; 25
Fruits of more pleasing favour from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which his own hand manuring all the trees
Of Paradise could have produce'd, ere fall'n
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear 30
To supplication ; hear his sighs tho' mute ;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me,
Interpret for him, me his advocate
And propitiation ; all his works on me,
Good or not good, ingraft ; my merit those 35
Shall perfect ; and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me, and in me from these receive
The smell of peace tow'ard mankind ; let him live
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
Number'd, tho' sad, till death, his doom (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse) 41
To better life shall yield him, where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
Made one with me, as I with thee am one.
To whom the Father, without cloud, serene. 45
All thy request for man, accepted Son,
Obtain ; all thy request was my decree.
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The law I gave to Nature him forbids :
Those pure immortal elements, that know 50
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a distemper, gross to air as gross,
And mortal food, as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by Sin, that first 55
Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts

Created him endow'd, with happiness
And immortality: that fondly lost,
This other serv'd but to eternize woe; 60
Till I provided Death; so Death becomes
His final remedy, and after life
Try'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Wak'd in the renovation of the just, 65
Resigns him up with heaven and earth renew'd.
But let us call to synod all the blest
Thro' heaven's wide bounds; from them I will not hide
My judgements, how with mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant angels late they saw, 70
And in their state, tho' firm, stood more confirm'd.

He ended, and the Son gave signal high
To the bright minister that watch'd; he blew
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
When God descended, and perhaps once more 75
To sound at general doom. Th' angelic blast
Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful bowers
Of amarantine shade, fountain or spring,
By the waters of life, where'er they sat
In fellowships of joy, the sons of light 80
Hasted, resorting to the summons high,
And took their seats; till from his throne supreme
Th' Almighty thus pronounce'd his sovereign will.

O Sons, like one of us man is become
To know both good and evil, since his taste 85
Of that defended fruit: but let him boast
His knowledge of good lost, and evil got;
Happier, had it suffice'd him to have known
Good by itself, and evil not at all.
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite; 90
My motions in him: longer than they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain

Self-left. Left therefore his now bolder hand
Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at least to live 95
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And send him from the garden forth to till
The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge;
Take to thee from among the Cherubim 100
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the fiend,
Or in behalf of man, or to invade
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise:
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God
Without remorse drive out the sinful pair, 105
From hallow'd ground th' unholy, and denounce
To them and to their progeny from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint
At the sad sentence rigorously urge'd,
For I behold them soften'd, and with tears 110
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal
To Adam what shall come in future days,
As I shall thee enlighten; intermix 115
My covenant in the woman's seed renew'd;
So send them forth, tho' sorrowing, yet in peace:
And on the east side of the garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame 120
Wide waving, all approach far off to fright,
And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:
Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,
With whose stoll'n fruit man once more to delude. 125
He ceas'd; and th' archangelic power prepar'd
For swift descent; with him the cohort bright

Of watchful Cherubim ; four faces each
Had, like a double Janus, all their shape
Spangled with eyes, more numerous than those 130
Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,
Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the past'ral reed
Of Hermes, or his opiate road. Meanwhile,
To resalute the world with sacred light,
Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalm'd 135
The earth ; when Adam, and first matron Eve,
Had ended now their orisons, and found
Strength added from above, new hope to spring
Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link'd ;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd, 140
Eve, easily may faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy, from heaven descends ;
But that from us aught should ascend to heaven,
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-blest'd, or to incline his will, 145
Hard to belief may seem ; yet this will prayer,
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
Ev'n to the seat of God. For since I sought
By prayer th' offended Deity to' appease,
Kneel'd, and before him humbled all my heart, 150
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear ; persuasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour ; peace return'd
Home to my breast, and to my memory
His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe ; 155
Which then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,
Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee 160
Man is to live, and all things live for man.

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek,

Ill worthy I such title should belong
To me transgressor, who for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy snare ; to me reproach 165
Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise :
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I who first brought death on all, am grace'd
The source of life ; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to' entitle me vouchsaf'ft, 170
Far other name deserving, but the field
To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,
Though after sleepless night ; for see the morn,
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
Her rosy progress smiling : let us forth ; 175
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
Where'er our day's work lies, tho' now injoin'd
Laborious, till day droop ; while here we dwell,
What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks ?
Here let us live, tho' in fall'n state, content. 180

So spake, so wish'd much-humbled Eve ; but fate
Subscrib'd not : Nature first gave signs, impress'd
On bird, beast, air, air suddenly eclips'd
After short blush of morn ; nigh in her sight,
The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his airy tour, 185
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove :
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind ;
Direct to th' eastern gate was bent their flight. 190
Adam observ'd, and with his eye the chase
Pursuing, not unmov'd to Eve thus spake.

O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,
Which heaven by these mute signs in nature shows,
Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn 195
Us haply too secure of our discharge
From penalty, because from death releas'd

Some days ; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,
And thither must return, and be no more ? 200

Why else this double object in our sight,
Of flight pursu'd in th' air, and o'er the ground,
One way the self-same hour ? why in the east
Darkness e'er day's mid course, and morning-light
More orient in yon western cloud, that draws 205
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends, with something heavenly fraught ?

He err'd not ; for by this the heavenly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt ; 210

A glorious apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw

The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright ; 215
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd
In Dotham, cover'd with a camp of fire,

Against the Syrian king, who to surprise
One man, assassin-like, had levy'd war,
War unproclaim'd. The priencely Hierarch 220

In their bright stand there left his powers to seize
Possession of the garden ; he alone,

To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way,
Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve,
While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake. 225

Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will soon determine, or impose
New laws to be observ'd ; for I descry,

From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
One of the heavenly host, and by his gait 230
None of the meanest, some great potentate

Or of the Thrones above, such majesty

Invests him coming ; yet not terrible,
That I should fear ; nor sociably mild,
As Raphaël, that I should much confide ; 235
But solemn and sublime, whom not to' offend,
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended ; and th' archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man ; over his lucid arms 240
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce ; Iris had dipp'd the woof ;
His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime 245
In manhood, where youth ended ; by his side,
As in a glist'ring zodiac, hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
Adam bow'd low ; he kingly from his state
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declare'd. 250

Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs :
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
Defeated of his seizure many days
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou mayst repent, 255
And one bad act with many deeds well done
Mayst cover : well may then thy Lord appear'd
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim ;
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not ; to remove thee I am come, 260
And send thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil.

He added not ; for Adam at the news
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound : Eve, who unseen 265
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of death !
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ! thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades, 270
Fit haunt of gods ! where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both ? O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last 275
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount ?
Thee lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd 280
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild ? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits ? 285

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild.
Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost ; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine.
Thy going is not lonely ; with thee goes 290
Thy husband ; him to follow thou art bound ;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatter'd spi'rits return'd,
To Michael thus his humble words address'd. 295

Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
Of them the high'est, for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us ; what besides 300
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,

Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes ; all places else 305
Inhospitable' appear and desolate,
Nor knowing us nor known : and if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries : 310
But prayer against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth :
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that departing hence, 315
As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd
His blessed count'nance ; here I could frequent
With worship place by place where he vouchsaf'd
Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
On this mount he appear'd ; under this tree 320
Stood visible, among these pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd :
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory, 325
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers :
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace ?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd 330
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

To whom thus Michael with regard benign.
Adam, thou know'st heaven his, and all the earth ;
Not this rock only ; his omnipresence fills 336
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,

Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd:
All th' earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
No despicable gift; surmise not then 340
His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
Of Paradise or Eden: this had been,
Perhaps, thy capital seat, from whence had spread
All generations, and had hither come
From all ends of the earth, to celebrate 345
And reverence thee their great progenitor.
But this preeminence thou' hast lost, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
God is as here, and will be found alike 350
Present, and of his presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal love, his face
Express, and of his steps the track divine.
Which that thou mayst believe, and be confirm'd 355
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent
To show thee what shall come in future days
To thee and to thy offspring; good with bad
Expect to hear, supernal grace contending
With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn 360
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow, equally inur'd
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure 365
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
This hill; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)
Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wake'st;
As once thou slept'st, while she to life was form'd.
To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd. 370
Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path
Thou lead'st me', and to the hand of heaven submit,

However chaf't'ning, to the evil turn
My obvious breast, arming to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest from labour won, 375
If so I may attain. So both ascend
In the visions of God. It was a hill
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken
Stretch'd out to th' amplest reach of prospect lay. 380
Not high'er that hill, nor wider looking round,
Whereon for different cause the tempter set
Our second Adam in the wilderness,
To show him all earth's kingdoms, and their glory'.
His eye might there command wherever stood 385
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destin'd walls
Of Cambula, seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan kings, and thence 390
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul,
Down to the golden Chersonese, or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
In Ispahan, or where the Russian Czar
In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance, 395
Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken
Th' empire of Negus to his utmost port
Ercoco, and the less maritime kings,
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala thought Ophir, to the realm 400
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,
The kingdoms of Almanzor, Fez and Suez,
Morocco and Algiers, and Trebifond;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
The world: in spi'rit perhaps he also saw 406
Rich Mexico the seat of Montezume,

And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons 410
Call El Dorador. But to nobler fights
Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,
Which that false fruit that promis'd clearer fight
Had bred; then purge'd with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see; 415
And from the well of life three drops instill'd.
So deep the power of these ingredients pierce'd,
Even to the inmost seat of mental fight,
That Adam, now inforce'd to close his eyes,
Sunk down, and all his spi'rits became intrance'd; 420
But him the gentle angel by the hand
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought
In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd 425
Th' excepted tree, nor with the snake conspir'd,
Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves 430
New reap'd; the other part sheep-walks and folds;
I' th' midst an altar as a land-mark stood,
Rustic, of grassy ford; thither anon
A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf, 435
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a shepherd next,
More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock
Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid
The inwards and their fat, with incense strow'd,
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd. 440
His offering soon propitious fire from heaven
Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steam;

The other's not, for his was not sincere :
Whereat he inly rage'd, and as they talk'd,
Smote him into the midriff with a stone 445
That beat out life ; he fell, and deadly pale
Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effus'd.
Much at the sight was Adam in his heart
Dismay'd, and thus in haste to th' angel cry'd.

O teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n 450
To that meek man, who well had sacrifice'd ;
Is piety thus and pure devotion paid ?

T' whom Michael thus, he also mov'd, reply'd.
These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins ; th' unjust the just hath slain, 455
For envy that his brother's offering found
From Heaven acceptance ; but the bloody fact
Will be aveng'd ; and th' other's faith approv'd
Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,
Rolling in dust and gore. To which our sire. 460

Alas, both for the deed and for the cause !
But have I now seen Death ? Is this the way
I must return to native dust ? O fight
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel ! 465

To whom thus Michaël. Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man ; but many shapes
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal ; yet to sense
More terrible at th' entrance than within. 470

Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
By fire, flood, famine ; by intemp'rance more
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear ; that thou mayst know 475
What misery th' inabstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place

Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark,
A lazarus-house it seem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies 480
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all fev'rous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Demoniac phrenzy, moaping melancholy, 485
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums,
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch; 490
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, tho' oft invoc'd
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept, 495
Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd
His best of man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess;
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.
O miserable mankind, to what fall 500
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!
Better end here unborn. Why is life given
To be thus wrested from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept 505
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
Th' image of God in man, created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
To such unsightly sufferings be debas'd 510
Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,
Retaining still divine similitude

In part, from such deformities be free,
And for his Maker's image-like exempt?

Their Maker's image, answer'd Michael, then 515
Forsook them, when themselves they vilify'd
To serve ungovern'd Appetite, and took
His image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,
Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.

Therefore so abject is their punishment, 520
Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own,
Or if his likeness, by themselves deface'd,
While they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules
To loathsome sickness; worthily, since they
God's image did not reverence in themselves. 524

I yield it just, said Adam, and submit.
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?

There is, said Michael, if thou well observe 530
The rule of not too much, by temp'rance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop 535
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature:
This is old age; but then thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
To wither'd, weak, and gray; thy senses then 540
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,
To what thou hast; and for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume 545
The balm of life. To whom our ancestor.

Henceforth I fly not Death, nor would prolong

Life much ; bent rather how I may be quit
Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge ;
Which I must keep till my appointed day 550
Of rend'ring up, and patiently attend
My dissolution Michaël reply'd.

Nor love thy life, nor hate ; but what thou liv'st,
Live well ; how long or short, permit to Heav'n :
And now prepare thee for another fight. 555

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue : by some were herds
Of cattle grazing ; others, whence the sound
Of instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of harp and organ ; and who mov'd 560
Their stops and chords, was seen ; his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions, low and high,
Fled, and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part stood one who at the forge
Lab'ring, two massy clods of ir'on and brass 565
Had melted, (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream
From underground), the liquid ore he drain'd 570
Into fit moulds prepar'd ; from which he form'd
First his own tools ; then, what might else be wrought
Fulfil or graven in metal. After these,
But on the hither side, a different sort
From the high neighb'ring hills, which was their seat,
Down to the plain descended : by their guise 575
Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works
Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve
Freedom and peace to men : they on the plain 580
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold
A bevy of fair women, richly gay

In gems and wanton drefs; to th' harp they fung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.
The men, though grave, ey'd them, and let their eyes
Rove without rein, till in the amorous net 586

Fast caught, they like'd, and each his liking chose:
And now of love they treat, till th' ev'ning-star,
Love's harbinger, appear'd; then all in heat
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke 590
Hymen, then first to marriage-rites invok'd:
With feast and music all the tents resound.

Such happy interview and fair event
Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,
And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart 595
Of Adam, soon inclin'd t' admit delight,
The bent of nature; which he thus exprefs'd.

True opener of mine eyes, prime angel blefs'd,
Much better seems this vision, and more hope
Of peaceful days portends, than those two past: 600
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse;
Here nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.

To whom thus Michael. Judge not what is best
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end, 605
Holy and pure, conformity divine.

Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
Who slew his brother; studious they appear
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare, 610
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spi'rit

Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledge'd none.
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget:
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay, 615
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;

Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye. 620
To these, that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy, 625
Erelong to swim at large; and laugh, for which
The world erelong a world of tears must weep.

To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft.
O pity' and shame, that they who to live well
Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread 630
Paths indirect, or in the midway faint!
But still I see the tenour of man's woe
Holds on the same, from women to begin.

From man's effeminate slackness it begins,
Said th' angel, who should better hold his place 635
By wisdom, and superiour gifts receiv'd.
But now prepare thee for another scene.

He look'd, and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns, and rural works between,
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers, 640
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threat'ning war,
Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise:
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single or in array of battle range'd
Both horse and foot, nor idly must'ring stood; 645
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine
From a fat meadow-ground, or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain,
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly, 650
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;

Where cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies
With carcases and arms th' infanguin'd field
Deserted : others to a city strong 655
Lay siege, incamp'd ; by batt'ry, scale, and mine,
Assaulting ; others from the wall defend
With dart and jav'lin, stones and sulph'rous fire ;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the scepter'd heralds call 660
To council in the city-gates : anon
Gray-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
Assemble, and harangues are heard, but soon
In factious opposition ; till at last
Of middle age one rising, eminent 665
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth and peace,
And judgement from above : him old and young,
Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands,
Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence 670
Unseen amid the throng : so violence
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turn'd full sad ; O what are these, 675
Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
His brother : for of whom such massacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men ? 680
But who was that just man, whom had not Heaven
Rescu'd, had in his righteousness been lost ?
To whom thus Michael. These are the product
Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st ;
Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves
Abhor to join ; and by imprudence mix'd, 686
Produce prodigious births of body' or mind.

Such were these giants, men of high renown;
For in those days might only shall be admir'd,
And valour and heroic virtue call'd; 690
To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory, and for glory done
Of triumph, to be style'd great conquerours, 695
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods;
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.
Thus fame shall be achiev'd, renown on earth,
And what most merits fame in silence hid.
But he, the sev'nth from thee, whom thou beheldst
The only righteous in a world perverse, 701
And therefore hated, therefore so beset
With foes, for daring single to be just,
And utter odious truth, that God would come
To judge them with his saints: him the Most High
Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds 706
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God
High in salvation, and the climes of bliss,
Exempt from death; to show thee what reward
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment; 710
Which now direct thine eyes, and soon behold.

He look'd, and saw the face of things quite chang'd:
The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar;
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance, 715
Marrying or prostituting, as beset,
Rape or adultery, where passing fair
Allur'd them; thence from cups to civil broils,
At length a reverend fire among them came,
And of their doings great dislike declar'd, 720
And testify'd against their ways; he oft
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,

Triumphs or festivals, and to them preach'd
Conversion and repentance, as to souls
In prison under judgements imminent : 725
But all in vain : which when he saw, he ceas'd
Contending, and remov'd his tents far off ;
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk ; 729
Measur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and height ;
Smear'd round with pitch ; and in the side a door
Contriv'd ; and of provisions laid in large
For man and beast : when lo, a wonder strange !
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small
Came sev'ns, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught 735
Their order : last the fire, and his three sons,
With their four wives ; and God made fast the door.
Mean while the south-wind rose, and with black wings
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under heaven ; the hills to their supply 740
Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up amain ; and now the thicken'd sky
Like a dark cieling stood ; down rush'd the rain
Impetuous, and continu'd, till the earth
No more was seen : the floating vessel swum 745
Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves : all dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd ; sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore ; and in their palaces 750
Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabled ; of mankind, so numerous late,
All left, in one small bottom swum imbark'd.
How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad, 755
Depopulation ? thee another flood,
Of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drown'd,

And sunk thee as thy sons ; till gently rear'd
By th' angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,
Though comfortless, as when a father mourns 760
His children, all in view destroy'd at once ;
And scarce to th' angel utter'dst thus thy plaint.

O visions ill-foreseen ! better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne
My part of evil only, each day's lot 765
Enough to bear ; those now, that were dispens'd
The burthen of many ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
Abortive, to torment me ere their being,
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall 771
Him or his children ; evil he may be sure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And he the future evil shall no less
In apprehension than in substance feel, 775
Grievous to bear : but that care now is past,
Man is not whom to warn : those few escap'd
Famine and anguish will at last consume,
Wand'ring that wat'ry desert. I had hope,
When violence was ceas'd, and war on earth, 780
All would have then gone well, peace would have
With length of happy days the race of man : [crown'd
But I was far deceiv'd ; for now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.
How comes it thus ? unfold, celestial guide, 785
And whether here the race of man will end.

To whom thus Michael. Those whom last thou saw'st
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
First seen in acts of prowess eminent,
And great exploits ; but of true virtue void : 790
Who having spilt much blood, and done much waste
Subduing nations, and achiev'd thereby

Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride 795
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.

The conquer'd also, and inflav'd by war,
Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose,
And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd
In sharp contest of battle found no aid 800

Against invaders; therefore cool'd in zeal,
Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,
Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for the earth shall bear
More than enough, that temp'rance may be try'd:
So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd; 806

Justice and temp'rance, truth and faith forgot:
One man except, the only Son of Light
In a dark age, against example good,
Against allurements, custom, and a world 810

Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish, and before them set
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,
And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come 815

On their impenitence; and shall return
Of them derided, but of God observ'd

The one just man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldst,
To save himself and household from amidst 820
A world devoted to universal wrack.

No sooner he, with them of man and beast
Select for life, shall in the ark be lodge'd,
And shelter'd round, but all the cataracts
Of heaven set open on the earth shall pour 825

Rain day and night; all fountains of the deep
Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp

Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
Above the highest hills : then shall this mount
Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd 834
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the opening gulf,
And there take root, an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews clang :
To teach thee that God attributes to place 836
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood, 840
Which now abated : for the clouds were fled,
Driv'n by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd ;
And the clear sun on his wide watry glass
Gaze'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew, 845
As after thirst, which made their flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
With soft foot tow'ards the deep, who now had stopt
His sluices, as the heavens his windows shut.
The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground, 850
Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear ;
With clamour thence the rapid currents drive
Tow'ards the retreating sea their furious tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies, 855
And after him, the surer messenger,
A dove sent forth once and again to spy
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light ;
The second time returning, in his bill
An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign : 860
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient fire descends with all his train ;

Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow 865
Conspicuous, with three list'd colours gay,
Betok'ning peace from God, and cov'nant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam erst so sad
Greatly rejoice'd, and thus his joy broke forth.

O thou who future things canst represent 870
As present, heavenly instructor, I revive
At this last sight, assur'd that man shall live
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve:
Far less I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked sons destroy'd; than I rejoice 875
For one man found so perfect and so just,
That God vouchsafes to raise another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in heaven;
Distended as the brow of God appeas'd; 880
Or serve they as a flowery verge to bind
The fluid skirts of that same watry cloud,
Lest it again dissolve, and shower the earth?

To whom th' archangel: Dextrously thou aim'st;
So willingly doth God remit his ire, 885
Though late repenting him of man deprav'd,
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each their way; yet those remov'd,
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight, 890
That he relents, not to blot out mankind;
And makes a covenant never to destroy
The earth again by flood, nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world,
With man therein or beast; but when he brings 895
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set
His triple-colour'd bow, whereon to look,

And call to mind his covenant : day and night,
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost, 899
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new,
Both heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

END of the ELEVENTH BOOK.



ARGUMENT of Book XII.

The angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed ; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that seed of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall ; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension ; the state of the Church till his second coming. Adam greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael ; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

AS one who in his journey baits at noon, [paus'd
Though bent on speed; so here th' archangel
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;
Then with transition sweet new speech resumes.
Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end;
And man as from a second stock proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see; but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine
Must needs impair and weary human sense:
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
This second source of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgement past remains
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace;
Lab'ring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine, and oil; and from the herd or flock,
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,
Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,
Under paternal rule: till one shall rise

Of proud ambitious heart, who, not content 25
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserv'd
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of nature from the earth,
Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game) 30
With war and hostile snare such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous :
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styl'd
Before the Lord, as in despite of heaven, * * * * *
Or from heaven claiming second sov'reignty ; 35
And from rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuse.
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him, or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden tow'ards the west, shall find 40
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell :
Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to build
A city' and tower, whose top may reach to heaven ;
And get themselves a name ; lest far dispers'd 45
In foreign lands, their memory be lost,
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
But God, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding soon, 50
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower
Obstruct heaven-towers, and in derision sets
Upon their tongues a various spi'rit, to raise
Quite out their native language, and instead
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown. 55
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the builders ; each to other calls
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mock'd they storm ; great laughter was in heaven

And looking down, to see the hubbub strange, 60
And hear the din ; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work confusion nam'd.

Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeas'd.

O execrable son so to aspire
Above his brethren, to himself assuming 65
Authority usurp'd, from God not given :
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl
Dominion absolute ; that right we hold
By his donation : but man over men
He made not lord ; such title to himself 70
Reserving, human left from human free.
But this usurper his incroachment proud
Stays not on man ; to God his tower intends
Siege and defiance. Wretched man ! what food
Will he convey up thither to sustain 75
Himself and his rash army, where thin air
Above the clouds will pine his intrails gross,
And famish him of breath, if not of bread ?

To whom thus Michael. Justly thou abhorr'st
That son, who on the quiet state of men 80
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational liberty ; yet know withal,
Since thy original lapse, true liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being : 85
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From Reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore, since he permits 90
Within himself unworthy powers to reign
Over free reason, God, in judgement just,
Subjects him from without to violent lords ;
Who oft as undeservedly intral

His outward freedom : tyranny must be, 95
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,
Deprives them of their outward liberty, 100
Their inward lost : witness th' irreverent son
Of him who built the ark, who, for the shame
Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,
Servant of servants, on his vicious race.
Thus will this latter, as the former world, 105
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last,
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes ; resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways ; 110
And one peculiar nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invoc'd,
A nation from one faithful man to spring :
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
Bred up in idol-worship ; O that men 115
(Canst thou believe ?) should be so stupid grown,
While yet the patriarch liv'd, who scap'd the flood,
As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship their own work in wood and stone
For gods ! yet him God the Most High vouchsafes
To call by vision from his father's house, 121
His kindred, and false gods, into a land
Which he will show him, and from him will raise
A mighty nation, and upon him shower
His benediction so, that in his seed 125
All nations shall be bless'd ; he strait obeys,
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil

Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the ford
To Haran, after him a cumbrous train
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude;
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighb'ring plain
Of Moreh: there by promise he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the desert south,
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd),
From Hermon east to the great western sea;
Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold
In prospect, as I point them; on the shore
Mount Carmel; here the double-founted stream,
Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
This ponder, that all nations of the earth
Shall in his seed be blessed: by that seed
Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise
The serpent's head; whereof to thee anon
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch bless'd,
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,
A son, and of his son a grandchild leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom and renown.
The grandchild with twelve sons increas'd departs
From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the river Nile:
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths
Into the sea. To sojourn in that land
He comes, invited by a younger son
In time of dearth; a son whose worthy deeds
Raise him to be the second in that realm
Of Pharaoh: there he dies, and leaves his race
Growing into a nation, and now grown

Subjected to a sequest king, who seeks 165
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves
Inhospitably, and kills their infant-males:
Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim 170
His people from intialment, they return
With glory' and spoil back to their promis'd land.
But first the lawless tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or message to regard,
Must be compell'd by signs and judgements dire; 175
To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd;
Frogs, lice, and flies must all his palace fill
With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land;
His cattle must of rot and murrain die;
Botches and blains must all his flesh imboss, 180
And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,
Hail mix'd with fire, must rend th' Egyptian sky,
And wheel on th' earth, devouring where it rolls;
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down 185
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;
Last, with one midnight-stroke, all the first-born
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds 190
The river-dragon tam'd at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart; but still as ice
More harden'd after thaw; till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea 195
Swallows him with his host; but them lets pass
As on dry land between two crystal walls,
Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided, till his rescu'd gain their shore:

Such wond'rous power God to his saint will lend, 200
Though present in his angel, who shall go
Before them in a cloud, and pill'ar of fire,
By day a cloud, by night a pill'ar of fire,
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while th' obdurate king pursues: 205
All night he will pursue; but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning-watch;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot-wheels; when by command
Moses once more his potent rod extends 210
Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;
On their imbattled ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war. The race elect
Safe towards Canaan from their shore advance 215
Thro' the wild desert, not the readiest way,
Left ent'ring on the Canaanite alarm'd,
War terrify them inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, chusing rather
Inglorious life with servitude; for life 220
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.
This also shall they gain by their delay
In the wild wilderness; there they shall found
Their government, and their great senate chuse 225
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd.
God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets sound,
Ordain them laws; part such as appertain 230
To civil justice, part religious rites
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
And shadows, of that destin'd seed to bruise
The serpent, by what means he shall achieve

Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God 235
To mortal ear is dreadful ; they beseech
That Moses might report to them his will,
And terrour cease ; he grants what they besought,
Instructed that to God is no access
Without mediator, whose high office now 240
Moses in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretel,
And all the prophets in their age the times
Of great Mess'ah shall sing. Thus laws and rites
Establish'd, such delight hath God in men 245
Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes
Among them to set up his tabernacle,
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell.
By his prescript a sanctuary is fram'd
Of cedar, overlaid with gold ; therein 250
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,
The records of his covenant ; over these
A mercy-seat of gold, between the wings
Of two bright Cherubim ; before him burn
Seven lamps, as in a zodiac representing 255
The heavenly fires ; over the tent a cloud
Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,
Save when they journey, and at length they come,
Conducted by his angel, to the land
Promis'd to Abraham and his seed. The rest 260
Were long to tell, how many battles fought,
How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won ;
Or how the sun shall in mid-heaven stand still
A day entire, a night's due course adjourn,
Man's voice commanding, Sun in Gibeon stand, 265
And thou moon in the vale of Ajalon,
Till Israel overcome : so call the third
From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.

Here Adam interpos'd. O sent from heaven, 270
 Inlightner of my darkness, gracious things
 Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern
 Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find
 Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,
 Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become
 Of me and all mankind; but now I see 276
 His day, in whom all nations shall be blest'd,
 Favour unmerited by me, who sought
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
 This yet I apprehend not, why to those 280
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth,
 So many and so various laws are giv'n;
 So many laws argue so many sins
 Among them: how can God with such reside?
 To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that sin
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot; 286
 And therefore was law given them to evince
 Their natural pravity, by stirring up
 Sin against law to fight: that when they see
 Law can discover sin, but not remove, 290
 Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
 The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
 Some blood more precious must be paid for man,
 Just for unjust; that in such righteousness
 To them by faith imputed, they may find 295
 Justification towards God, and peace
 Of conscience; which the law by ceremonies
 Cannot appease, nor man the moral part
 Perform, and not performing cannot live.
 So law appears imperfect, and but given 300
 With purpose to resign them in full time
 Up to a better covenant, disciplin'd
 From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,
 From imposition of strict laws to free

Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear 305
To filial, works of law to works of faith.
And therefore shall not Moses, tho' of God
Highly belov'd, being but the minister
Of law, his people into Canaan lead ;
But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call, 310
His name and office bearing, who shall quell
The adversary serpent, and bring back
Thro' the world's wilderness long wander'd man
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
Meanwhile they in their earthly Canaan place'd, 315
Long time shall dwell and prosper ; but when sins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies ;
From whom as oft he saves them penitent
By judges first, then under kings ; of whom 320
The second, both for piety renown'd
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever shall endure ; the like shall sing
All prophecy, that of the royal stock 325
Of David (so I name this king) shall rise
A son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings
The last ; for of his reign shall be no end, 330
But first a long succession must ensue ;
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fam'd,
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
Wand'ring, shall in a glorious temple' inshrine.
Such follow him as shall be register'd 335
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll ;
Whose foul idolatries, and other faults
Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense
God, as to leave them, and expose their land,

Their city', his temple, and his holy ark, 340
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st
Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.
There in captivity he lets them dwell
The space of sev'nty years, then brings them back,
Rememb'ring mercy, and his covenant sworn 346
To David, stablish'd as the days of heaven.
Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings
Their lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God
They first re-edify, and for a while 350
In mean estate live moderate, till grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow ;
But first among the priests dissention springs,
Men who attend the altar, and should most
Endeavour peace : their strife pollution brings 355
Upon the temple itself : at last they seize
The sceptre, and regard not David's sons ;
Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
Anointed King Messiah might be born
Barr'd of his right ; yet at his birth a star, 360
Unseen before in heaven, proclaims him come,
And guides the eastern sages, who enquire
His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold ;
His place of birth a solemn angel tells
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night ; 365
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.
A virgin is his mother, but his fire
The power of the Most High ; he shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign 370
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heavens.
He ceas'd, discerning Adam with such joy
Surcharge'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which these he breath'd.

O prophet of glad tidings, finisher 375
Of utmost hope ! now clear I understand
What oft my steddier thoughts have search'd in vain ;
Why our great expectation should be call'd
The seed of woman : Virgin mother, hail !
High in the love of Heaven ; yet from my loins 380
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
Of God Most High ; so God with man unites.
Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal pain : say where and when 384
Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel.
To whom thus Michael. Dream not of their fight,
As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel : not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil
Thy enemy ; nor so is overcome 390
Satan, whose fall from heaven, a deadlier bruise,
Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound :
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
Not by destroying Satan, but his works
In thee and in thy seed : nor can this be, 395
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the law of God, impos'd
On penalty of death, and suffering death,
The penalty to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow : 400
So only can High Justice rest appaid.
The law of God exact he shall fulfil
Both by obedience and by love, tho' love
Alone fulfil the law ; thy punishment
He shall endure by coming in the flesh 405
To a reproachful life and curst death,
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits

To save them, not their own, tho' legal works. 410
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,
Seiz'd on by force, judge'd, and to death condemn'd,
A shameful and accurs'd; nail'd to the cross
By his own nation; slain for bringing life;
But to the cross he nails thy enemies, 415
The law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction. So he dies,
But soon revives; Death over him no power 420
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light,
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer'd life 425
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works. This god-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou should'st have dy'd,
In sin for ever lost from life; this act
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength, 430
Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms;
And fix far deeper in his head their stings,
Than temp'ral death shall bruise the victor's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death-like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life. 435
Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on earth, than certain times to' appear
To his disciples, men who in his life
Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd, 440
And his salvation, them who shall believe
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,

For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd. 445

All nations they shall teach : for from that day

Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins

Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons

Of Abraham's faith wherever thro' the world ;

So in his seed all nations shall be blest'd. 450

Then to the heaven of heavens he shall ascend

With victory, triumphing thro' the air

Over his foes and thine ; there shall surprise

The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains

Thro' all his realm, and there confounded leave ;

Then enter into glory, and resume 456

His seat at God's right hand, exalted high

Above all names in heaven ; and thence shall come,

When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,

With glory' and power to judge both quick and dead ;

To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward 461

His faithful, and receive them into bliss,

Whether in heaven or earth ; for then the earth

Shall all be Paradise, far happier place

Than this of Eden, and far happier days. 365

So spake th' archangel Michaël, then paus'd,

As at the world's great period ; and our fire,

Replete with joy and wonder, thus reply'd.

O goodness infinite, goodness immense !

That all this good of evil shall produce, 470

And evil turn to good ; more wonderful

Than that which by creation first brought forth

Light out of darkness ! Full of doubt I stand

Whether I should repent me now of sin

By me done and occasioned, or rejoice 475

Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring ;

To God more glory, more good-will to men

From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.

But say, if our Deliverer up to heaven

Book XII. PARADISE LOST.

319

Must reascend, what will betide the few 480

His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,

The enemies of truth? who then shall guide

His people, who defend? will they not deal

Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said th' angel; but from heav'n

He to his own a Comforter will send, 486

The promise of the Father, who shall dwell

His Spi'rit within them, and the law of faith

Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,

To guid them in all truth, and also arm 490

With spiritual armour, able to resist

Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,

What man can do against them, not afraid,

Though to the death, against such cruelties

With inward consolations recompens'd, 495

And oft supported so as shall amaze

Their proudest persecutors: for the Spirit

Pour'd first on his apostles, whom he sends

To' evangelize the nations, then on all

Baptize'd, shall them with wondrous gift indue, 500

To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,

As did their Lord before them. Thus they win

Great numbers of each nation to receive

With joy the tidings brought from heav'n: at length,

Their ministry perform'd, and race well run, 505

Their doctrine and their story written left,

They die. But in their room, as they forewarn,

Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,

Who all the sacred mysteries of heaven

To their own vile advantages shall turn 510

Of lucre and ambition, and the truth

With superstitions and traditions taint,

Left only in those written records pure,

Though not but by the Spirit understood,

Then shall they seek to' avail themselves of names,
Places, and titles, and with these to join 516
Secular power, though feigning still to act
By spi'ritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spi'rit of God, promis'd alike and given
To all believers ; and from that pretence, 520
Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force
On every conscience ; laws which none shall find
Left them inroll'd, or what the Spi'rit within
Shall on the heart ingrave. What will they then
But force the Spi'rit of grace itself, and bind 525
His consort liberty ? what, but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to stand,
Their own faith, not another's ? for on earth
Who against faith and conscience can be heard
Infallible ? yet many will presume : 530
Whence heavy persecution shall arise
On all who in the worship persevere
Of spi'rit and truth ; the rest, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
Religion satisfy'd ; truth shall retire 535
Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith
Rarely be found : so shall the world go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight groaning, till the day
Appear of respiration to the just, 540
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid,
The woman's seed, obscurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
Last in the clouds from heav'n to be reveal'd 545
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted world, then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purge'd and refin'd,
New heavens, new earth, ages of endless date

Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love, 550
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.

He ended; and thus Adam last reply'd.
How soon hath thy prediction, fear blest'd,
Measur'd this transient world, the race of time,
Till time stand fix'd? Beyond is all abyss, 555
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.

Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire. 560

Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good 565

Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek; that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory, 570

And, to the faithful, death the gate of life;
Taught this by his example, whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest'd.

To whom thus also th' angel last reply'd.
This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum 575
Of wisdom; hope no high'er, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst, 580

And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come call'd Charity, the soul

Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath 585
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.
Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of speculation: for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and see the guards, 590
By me incamp'd on yonder hill, expect
Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd 595
Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd
To meek submission: thou at season fit
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her seed to come 600
(For by the woman's seed) on all mankind:
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous though sad,
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happy end. 605
He ended; and they both descend the hill;
Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve
Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak'd;
And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd.
Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise, 610
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go, 615
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.

Book XII. PARADISE LOST.

323

This further consolation yet secure

620

I carry hence ; though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
By me the promis'd seed shall all restore.

So spake our mother Eve ; and Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not ; for now too nigh 625
Th' archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array,
The Cherubim descended ; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening-mist
Ris'n from a river o'er the marsh glides, 630
And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advance'd,
The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a comet ; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adust, 635
Began to parch that temp'rate clime ; whereat
In either hand the hast'ning angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain ; then disappear'd. 640
They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms :
Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon ;
The world was all before them, where to chuse 646
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide :
They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

THE END.

This further consolation yet secure
 I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
 Such haven I unweariedly possess;
 By me the promise'sd seed shall all restore.
 So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
 Well pleas'd, but answer'd not, for now too high
 Th' exalted mood, and from the other hill
 To their ill-distant, all in bright array,
 The Cherubim descended; on the ground
 Gliding methinks, as evening-mists
 Rise from a river over the marshy glides,
 And gather ground till at the last they lose
 Homeward returning. High in front advanced
 The paradise'sd word of God before them blaz'd
 Thence as a comet; which with torrid heat
 And vapour as the Libyans say
 Began to parch that temperate clime; whence
 In etherial wind the half-wing'd angels came
 Our singing parents, and to the eastern gate
 Led them direct, and down the cliff that lay
 To the subiect plain; then disappeared
 They looking back, all the eastern side
 Of Paradise, to the happy seat
 Wav'd over by that bright, the gate
 With dreadful face, and fiery arms;
 Some natural terror, but with'd from soon;
 The world was all, where to choose
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide;
 They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

THE END.



I N D E X.

The numeral letters refer to the book, the figures to the line.

A

- A** ARON and Moses, their mission to Egypt xii. 170.
- Abdiel, (a Seraph) opposes Satan promoting the angels revolt, &c. v. 803. Reply to his answer, v. 877. His fidelity, &c. celebrated, v. 896. Retreat from Satan's party, vi. 1. Soliloquy on view of him at their head, vi. 114. Speech to him thereon, vi. 130. Reply to his answer, vi. 171. Encounters him in the battle, vi. 189. Vanquishes Arjel, Arioch, and Ramiel, (fallen angels) vi. 369.
- Abel and Cain, their story related, xi. 429.
- Abraham's and the patriarch's, xii. 113. All nations his sons by faith, xii. 446.
- Acheron, a river of hell, ii. 570.
- Adam and Eve described generally, iv. 288. Particularly, iv. 295. Their state of innocence, iv. 312, 492, 738. v. 211, 303. viii. 510. See Innocence. Night-orison, iv. 720. Morning-orison, v. 153. Preparations to entertain the angel Raphael, v. 313. The table and entertainment described, v. 391. Their nuptial bed, iv. 1708. Nuptials celebrated, viii. 510. Parting preceding the temptation, ix. 385. Behaviour after their fall, ix. 1004. Find themselves naked, ix. 1051. Make themselves breeches of fig-leaves, ix. 1099. Recriminate on, and reproach each other, ix. 1187. Hide themselves from God (the Son), x. 97. Appearance before him, x. 109. Repentance, x. 1098. Expulsion from Paradise, xii. 625. See Similes.
- Adam, his discourse with Eve on the prohibition of the tree of knowledge, iv. 411. To her at night, iv. 610. Answer to her question about the nightly luminaries, vi. 660. Viewing her sleeping, v. 8. Answer to her relating her dream, (the subject of Satan's first illusive temptation), v. 94. To her weeping, v. 129. Invites the angel Raphael to his bower, &c. v. 361. Discourses with him, v. 460. Continued on various subjects, viii. 651. See Raphael. His creation, and dominion, &c. over the creatures, ix. 524. Prohibited the tree of knowledge, vii. 542, viii. 332. Account of himself, and objects about him, &c. on his creation, viii. 253. Of his first view of the Divine Presence, instalation in Paradise, &c. viii. 311. Speech to God thereon, and on his solitude there, viii. 357. Reply to God's answer, viii. 379. Sleep on the formation of Eve described, viii. 451. His first view of her, viii. 481. Passion for her, viii. 521. Valediction to Raphael, viii. 644. Discourse with Eve preceding

I N D E X.

- preceding the temptation (on Satan's subtilty, and the means to resist it, &c.) ix. 205—384. Care, and fears for her in abſence, ix. 838. Meets her returning with the forbidden fruit, ix. 847. Soliloquy lamenting her tranſgreſſion, ix. 896. Reſolves to die with her, ix. 907. Speech to her thereon, ix. 921. Eats the forbidden fruit, ix. 996. Incites her to carnal fruition (the firſt effect of it), ix. 1011, 1016. The place, &c. deſcribed, ix. 1037. After ſpeech to her on their fall and nakedneſs, ix. 1067. Another, charging her as the aggreſſor, ix. 1132. Reply to her answer, (recriminates her affected ſelf-ſufficiency, &c.) ix. 1162. Answer to God (the Son) calling him to judgement, x. 115. Reply to him, (accuſes Eve), x. 124. The ſentence pronounced on him, x. 197. Soliloquy thereon, x. 720. Continued, x. 854. Wiſhes for his diſſolution, x. 746, 771. Reflections on the immortality of the ſoul, &c. x. 782. Repulſory ſpeech to Eve attempting to conſolate him, x. 866. Relents towards her, x. 937. Reply to her, (accuſing herſelf as the firſt in tranſgreſſion), x. 947. Answer, (to her reply adviſing to die by their own hands), x. 1013. Reſolves the contrary, (ſubmiſſion to God's will, and repentance), x. 1028. Speech to Eve (on the efficacy of prayer, &c.), xi. 140. Hails her the mother of mankind, xi. 158. Speech to her on the omens preceding their expulſion from Paradiſe, xi. 193. On the view of Michael approaching, xi. 226. Behaviour on receiving the meſſage, xi. 263. Speech to Michael thereon, xi. 295. Reſignation, xi. 370. Diſcourſe with Michael, diſcovering to him in viſion what ſhould happen in the world till the flood, xi. 450—867. Diſcourſe with him, relating what ſhould happen to the general reſurrection, xii. 61—551. General reply to him, (reſolutions of future obedience, dependence on God's providence, &c.) xii. 552. See Eve, Michael, Raphael, Similies.
- Adonis, a river in Syria, i. 450.
- Adramelech and Aſmadia (fallen angels) wounded, and put to flight, vi. 365.
- Air firſt clouded on Adam's fall, xi. 182.
- Alluſions. See Similies.
- Amarant, a flower tranſplanted from Paradiſe to heaven, iii. 352.
- Ambition cenſured, ii. 482. A cauſe of Satan's fall, iv. 86.
- Angels (celeſtial) obey God of choice, not neceſſity, v. 535. Imbattled againſt Satan, and the fallen angels, vi. 15. Their ſignal, and march, v. 56. Signal to engage, and engagement, vi. 202. Prevail, vi. 386. Diſpoſition to re-engage, vi. 524. Retreat, vi. 597. Rally again, and renew the fight, vi. 634. The ſong on the creation, vii. 180, 252, 557, 602. On its diſſolution and renovation, x. 641. Guardians of Paradiſe, their parade, watches, &c. iv. 778, 782, 861, 977, v. 287. Re-aſcent to heaven on Adam's fall, xi. 17. Appointed to expel Adam, &c. from Paradiſe, xi. 127. Deſcent there, vii. 208. Poſt assigned, viii. 220. March, poſſeſſing it, and expelling him, &c. xii. 626. See God the Father and Son, Similies. Guardians of mankind, ix. 152.
- Angels

INDEX

- Angels (fallen)** their after-state, i. 50, 339. Numbers, i. 331. v. 743. Names, i. 374. Various pursuits, &c. ii. 328. Loss supplied by man's creation, iii. 677. Imbattled against the angels celestial, vi. 79. Engagement, vi. 202. Defeat, vi. 386. Disposition to re-engage, vi. 507. Their artillery,—cannon, &c. vi. 572. Prevail, vi. 597. Entire defeat, and expulsion from heaven, vi. 831—877. Transformed to serpents, x. 519. Further punished with an illusion of the forbidden fruit, x. 547. Both actually continued, x. 575. See Satan. Similies.
- Apostles**, their mission, &c. xii. 439. Gift of the Holy Ghost, xii. 497. Successors (wolves, false teachers, &c.) described, xii. 508.
- Argument of the poem**, i. i. ix. 1.
- Ariel**, Arioch, and Ramiel, (fallen angels) vanquished, vi. 369.
- Ark**, its building by Noah, described, xi. 728. See Noah.
- Ark of the covenant** described, xii. 249.
- Ashtaroth and Baalim** (fallen angels), i. 422.
- Astoreth, or Astarte**, (a fallen angel), i. 438.
- Author's hymn on conjugal love**, iv. 750. To light, iii. 1. Invocations, i. 6. iii. 61. vii. 1. xi. 28. Reflection, in prospect of Adam's fall, &c. ii. 380. On Satan's premeditated attempt, iv. 1. On Eve's parting with Adam preceding it, ix. 404. On their nakedness after the fall, ix. 1114. On his own blindness, &c. iii. 22.
- Azazel** (a fallen angel) Satan's standard-bearer, i. 534.

B

- Baalim and Ashtaroth** (fallen angels) i. 422.
- Babel**, the city and tower, built by Nimrod, &c. xii. 38. The confusion of languages there described, xii. 48.
- Baptism**, what the sign of, xii. 442.
- Baptized**, the Holy Ghost given primitively to all such, xii. 497.
- Battle**, &c. between the celestial and fallen angels (God the Son concluding it) described, vi. 202—877. See Angels celestial and fallen.
- Beasts**, part of the sixth day's creation, described, vii. 453.
- Beelzebub** (a fallen angel), i. 79. Described, ii. 299. His answer to Satan's first speech after their fall, i. 128. To his second, i. 272. Speech in council, called by Satan thereon, ii. 310. Promotes an attempt on the world, ii. 345.
- Belial** (a fallen angel), i. 290. Described, ii. 108. His speech in council, ii. 119. To Satan on their advantage gained in the re-engagement with the celestial angels, vi. 620.
- Birds**, part of the fifth day's creation, described, vii. 417.
- Blasts**, an effect of Adam's fall, x. 692.
- Bridge from hell-gates to the world over Chaos**, the work, &c. described, x. 293.

C

- Cain and Abel**, their story related, xi. 429.
- Cham's story**, xii. 101.
- Chance**, the common notion of it exploded, ii. 909.

Chaos

I N D E X.

- Chaos described, ii. 890. vii. 210. Its court, ii. 959. Answer to Satan's speech there, ii. 989. Bounds since the angels fall, the creation, &c. ii. 998. State before it, v. 577. A bridge made over it from hell gate to the world, at Adam's fall, x. 282. See Similies.
- Charity, its praises, &c. xii. 576—587.
- Chemos, or Peor, (a fallen angel), i. 406, 412.
- Cherubim. See Angels celestial, &c. Similies.
- Church, hirelings in it, compared to the Devil in Paradise, iv. 192.
- Cocytus, a river of hell, ii. 579.
- Comparisons. See Similies.
- Conjugal love, the praises, &c. of it, iv. 750. Distinguished from an amour, iv. 765. Consists in reason, not passion, viii. 586. Defined, viii. 589. Expressed (on the woman's part) in practice, viii. 50. In words, xii. 615. A reciprocal duty of it, ix. 357.
- Conjugal obedience, woman's happiness, &c. iv. 635.
- Conjugal union, the reason and obligations of it, viii. 494. ix. 955. 961.
- Conscience, God's umpire in man, iii. 194. The terrors of it, iv. 23. x. 842. Laws to force it censured, xii. 515. No infallibility against it, xii. 529.
- Constellations, their appearances, motion, &c. iii. 577.
- Creation, the universal, described, iii. 708. vii. 221.
- Creatures animal in Paradise, described, iv. 340. Have degrees of knowledge and reason, viii. 369. Their discord, an effect of Adam's fall, x. 707. Entry of Noah's ark, xi. 733.
- D
- Dagon (a fallen angel), i. 457.
- Damned, the vicissitude of their torments described, ii. 596.
- David, his throne, why eternal, xii. 320.
- Day and night in heaven described, vi. 4.
- Death and Sin, their station at hell-gates before Adam's fall, ii. 648. Their union, x. 249. Make a bridge from thence over Chaos to the world, after it, x. 282. Meet Satan in his return to hell from thence, x. 326. Their journey thither, and influences described, x. 410. Arrival at Paradise, x. 585. After conduct in the world, x. 610. See Similies.
- Death described, ii. 666. Answer to Satan at hell-gates, ii. 688. The son of Satan and Sin, ii. 727. Its birth, ii. 777. Answer to Sin on Adam's fall, x. 264. To Sin's speech in Paradise, x. 596. See Similies.
- Death natural, the causes and variety of it described, xi. 466—493. More terrible in view than reality, xi. 469. Of the faithful, a sleep to immortality, xii. 425—434. The gate of life, xii. 571.
- Death eternal considered, x. 808.
- Deluge universal. See Noah.
- Despair, the degrees and colours of it, iv. 108.
- Devils, why eternally excluded from grace, iii. 129.
- Discord censured, ii. 496. Daughter of Sin, &c. x. 707.
- Dominion

INDEX

Dominion absolute in man, over men, an usurpation, xii. 64.
 Dreams illusive, &c. their source, iv. 799. Natural, v. 110. Divine, xii. 611.

E

Eagle, a bird of prey, an effect of Adam's fall, xi. 185.
 Earth and heaven. See Heaven and Earth.

Earth, its general creation described, iii. 715. vii. 231. The shadow of heaven, v. 574. Separated from the waters, part of the third day's creation described, vii. 276. The fruits of it, &c. vii. 313. Its motion, or of the heavens, speculations thereon censured, viii. 70. Its praises, ix. 99. The centre of the creation, ix. 107. Destruction by Noah's flood described, xi. 743. Restitution after it, xii. 852. An universal Paradise at the Messiah's coming to judgement, xii. 463. See World.

Eden, the country bounded, iv. 210.

Eden, the garden of it: See Paradise.

Egypt, the plagues of it described, xii. 173.

Election affected, iii. 183.

Elements, &c. subsist on each other, xi. 415.

Enoch, his story and translation, xi. 664, 700.

Eve and Adam: See Adam and Eve, Innocence, Similies.

Eve particularly described, characterised, &c. iv. 712. v. 379. viii.

470, 482, 546, 596. ix. 386, 431, 457, 489, 538, 603, 896. Answer to Adam's discourse on the prohibition of the tree of knowledge, iv. 440. Recounts her first view of the creation, Adam, &c. iv. 449. Answer to him at night, iv. 635. To him waking her, (relates her dream, the subject of Satan's first illusive temptation), v. 27. Weeping described, v. 129. Attending the entertainment of Raphael, v. 443. Her formation from Adam, viii.

460. Behaviour on view of him, viii. 500. Discourse with him preceding the temptation, (the prevailing on her own sufficiency, and his fondness), ix. 205—384. Answer to Satan (in the serpent), ix. 552. The discourse (Satan tempting her to eat the forbidden fruit) continued, ix. 732. Soliloquy before her eating it, ix. 745. Plucks and eats, ix. 780. Soliloquy after it, ix. 795.

Resolution to tempt Adam, ix. 830. Speech to him thereon, ix.

856. Reply to his answer, resolving to die with her, ix. 960.

Behaviour thereon, ix. 990. Gives him the fruit, ix. 995. Repeats the transgression with him, ix. 1005. Is incited by him to carnal fruition (the first effect of it), ix. 1014, 1035. The place &c. described, ix. 1037. Answer to him (accusing her as the aggressor) imputes it to his indulgence, ix. 1142. Answer to God (the Son) calling her to judgement (accuses the serpent), x. 159.

The sentence pronounced on her, x. 192. Behaviour and speech to Adam's repulse of her, and her offers of consolation (accuses herself), x. 909. After behaviour thereon, x. 937. Reply to his answer (advises to die by their own hands), x. 966. To him, hailing her the mother of mankind, xi. 162. Soliloquy, lamenting the threatened expulsion from Paradise, xi. 263. Speech to him

I N D E X.

on quitting it, (affection, conjugal resolution, and consolation on the promise of the Messiah), xii. 610. See Adam, Similies.
 Evening described. iv. 598.
 Evil—in thought unapproved—blameless, v. 117.
 Experience—a guide to wisdom, ix. 807.

F

Faith, unnecessary endeavours to approve it, suspicious, ix. 1139.
 Faith in Christ, with works, eternal life, xii. 420. Laws to force it censured, xii. 515. No infallibility against it, xii. 529.
 Fancy, (a faculty of the soul), its office, v. 100. The eye of the soul, viii. 460.
 Fame, or glory, the common notion of it censured, xi. 688.
 Fate, the will of God, vii. 170.
 Fig-tree, of which Adam, Eve, &c. made aprons, described, ix. 1101.
 Firmament, the second day's creation, described. vii. 261.
 Fish, part of the fifth day's creation, described, vii. 391.
 Flaming sword in Paradise on Adam's, &c. expulsion thence, described, xii. 632. See Similies,
 Flood universal. See Noah.
 Freedom, with the loss of it, virtue, &c. degenerates, xi. 797.
 Free grace asserted, iii. 173. Defined, iii. 227.
 Free-will asserted, iii. 95. v. 235. 520. viii. 635. ix. 350. x. 43.
 Reason, the same, iii. 108. ix. 350. The image of God, viii. 440.
 Fruition carnal, the passion of it censured, viii. 579.

G

Gabriel, the archangel, chief of the guardian angels of Paradise, his station, &c. described, iv. 443. Informed by Uriel of Satan's descent there, iv. 561. Undertakes to detect him, iv. 576. His charge to Uzziel, Ithuriel, and Zephon, (three other of the guardian angels), thereon, iv. 782. Speech to them, &c. on their taking, and return with him, iv. 866. To Satan thereon, iv. 877. Reply to his answer, iv. 902. To another, iv. 946. To another, iv. 1006. Appointed one of the chiefs of the celestial army against the revolted angels, vi. 45. His prowess, &c. in the battle, vi. 354.
 Glory, or fame, the common notion of it censured, xi. 688.
 God the Father contemplating his works, &c. iii. 56. Speech to God the Son, on Satan's design on the creation, man, &c. iii. 80. Reply to his answer, iii. 168. Proposes the manner, &c. of fallen man's redemption, iii. 203. Answer to the Son undertaking i, iii. 274. Decrees his bodily resurrection as God and man, iii. 303. His (the Father's) attributes, &c. iii. 372. Visibly seen in the Son, iii. 383. vi. 680. Charge to Raphael to warn Adam against his fall, v. 224. Speech to the whole celestial hierarchy convened at the inauguration of God the Son, v. 600. To the Son on Satan's, &c. revolt thereon, v. 719. Army against the revolters described, vi. 15. Speech to Abdiel on his quitting their party, vi. 29. Appoints Michael and Gabriel chiefs of

I N D E X.

of the celestial army, vi. 44. Battle, &c. between them and the
 revoltors described, vi. 202—607. Appoints God the Son to end
 it, vi. 680. Chariot (the Father's) described, vi. 749. Speech
 to the Son, resolving the creation of the world, vii. 139. Com-
 mits the work to him, vii. 163. His (the Father's) omnipresence,
 vii. 168, 588. Goodness, free, vii. 170. Will, fate, vii. 173.
 Institution of the Sabbath (by God the Father and Son) the seventh
 after the six days of the creation, vii. 581. The solemnity of it
 described, vii. 594. Speech (the Father's) on the guardian angels
 return from Paradise upon Adam's, &c. fall, x. 34. Appoints
 the Son judge of it, x. 55. Speech to the celestials on Sin and
 Death's entrance into the world thereby, x. 614. Promise of
 their dissolution, and renovation of heaven and earth, x. 633.
 Charge to the angels touching the changes in the creation on the
 fall; x. 645. Answer to the Son's intercession on Adam's repen-
 tance, xi. 45. Speech to the celestials convened at his decreeing
 his expulsion from Paradise, xi. 84. To Michael thereon, xi. 99.
 God the Son, at the right hand of the Father, iii. 62. His (the Fa-
 ther's) essence, &c. iii. 138. His word, &c. iii. 169. vii. 163.
 Answer to him on Satan's design on the creation, man, &c. iii.
 144. On his proposing the manner, &c. of man's redemption
 iii. 227. Undertakes it, iii. 236. Love to men, and filial obedi-
 ence, iii. 266. The second Adam, iii. 285. His merits alone
 imputative to man, iii. 290. xii. 406. His resurrection as God
 and man decreed, iii. 303. Equal to the Father, iii. 305. His
 (the Son's) attributes, iii. 383. Answer to the Father on Satan's,
 &c. revolt, vi. 733. The image of the Father, iii. 383. vi. 680,
 736. The Messiah, vi. 718, 881. Answer to the Father, ap-
 pointing him to end the battle between the celestial and revolted
 angels, vi. 723. Undertakes it, vii. 730. His armour, equipage,
 &c. described, vi. 760. Speech to the celestial army, vi. 800.
 Solely attacks the revoltors, vi. 824. Entirely defeats them, vi.
 838. The action and defeat described, vi. 631—877. Returns
 in triumph, vi. 878. His person, equipage, &c. in the work of
 the creation described, vii. 192. Reascent to heaven after it, vii.
 550. Institution of the Sabbath (by God the Father and the Son)
 the seventh after the six days creation, vii. 581. The solemnity
 of it described, vii. 594. Answer (the Son's) to Adam, on his
 solitude in Paradise, viii. 369. To his reply, viii. 398. To ano-
 ther (promises him a consort), viii. 437. Appointed by the Father
 judge of Adam's transgression (fall), x. 55. All judgement com-
 mitted to him, x. 56. The mercy of it, x. 58. Answer to the
 Father thereon, x. 68. Descent to Eden, x. 85. Call to Adam
 there, x. 103. Reply to his answer (accusing Eve), x. 119. To
 his reply, x. 144. To Eve (accusing the serpent), x. 157. Sen-
 tence pronounced by him on the serpent, x. 163, 175. Explained,
 x. 182. On Eve, x. 192. On Adam, x. 197. Clothes them with
 skins, &c. x. 211. Reascent to the Father, and intercession for
 them,

I N D E X.

- them, x. 224. The justice of his sentence, x. 754. His intercession on their repentance, xi. 22. See Messiah.
- God, purity of adoration more acceptable to him than ritual, iv. 736. All good proceeds from, and returns to him, v. 469. To be contemplated in the works of the creation, v. 508. Acts immediate, vii. 176. The centre of heaven, ix. 107. His absolute decrees, xi. 311. Omnipresence, goodness, &c. xi. 335. The fear of him, &c. with loss of freedom, degenerates, xi. 797. Particular presence, xii. 48. To obey, love, depend on his providence, &c. the sum of knowledge, xii. 557. And wisdom, xii. 575. Gospel, how to be understood, xii. 511. Grace of God, man its object, and devils eternally excluded from it, why, iii. 129. Man's long resistance of it alone exclusive, iii. 198. Repentance a fruit of it, xi. 22. The spirit of it, and liberty, consorts, xii. 525. Gratitude exerted, a discharge of its debt, iv. 55.
- Gunpowder, guns, &c. the original invention ascribed to the Devil, vi. 478, 484. Discharge described, vi. 584.
- ## H
- Heaven and earth, their final renovation by fire, xi. 898. xii. 547. After-happiness therein, xii. 463, 549.
- Heaven, the joys, &c. of it described, iii. 344. Its gate, iii. 501. v. 253. Passage from thence to the world, iii. 226. Its general creation, iii. 716. Visible, the study of it how necessary, viii. 66. Speculations of its motions, or the earth's, censured, viii. 70. How situated, respecting the world and hell, x. 320.
- Hell described, i. 60, 228. ii. 587, 618. Its gates, ii. 645. First opened by Sin, ii. 871. How situated, respecting heaven and the world, x. 322. See Similies.
- Hierarchies of heaven, before the revolt of the fallen angels, described, v. 579.
- Hinnom, the valley of, whence called Tophet, and Gehenna, i. 399.
- Holy Ghost, its effusion, &c. at the creation, vii. 195. Descent, &c. on the apostles, and all baptized, xii. 485. Promised and given alike to all believers, xii. 518.
- Hospitality, an incitation to it, v. 316.
- Hymn to light, iii. 1. To God the Father and Son, iii. 372. On conjugal love, iv. 750. On the creation, vii. 180, 252, 557, 602.
- Hypocrisy visible to God alone, iii. 682.
- Hypocrites, Satan the first, iv. 121. Pretenders to supernatural purity, &c. iv. 744.
- ## I
- Idolatry, the original rise of it assigned, i. 364. Of the post-diluvian world, xii. 115.
- Jealousy, the lover's hell, v. 449.
- Immortality of the soul discussed, x. 782.
- Innocence, the state of it described, iv. 312, 492, 738. v. 211, 303, 443, viii. 40, 510.
- Intellectual beings, a faculty of them, ii. 146.

Invocations,

I N D E X.

- Invocations, the author's, i. 6. iii. 51, vii. 1. xi. 20.
 Jove, a fallen angel, i. 512.
 Israelites, the story of their bondage, and deliverance from Egypt, related, xii. 163. Of the settlement of their civil and sacred economy in the wilderness, xii. 223. Establishment in Canaan, xii. 260. Reason, use, &c. of their ritual laws, xii. 280. Government by judges and kings, xii. 315. Captivity in Babylon, xii. 335. Return from thence, after dissensions, &c. to the birth of the Messiah, &c. xii. 345—359.
 Iſis, a fallen angel, i. 473.
 Ichuriel, a guardian angel of Paradise, iv. 788. Detects Satan's first attempt on Eve there, iv. 810.
- K
- Knowledge of good and evil, the tree of it, how situated, iv. 220. ix. 626. Described, ix. 575. Forbidden to Adam, vii. 542. viii. 323. Satan's encomium of it, ix. 679. Eve's, ix. 795. 863.
 Knowledge, or opinion, the result of reason and fancy, v. 100. Without restraint, folly, vii. 126. viii. 188. xii. 561. Of things necessary, wisdom, viii. 192.
 Knowledge of future events, the desire of it reprehended, xi. 770. Its sum, the love, fear, &c. of God, xii. 557. In animal creatures asserted, viii. 369. See Similies.
- L
- Lethe, a river of hell, described, ii. 582. Medusa the guard of it, ii. 610.
 Leviathan described, i. 201.
 Liberty, with the loss of it, virtue, &c. degenerates, xi. 797. Adam's fall the first cause of it, xii. 82.
 Liberty the same with reason, xii. 83.
 Life, the tree of it described, iv. 218. Where situated, ix. 69.
 Life, long, by temperance, xi. 530. The great rule of it respecting itself, xi. 553.
 Light, hymn to it, iii. 1. The first day's creation described, vii. 243.
 Lightning, how produced, x. 1073.
 Limbo, or fools paradise, where, iii. 495.
 Lion, a beast of prey, an effect of Adam's fall, xi. 187.
 Love, conjugal, its praises, iv. 750. Distinguished from that of an amour, iv. 763. Love consists in reason, not in passion, viii. 586. Defined, viii. 589. In spirits celestial, the expression of it what, and how, viii. 620. Smiles, the food of love. ix. 239. Founded in reason, one end of human life, ix. 241.
 Lucifer, Satan why so called, x. 425. See Satan.
 Lust carnal, the first effect of Adam's, &c. fall, ix. 1011. The source of it, ix. 1042.
- M
- Mammon, a fallen angel, i. 678. His speech in the council called by Satan after their fall, ii. 229.
 Man fallen the object of grace, why, iii. 130. His long resistance of

I N D E X:

- of it alone exclusive, iii. 198. Redemption proposed by God the Father, iii. 203. Undertaken by God the Son, iii. 227. The Son's merits alone imputative to him, towards it, how, iii. 290.
- Man created to repair the loss of the fallen angels, iii. 667. ix. 143. His creation (part of the sixth day's) described, vii. 524. Dominion over the rest, vii. 520. Love to woman, how consistent with his superiority, viii. 567. The whole creation in little, ix. 109. Angels his guardians, ix. 154. His superiority over the woman given him by God, x. 145, 195. Pursuing his appetites, disfigures not God's image but his own, xi. 515. Conformity to the divine will the true end of his creation, xi. 603. Absolute dominion over his brethren (men) an usurpation, xii. 64. Given him by God only over the creatures, xii. 67. Matches conjugal, the modern censured, viii. 57. Respecting the woman particularly, x. 888.
- Medusa, the guard of Lethe, ii. 610.
- Mercy, God's first and last attribute, iii. 132.
- Messiah promised, x. 181. The promise explained, x. 182. xii. 386. His birth, &c. and kingdom, described, xii. 350. Why called the seed of the woman, xii. 376. Life, and passion, xii. 388. Resurrection, and mission of the apostles, xii. 420. Ascension, &c. xii. 451. Coming to judgement, &c. xii. 453, 543.
- Michael (the archangel) appointed one of the chiefs of the celestial army against the revolted angels, vi. 44. His prowess, etc. in the battle, vi. 250. Speech to Satan encountering him, vi. 262. The combat described, vi. 296. Wounds Satan, vi. 320. The revolted defeated, incamps on the field of battle, vi. 410. Prepares to expel Adam, etc. from Paradise, xi. 126. His appearance, etc. there described, xi. 238. Speech to Adam thereon, xi. 251. Reply to Eve, lamenting the threatened expulsion, xi. 286. To Adam on the same subject, xi. 334. Discovers to him (in vision) what should happen to the time of the flood, xi. 423—867. The story of Cain and Abel, xi. 429. Death, with its causes, and variety, xi. 466. The state of the antediluvian world, (in common) xi. 556. The state of it (civil, or in propriety) xi. 638. The story of Enoch, xi. 664. Of Noah, xi. 700. The flood, xi. 738. God's covenant to destroy the world no more by water, xi. 890. Discovers to him (relatively) what should happen from the flood to the general resurrection, xii. 6—551. The patriarchal government, xii. 13. The building and confusion at Babel, xii. 38. The story of Cham, xii. 101. Of Abraham, and the patriarchs, xii. 113. Of the Israelites bondage in Egypt, and deliverance thence, xii. 163. Of the settlement of their civil and sacred œconomy in the wilderness, and establishment in Canaan, xii. 223. Of their various ritual laws, their reason, use, etc. xii. 280. Of their government by judges and kings, xii. 315. Of their captivity in Babylon, xii. 335. Of their return from thence, after-diffusions, the birth and kingdom of the Messiah, xii. 345—371. Of his life, passion, resurrection, mission of the apostles, ascension,

I N D E X.

- lion, etc. xii. 388—465. Of the mission of the Holy Ghost, gift of tongues, miracles, etc. xii. 485—504. Of the apostles successors, (false teachers, etc.), their ambition, innovation, etc. the effects of them, and the Messiah's coming to judgement, xii. 705.—551. His answer to Adam's resolutions of future obedience, etc. commends, advises him, and warns him to quit Paradise, xii. 575. Leads him and Eve out, xii. 637. See Similies.
 Mind, the force of it, i. 254. Discourse, its food, ix. 237.
 Moloch, a fallen angel, i. 392. His speech in the council called by Satan after their fall, ii. 51. Defies Gabriel in the battle between the celestial and revolted angels, vi. 357. Is wounded by him, and flies, vi. 360.
 Moon, supposed inhabited by translated saints and middle spirits, iii. 459. Its office, iii. 726. Rising described, iv. 606. The spots in it, vapours not yet consolidated with its body, v. 418. Part of the fourth day's creation, vii. 356. Receives its light from the sun, vii. 375. Motion, aspects, vii. 379.
 Moon and stars, their courses, influences, &c. iv. 661.
 Moon and planets, their noxious motion, aspects, &c. an effect of Adam's fall, x. 656.
 Morning in heaven described, vi. 12.
 Morning, natural, described, v. 120. ix. 192. xi. 133.
 Moses and Aaron, their mission to Egypt, xii. 170.
 Mulciber, a fallen angel, i. 740.
 N
 Night in heaven described, v. 642.
 Night and day in heaven described, vi. 4.
 Night, natural, described, iv. 604—776. v. 38. ix. 48. At Adam's fall, x. 846.
 Nimrod, (the first monarch), his tyranny described, and censured xii. 24.
 Nisroch, a fallen angel, vi. 446. His answer to Satan in council after their defeat by the celestial angels, vi. 451.
 Noah, his reprehension of the antediluvian world, xi. 719—808, Building the ark, &c. xi. 728. Entering it, with his family, the creatures, &c. xi. 733. The flood described, xi. 738—824. Its abatement, the ark's resting, etc. xi. 841. His descent from it, appearance of the rainbow, etc. xi. 861.
 Noon described, v. 300.
 O
 Obedience, conjugal, woman's happiness, etc. iv. 631. Of will, not necessity, only acceptable to God, v. 529.
 Old age described, xi. 535.
 Omens of Adam's expulsion from Paradise, xi. 182.
 Opinion, or knowledge. See knowledge or opinion.
 Orbs celestial and terrestrial, notions about their motions, appearance, etc. doubtful, and not necessary to the improvement of happiness, etc. viii. 70—178.
 Orus, a fallen angel, i. 478. Osiris, another, ib.
 Pandæmonium

I N D E X

P

- Pandarmonium** (the court of hell) described, i. 710. See *Similies*.
Paradise, or the garden of Eden, described, iv. 131—214. v. 291. vii. 537. viii. 304. ix. 439. The eastern gate of it, iv. 542. Guarded by Gabriel, iv. 549. The power of Adam and Eve there, iv. 690. The parade, watches, etc. of the guardian angels in Paradise, iv. 778—782—861—977. The hill there, from whence Michael discovers to Adam in vision what should happen to the time of the flood, xi. 377. Adam and Eve's expulsion from Paradise described, xii. 625. The flaming sword, etc. guarding the east gate of it, xii. 632. The seat of it destroyed by Noah's flood, xi. 829. See *Similies*.
Passions inordinate, an effect of Adam's fall; ix. 1120.
Patriarchal government, from the flood to Nimrod's tyranny, xii. 13.
Patriarchs, (Abraham's, etc.) their story related, xii. 113.
Peace, the corruptions of it equal to the wastes of war, xi. 783.
Peor or Chemos, a fallen angel, i. 412.
Persecution in matters spiritual, the rise of it, xii. 508—533. Its effects, xii. 533.
Phlegethon, a river of hell, ii. 580.
Plagues of Egypt described, xii. 173.
Planets and moon, their noxious motion, aspects, etc. an effect of Adam's fall, x. 656.
Pleasure, sensual, censured, xi. 603.
Poles, north and south, perpetual day under both, but for Adam's fall, x. 668—680.
Prayer, the efficacy of its spirit, xi. 5—14—146. Unavailable against God's absolute decrees, xi. 341.
Predestination defined, iii. 111.
Priests occasion the first dissension in the Jewish church and state, xii. 353.
Protopopeia; on Eve's eating the forbidden fruit, ix. 782. On Adam's, ix. 1000.

R

Rainbow, its first appearance after Noah's flood, xi. 865. Sign of God's covenant to destroy the world no more by water, xi. 895.
Ramiel, Ariel, and Arioch (fallen angels) vanquished, vi. 369.
Raphael, (the archangel), his descent to Paradise to warn Adam against his fall, v. 247. His person described, v. 276. Answer to Adam's invitation to his bower, and entertainment there, v. 371. 404. Salutation of Eve, v. 388. Discourse with Adam on various subjects, v. 464—viii. 651. On the perfection, variety, and gradual economy of the creation, v. 468—543. On obedience, as a duty of choice, not necessity, v. 520—543. On the revolt and defeat of the fallen angels, v. 577—897. Thence warns him against Satan's temptation, vi. 893. Vanquishes Asmadaj, and puts him to flight, vi. 363. On the creation, etc. vii. 111.—640. On the motion, appearances, and influences of the celestial and terrestrial bodies, viii. 15—178. Reply to Adam's account of himself on his creation, etc. viii. 560. Reply to his question concerning

I N D E X.

- oerning love, and the expression of it in spirits celestial, viii. 620.
 Advice to Adam at parting, and reascent to heaven, viii. 630.
 See Similies.
- Reason, and free-will, the same, iv. 95—108. ix. 350. The chief
 faculty of the soul, v. 100. The being of the soul, discursive of
 men, intuitive of angels, v. 486. In animal creatures, viii. 369.
 The law of nature, ix. 653. Correlative with liberty, xii. 83.
 With virtue, xii. 97.
- Redemption of man proposed by God the Father, iii. 203. Under-
 taken by God the Son, iii. 227.
- Repentance the grace of God, iii. 185. Sincere endeavours towards
 it acceptable, iii. 191. An act of it, x. 1086. Its efficacy, xi. 22.
- Reprobation, the state of it, iii. 198.
- Reptiles, part of the sixth day's creation, described, vii. 475.
- Revolt, and defeat of the fallen angels, v. 577—vi. 892.
- Rimmon,, a fallen angel, i. 467.
- S
- Sabbath, its institution, the seventh, after the six days creation, vii.
 581. The solemnity of it described, vii. 594.
- Salvation, not only to the sons of Abraham's loins, but his faith,
 xii. 449.
- Satan, (the prince of the fallen angels), his fall from heaven, i. 34.
 Why so called, i. 81. v. 657. Speech to Beelzebub after their fall,
 i. 84. Reply to Beelzebub's answer, i. 157. Ascent from hell
 i. 192. His stature, looks, etc. described, i. 193. iv. 985. v. 706.
 Speech to Beelzebub thereon, i. 242. His shield described, i. 284.
 His spear, i. 292. Speech to the other fallen angels, i. 315. His
 standard described, i. 531. Speech to the fallen angels recombated,
 i. 622. Calls a council, i. 752. Speech to them in coun-
 cil, ii. 11. Undertakes an attempt on the world, (the result of it)
 ii. 430—465. Ascent to the gates of hell, ii. 629. Speech to
 Death there, ii. 681. The Father of Sin and Death, ii. 727.
 Answer to Sin's speech, ii. 737. To her reply, ii. 817. Flight
 into Chaos, ii. 917. Arrival at the court of Chaos, ii. 951. Speech
 there, ii. 968. Brought Sin and Death first into the world, ii.
 1024. Ascent to light, etc. ii. 1034. Alights on the convex of the
 world's outermost orb, iii. 418. View of the world from the first
 step to heaven-gate, iii. 540. Descent to it described, iii. 561.
 Stops at the Sun, iii. 588. Discovers Uriel, the angel of it, there,
 iii. 621. Transforms himself to a Cherub, iii. 634. Speech to
 Uriel, iii. 654. Deceives him, iii. 681. Is directed by him to the
 world, iii. 724. And Paradise, iii. 733. Alights on Mount Ni-
 phates, iii. 739. Soliloquy, contemplating the sun, iv. 32. The
 first hypocrite, iv. 121. Arrives at Paradise, iv. 131. Sits on the
 tree of life, iv. 194. Soliloquy on view of Adam and Eve in Pa-
 rade, iv. 358. Descends from the tree of life, and assumes sever-
 al animal shapes, iv. 395. Listens to Adam's discourse with Eve
 on God's prohibition of the tree of knowledge, iv. 408. Solilo-
 VOL. I. G 8 8

I N D E X.

- guy on the subject of it, iv. 505. Resolves then to tempt them
 to disobedience, iv. 512. First attempt in the assumed shape of a
 toad, on Eve asleep, iv. 799. Answer to Ithuriel and Zephon,
 reprehending him thereon, iv. 827. Reply to their answer, iv.
 851. Answer to Gabriel, iv. 886. Reply to his answer, iv. 925.
 To another, iv. 968. The inauguration of God the Son, the oc-
 casion of his revolt, v. 657. Speech to the next subordinate angel
 of his party thereon, v. 673. The seat of his hierarchy before his
 fall described, v. 756. Speech to the angels of his hierarchy there-
 on, v. 772. Reply to Abdiel's answer on his speech to the hier-
 archs of his party, v. 853. His army described, vi. 79. His port,
 and post there, vi. 99. Answer to Abdiel's reply, vi. 150. Bat-
 tle between his and the celestial army described, vi. 205—385.
 His prowess in the battle, vi. 246. Encounters Michael, vi. 253.
 Answer to Michael's speech thereon, vi. 281. The combat de-
 scribed, vi. 296. Wounded by him, vi. 320. Carried off, vi.
 335. His army defeated, vi. 386. Retreats, and calls a council,
 vi. 414. Speech in council, vi. 418. Reply to Nisroch there, vi.
 469. Gives the word for renewing the battle, vi. 558. Renew-
 ed by his army, and the second battle described, vi. 569—670.
 Speech on the celestial army's retreat, vi. 608. His army's en-
 tire defeat and expulsion from heaven described, vi. 831—877.
 Returns from compassing the earth, to Paradise by night, in a mist,
 in order to his temptation, ix. 53. His circuit, etc. described, ix.
 62. Soliloquy thereon, ix. 99. Enters the serpent, ix. 182. View
 (in that shape) of Eve, ix. 424. Soliloquy thereon, ix. 473. Be-
 haviour to her, ix. 523. Speech to her, ix. 532. Reply to her
 answer, ix. 567. The discourse (his temptation of Eve to eat the
 forbidden fruit) continued, ix. 732. Leaves her after eating it,
 ix. 784. His sentence thereon (virtually) pronounced by God the
 Son, x. 171. Returns to hell to avoid his presence in Paradise, x.
 337. Meets Sin and Death upon their journey to the world on
 Adam's, etc. fall, x. 345. Answer to Sin's speech, x. 383. Parts
 with them, x. 410. Ascends his throne at Pandæmonium, x.
 443. Speech to the fallen angels assembled there, x. 459. Ap-
 plauded with a hiss, x. 504. He and they transformed to serpents,
 x. 510. Further punished with an illusion of the forbidden fruit,
 x. 549. Both annually continued, x. 575. Himself (the serpent)
 dragged in chains at the ascension of the Messiah, xii. 453. Disso-
 lution (with the world) at his coming to judgement, xii. 545. See
 Similies.
 Saturn, (a fallen angel) i. 512.
 Scriptures, how to be understood, xii. 511.
 Seasons, their changes, respecting each climie, an effect of Adam's
 fall, x. 677.
 Serpent described, ix. 182. After entered by Satan, ix. 495. His
 sentence (formally) pronounced by God the Son, as the assumed
 tempter of Eve, x. 163—175. See Similies.
 Sideral blasts, etc. an effect of Adam's fall, x. 692.

Similies,

I N D E X.

Similies. Adam and Eve, after their fall—to the Americans, as first seen by Columbus, ix. 1115. Their repentance—to Deucalion and Pyrrha's address to restore the human race after their flood, xi. 8. Adam caressing Eve—to Jupiter with Juno (May-showers) iv. 499. His address to her sleeping—to Zephyrus breathing on Flora, v. 15. Bower—to Pomona's harbour, v. 377. Desires to know the story of the creation, prior to his own—to thirst unallayed, increasing, vii. 66. Awaked after carnal fruition, the first effect of his fall—to Samson shorn by Dalilah, ix. 1059. Sorrow on the vision of Noah's flood—to a father's mourning his children all destroyed in his view at once, xi. 760.

Angels (celestial) the spears (of the guardians of Paradise)—to ears of corn ripe for reaping, iv. 980. Their march against Satan's army—to that of the birds in Paradise to receive their names from Adam, vi. 72. Their Hallelujahs—to the sound of seas, x. 642. Appointed to expel Adam, etc. from Paradise—their faces to a double Janus (four) xi. 128. Their eyes—to those of Argus, ix. 129. Their appearance there—to the angels appearing to Jacob in Mahanaim, xi. 213. To those in Dothan against the King of Assyria, xi. 216. Their motion—to an evening-mist, xii. 628.

Angels (fallen or infernal)—to autumnal leaves, i. 302. To floating sea-sedge after a storm, i. 304. Rousing at Satan's command—to centinels waking from sleep on duty, i. 331. Imbattling against the angels celestial—to the Egyptian plague of locusts, i. 338. To the irruptions of the northern barbarians, i. 351. Their disposition to engage—to that of the heroes of antiquity, i. 549. With them—the greatest armies in all ages since the creation—pigmyes, i. 573. Themselves—to oaks or pines blasted, i. 612. Their searching, etc. for the materials of Pandæmonium—to pioneers intrenching, etc. i. 675. Their manner of raising it—to the wind of an organ, i. 705. Assembling thereat—to bees, i. 768. To pigmyes, 780. To fairies, i. 781. Their applause of Mammon's speech in council—to the hollow wind after a storm, ii. 285. Their rising from council—to thunder afar off, ii. 476. Their pleasure on the result—to the evening sun after a foul day, ii. 488. Their after various pursuits, passions, etc. to the Olympic or Pythian games, ii. 530. To the phenomena of armies in the clouds, ii. 533. To Hercules on Oeta, ii. 543. Their numbers composing Satan's army against the celestials—to the stars, v. 745. To the dew-drops, v. 746. Their applause of Satan's reply to Abdiel—to the sound of deep waters, v. 872. Thronged together after their entire defeat by God the Son—to a herd of goats, vi. 856. Their retreat to Pandæmonium from the frontiers of hell during Satan's expedition to the world—to the Tartar's

I. N D E X.

- flight before the Rufs—and the Persian from the Turk—
 waſting the intermediate country, x. 431. Transformation to
 ſerpents—to thoſe ſprung from the Gorgon's blood, etc. x.
 526. Their appearance on the tree illuſive of the forbidden
 fruit—to the ſnaky hair of Megæra, (one of the furies) x.
 558. The fruit—to the apples of Sodom, x. 561.
 Chaos, atoms, their motion—to the Libyan quickſands, ii.
 900. Confuſion there—to ſtorming a town, ii. 920.—To
 heaven and earth (ſuppoſed) falling, etc. ii. 924.
 Death, and Sin, their making a bridge over Chaos to the world
 —to polar winds, driving ice together in the (ſuppoſed, north-
 eaſt paſſage, x. 289. The work—to Neptune's fixing the iſle
 of Delos, 293.—To Xerxes making a bridge over the Helle-
 ſpont, x. 306.
 Death's inſtinct of Adam's fall—to the flight of birds of prey to
 a field of battle, x. 273. His and Satan's frowns on each other
 —to two thunder clouds meeting, ii. 714.
 Eve—her hair—to the vine's tendrils, iv. 305. Her looks
 —to the firſt bluſh of morning, v. 122. Herſelf—to Pan-
 dora, iv. 713.—To a wood nymph, or Venus, v. 379.—To
 a Dryad, or Delia, (Diana) ix. 387.—To Pales or Romona,
 ix. 393.—To Ceres, ix. 395. Her temptation by Satan—
 alluded to by the ſtory of Ophion and Eurynome, ix. 578.
 Flaming ſword in Paradife, on Adam and Eve's expulſion thence
 —to a comet, xii. 632. Its heat, etc.—to the Libyan
 air, xii. 634.
 Hell—to mount *Ætna*, (in Sicily) i. 230.—To the bog or
 lake Serbonis, (in Palaſtine) ii. 592.
 Knowledge, the deſire of it—to a thirſt unallayed, increaſing,
 vii. 66.
 Michael, his combat with Satan—to two planets (the frame of
 nature, ſuppoſed, diſſolved) ruſhing in oppoſition to each other,
 vi. 310. Appearance to expel Adam, etc. from Paradife—
 to a man in a military veſt, etc. xi. 239.
 Pandæmonium, or the court of hell, its ſudden riſe—to an ex-
 halation, i. 740.
 Paradife, the air of it—to the effluvia from Arabia Felix, at
 ſea, iv. 159. Itſelf—to the field of Enna, (in Sicily) ix. 268.
 —To the grove of Daphne, etc. (in Theſſaly) iv. 272.—
 To the iſle of Nyſa, where Bacchus was brought up, iv. 275.
 —To mount Amara, (in Ethiopia) iv. 280.—To the gar-
 dens of Adonis, ix. 439.—Of Alcinous, ix. 440.—Of So-
 lemon, ix. 442.
 Raphael, his view of the world in his deſcent from heaven to Pa-
 radife—to that of the moon through an optic glaſs, v. 261.
 —Of Delos, or Samos, from the Cyclades, (iſles) v. 264.
 Himſelf—to a phoenix, v. 271.—To Mercury, v. 285.
 Satan—to Briareos, Typhon, and the Leviathan, i. 199. 201.
 —To the ſun riſing in a miſt, i. 594.—In eclipſe, i.
 —To

I N D E X.

—To the longest train of a comet, ii. 707. —To the
 mount Tenariff, or Atlas, iv. 985. His shield—to the moon,
 i. 284. His spear—to mast, i. 292. His standard—to a
 meteor, i. 337. The phenomenon of his ascent to hell-gates
 —to a fleet in the Offin, ii. 636. His, and Death's frowns
 on each other—to two thunder-clouds meeting, ii. 714. Flight
 to the court of Chaos—to a gryphon's in the wilderness, ii.
 943. Towards heaven—to (the ship) Argo through the
 Thracian Bosphorus, i. 1016. —To Ulysses's voyage between
 Scylla and Charybdis, ii. 1019. Arrival at light, etc.—to a
 weather-beaten vessel towards port, ii. 1043. —On the convex
 of the world's uttermost orb—to a vulture seeking his prey,
 iii. 431. First view of the world—to a scout's casual pro-
 spect, after a dangerous journey, of a new country or city, iii.
 543. —Of the stars orbs—to the Hesperian gardens, etc.
 iii. 568. Appearance in the sun's orb—to a spot in it differ-
 ing from all astronomical observations, iii. 688. Meditation on
 his intended attempt on the world—to a gun recoiling, iv. 14.
 In Paradise—to a wolf preying on a fold, iv. 183. —To a
 thief breaking in at a house-top, etc. iv. 188. —To a tyger
 in view of a brace of fawns, iv. 403. Detected by Ithuriel
 there—to gunpowder taking fire, iv. 814. Reprehended by
 Zephon—to a steed reined, in a fret, iv. 857. His army a-
 gainst the celestials in number—to the stars, v. 745. —To
 the dew-drops, v. 746. Their applause of his reply to Abdiel—
 to the sound of deep waters, vi. 872. Himself recoiling on
 a blow received from Michael—to a mountain sinking by an
 earthquake, vi. 193. His combat with Michael—to two
 planets (the frame of nature supposed dissolved) rushing in oppo-
 sition to each other, vi. 310. View (in the serpent) of Para-
 dise and Eve there—to a citizen's taking the air in the coun-
 try from his home confinement, ix. 445. Shape (transformed
 to a serpent) on his return to hell after the temptation—to
 the serpent Python, x. 529. His tempting Eve—alluded to
 by the story of Ophion and Eurynome, x. 578.
 Serpent, that entered by Satan—to those Hermione and Cadmus
 were transformed to, ix. 504. —To that assumed by Æscula-
 pius, ix. 506. —To those by Jupiter Ammon, and Capitoli-
 nus, ix. 508. His motion, wreathings, etc.—to the working
 of a ship in shifting winds, etc. ix. 513. His crest (preceding
 Eve to the forbidden tree)—to an exhalation flaming (Will
 i' th' Wisp) ix. 634. His address introducing the temptation
 —to that of an orator of the Athenian or Roman common-
 wealths, ix. 670.
 Sin, her middle parts—to the supposed dogs of Scylla, ii. 659.
 Of the night-hag, ii. 662.
 Spears—to ears of corn-ripe for reaping, iv. 980.
 Stars, their orbs—to the Hesperian gardens, etc. iii. 568.
 Sun, his course turned at Adam's, etc. eating the forbidden fruit
 —as at the banquet of Thyestes, x. 688.

Uriel

I N D E X.

- Uriel**, his descent from the sun on Paradise—to a shooting-star, iv. 555.
- Waters**, their flux into seas, etc. on the creation—to drops on dust, vii. 290.—To armies forming themselves on sound of trumpet, viii. 294.
- Sin and Death**. See **Death and Sin**.
- Sin** described, ii. 652. Her speech to Satan, and **Death**, at hell-gates, ii. 727. Reply to Satan, ii. 747. Her birth, ii. 752. Reply to his answer, ii. 850. Opens hell-gates to him, ii. 871. Speech to **Death** on Adam's fall, x. 235. To Satan, (meeting him returning to hell), on her and **Death**'s journey to the world after it, x. 354. To **Death** on their arrival at Paradise, x. 591. Reply to **Death**'s answer, x. 602. See **Similies**.
- Sin** original, lust carnal the first effect of it, ix. 1011. Its solace, ix. 1042.
- Slavery**, original of it—the inordinacy of the passions, xii. 86. The justice of it, as consequential on deviating from virtue, etc. xii. 97.
- Soul**, its faculties, v. 100. Its immortality discussed, x. 782.
- Spirits**, their essence and power, i. 423—789. Their invisible existence on earth, iv. 677. The elect, their hymn to God the Father, and Son, iii. 372. Material, etc. faculties in spirits, v. 404. 433. Vital, animal, and intellectual spirits progressive from material nutrition, v. 482. Their existence in life, intellect, shape, etc. defined, vi. 344.
- Spring** perpetual within the tropics, but for Adam's fall, x. 678.
- Stars**, their places, appearances, etc. iii. 565. Fed by the air, v. 417. Part of the fourth day's creation, vii. 357. Receive their light from the sun, vii. 364. See **Similies**.
- Stars**, and moon, their courses, influences, etc. iv. 661.
- Storms**, etc. an effect of Adam's fall, xi. 695.
- Styx**, a river of hell, ii. 577.
- Sun**, its appearance, place, and power, iii. 571. Brightness described iii. 591. Orb fed by exhalations from the grosser, v. 423. Part of the fourth day's creation, vii. 354. The fountain of light, vii. 364. Setting described, iv. 352. 339. 590. viii. 630. x. 92. Its annual course, producing intense heat and cold, an effect of Adam's fall, x. 651. Its oblique motion from the equinoctial, from the same cause, x. 671. See **Similies**.
- Teachers**, false, of the Christian religion described, xii. 508.
- Temperance**, the effect of it long life, xi. 530.
- Thammuz**, or **Adonis**, a fallen angel, ii. 446.
- Thunder**, an effect of Adam's fall, x. 666.
- Time**, respecting eternity, defined, v. 580.
- Titan**, a fallen angel, i. 510.
- Tradition** censured, xii. 511.
- Tree of life**. See **Life**. Of knowledge. See **Knowledge**.
- Truth**, suffering for it, fortitude, etc. xii. 569.
- Tyranny**, Nimrod's, described and censured, xii. 24. Origin of it, the

I N D E X.

the inordinacy of the passions, xii. 86. No excuse of the tyrant (though just in consequence on the subject) xii. 95.
 Tyrants, their plea for conquest, etc. compared with Satan's first attempt on man, iv. 390.
 Twilight described, iv. 598.

V

Vacuity, God's omnipresence an argument against it, vii. 168.
 Valour, or heroic virtue, the common notion of it censured, xi. 688.
 Virtue, etc. with loss of freedom degenerates, xi. 797. Reason and virtue the same, xii. 98.
 Union conjugal. See Conjugal union.
 Uriel (the angel of the sun) iii. 622. His answer to Satan, iii. 694. Directs him to the world, iii. 724. And Paradise, iii. 733. Descends thither himself, and informs Gabriel of Satan's predefence, iv. 555. 561. Encounters Adramelech, (a fallen angel), wounds, and puts him to flight, vi. 363. See Similies.
 Uzziel, (a guardian angel of Paradise) iv. 782.

W

War, property the original of it, xi. 638. The corruptions of peace equal to its wastes, xi. 783.
 Waters separated from the earth, part of the third day's creation, vii. 282. See Similies.
 Wife, her duty in danger, distress, etc. ix. 267. xi. 290.
 Wind, the tempestuous power of it, an effect of Adam's fall, x. 664. 695.
 Wisdom, the sum of it, the love, etc. of God, xii. 575.
 Wolves, (or false teachers), the Apostles successors, described, xii. 507.
 Woman, conjugal obedience her happiness, etc. iv. 635. Man's love towards her, how consistent with his superiority, viii. 567. Two of her loveliest qualities, ix. 232. The effect of leaving her to her own will, ix. 1182. His superiority over her given him by God, x. 145. 195. A novelty, defect of nature, etc. (sarcastically) x. 888. The advantage of her social, over her artificial accomplishments, xi. 614. Every way the cause of man's misery (sarcastically) xi. 632.
 Works, with faith in Christ, eternal life, xii. 420.
 World, the convex of its outermost orb described, iii. 418. By whom possessed, (sarcastically) iii. 444. 463. The creation of the world committed by God the Father to God the Son, vii. 163. Described, vii. 218. Situation of it, respecting heaven and hell, x. 320. See Earth.

Z

Zephon, (a guardian angel of Paradise) iv. 788. Reprehends Satan's first attempt on Eve there, iv. 823. Reply to his answer, iv. 834.
 Zophiel, (a cherub) vi. 535. Alarms the celestial army, on the approach of Satan's to renew the battle, vi. 537.

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